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MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS



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MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

BY
LADY MAUD WARRENDER

WITH 16 PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES



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DEDICATED

TO

“THIS BLESSED PLOT, THIS LAND, THIS REALM, THIS
ENGLAND”

For I have seen
In lonely places, and in lonelier hours,
My vision of the rainbow-aureoled face
Of her whom men name Beauty ; proud, austere ;
Dim vision of the far immortal Face
Divinely fugitive, that haunts the world,
And lifts man's spiral thought to lovelier dreams.

FIONA MACLEOD.

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INTRODUCTION

IT has long been a dream of mine to make an Anthology of my Ancestors' works.

Three Shaftesburys there were, quotations from whose writings would, I considered, adorn such a collection : the first, the third, and the seventh. The philosophy of the third Earl of Shaftesbury makes a very special appeal to my own temperament, because of its glorious cheerfulness and optimism. Wieland's beautiful words : "*Ernstes Denken mit leichtem Scherz*," might have been emblazoned on his escutcheon. And I sincerely believe that Mankind can refresh itself at the fountains of the inspiration that can be gained by studying and emulating the wisdom so practically lived by this noble and great man. English hearts should beat high when they recall the lives and works of such men as the Philosopher and his descendant the Philanthropist ; both, in their special line, luminaries for the betterment of mankind ; both possessing that serene and spiritual happiness and tender sympathy for the oppressed which is so symbolical of this beloved country.

So that when I was asked by Mr. Newman Flower to make this gleaning of my memories, I rejoiced to be able to incorporate a short anthology in order to revive an interest in these men who gave to the world such glorious gifts. I also felt it would be an opportunity of being able, in some measure, to pay a lasting tribute to the many friends who have so enriched my life.

INTRODUCTION

I have to thank the following authors for their kind permission to quote from their works : Sir Henry Newbolt, Dean Inge, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, and Miss W. M. Letts. Similar thanks to Miss Estelle Stead for the use of an extract from *Borderland*.

I have appropriately placed in the Appendix some comments on Health—also an account of the War Library told by Mrs. Gaskell.

MAUD WARRENDER.

LEASAM, RYE.

1933.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

CHAPTER ONE

EARLY DAYS

ST. GILES'S! What does it convey? Childhood memories, the scent of mown grass, the music of rooks in high trees. Church bells and sheep bells. The rolling downs of Salisbury Plain; eyes and imagination riveted on the "barrows" where the ancients buried each other in what always seemed to me a very casual way—by the roadside or anywhere. And judging by what has been found in those that have been opened (my Grandfather refused to have any on his property disturbed) they made elaborate arrangements for the deceased in Elysium: beakers, beads of glass or faience, enamelled caskets and gold jewellery, which were buried with them.

They fascinated me, these mounds that remain to this day along the waysides of the Roman roads.

It is always with a delicious thrill that I approach the beloved county of Dorset which surrounds the old home, St. Giles's, where Shaftesburys have lived for so many hundred years. It is hallowed by their immemorial dreams and an undying belief in the liberties and rights of man. Near by are the rolling plains of Salisbury, Harley Down, Cranborne Chase and Bottlebrush Down, immense fields and rich pastures.

Approaching the Verwood Lodge there is the Deer Park where stands the little Reading Tower, known

as the Pleasaunce, built by my Philosopher ancestor, as a refuge where no doubt he found the solitude necessary for his immortal thoughts and great work. It stands on the edge of a hill with a background of green fields.

Here I have always pictured him spending hours in thought, lost to all else but his inspiration, holding that "soliloquy" with his other self which he stressed as a necessity for the full development of mind and soul, and where the major part of that great work of his was written which proved him to be one of the world's profoundest philosophers.

Of all the precious historical possessions at St. Giles's this seems to me of the greatest value. Perhaps one day when this Shaftesbury's genius again takes its place in the world of thought, it will be looked upon as a National place of pilgrimage, in the same way as are the places where Keats, Shelley, Goethe, Carlyle, Walter Scott and the Brownings wrote and dreamed. I have inserted a picture of this unique little shrine.

Leaving the hill one enters the Park, which is enclosed by a drive carpeted with beech mast and the fallen leaves of centuries. It continues for eleven miles, arched with beech and elm, cedar, fir and pine. There are other enchanting shady ways. One, an avenue of yews known as Shakespeare's Walk, and also Tim's Walk, and the Ladies' Walk. The latter "all adorably" (as Henry James would say) the way to Church.

From the house to one of the other Lodges stands a double avenue of beech trees a mile long, cathedral-like in its nobility.

The mellowed red brick of the Tudor stables and high walled vegetable garden form a picturesque



St. Giles's House, Dorset

G. G. Saunders



'The Pleasaunce, St. Giles's

approach to the house itself, which, until the period when stucco was unfortunately the fashion, was also red brick. It is a vast and imposing building—standing in serene loveliness encircled with green lawns and a lake. Nature has mellowed the stucco to a soft golden beauty. But who does not regret the richness of the Tudor brickwork of the old house which has existed for many centuries, and which, in spite of additions and alterations, is so finely proportioned that one hardly realizes its size.

Exciting games of “Robbers” we would play from one end of the house to the other, hiding in the double doors of the thick walls, racing through the corridors to the rescue of the “prisoners.” Also “Follow my leader” over and under every kind of obstacle; champion games of battledore and shuttlecock, which my sister Violet and I once kept up to a score of 4,000; and the fun of catching the rain-drips in the passages—as I shall describe later—all these are cherished memories of childhood.

We all played cricket on the lawns at St. Giles’s in those days, my brother being one of the village boys’ Eleven.

“If ee put ee leg before ee wicket, oi will put ee out!” was a warning yelled at him by a youthful Dorset bowler—no doubt a useful one, which may have saved him from many an l.b.w. disaster in later days.

My favourite approach to St. Giles’s is through the “Pepper Boxes”—and the Lodge gates that lead to the Church, the first Lord Shaftesbury’s Almshouses, and so to the village.

What a darling village it is, enclosing a verdant meadow with a trout stream and shady trees where cattle graze and wade knee-deep in the water. The

little post office, with its lovely miniature garden, a perfect specimen of an English cottage garden, with yew hedge, apple tree, standard honeysuckles, sweet flowers and a tiny lawn, all beautifully kept. Within, a wonderful collection of useful necessities—considering the small space—as well as Postal requirements.

The Church is Norman, and has passed through many changes. In my Grandfather's time it was strictly Evangelical, and devoid of any kind of ornaments. The Vicar wore a black robe with white lappets, and preached what seemed to me terribly long and dreary sermons. After my Father died, my Mother restored it, with the help of Mr. Bodley, the architect; she inserted Gothic arches and it became High Church. Later, this interior was completely destroyed by a fire caused by neglectful workmen leaving a blow-pipe in the tower, after which nothing remained but the walls and monuments.

My brother¹ then restored it very beautifully, aided by Mr. Comper, whose stained-glass windows are superb, and the Church is now Anglo-Catholic.

Here rest the remains of the great Philosopher and altruist, and the humanitarian Reformer—the third and seventh Earls, of whom I write subsequently.

Other monuments include one of a forbear Crusader, Sir John de Plecy, who died in 1313, and the fine Tudor effigies of Sir Anthony Ashley and his wife, the former in armour and the lady in her state gown, both with starched ruffs round the neck, are fine examples of the period.

He was knighted at the taking of Cadiz in 1597 and was sent home to give Queen Elizabeth an account of the battle. Hutchins describes him as a man who “had been for wisdom, courage, experi-

¹ 9th Earl of Shaftesbury, K.P.

ence, skill in weapon, agility and strength of body, scarce paralleled in his age; of a large mind in all his actions, but his person of the lowest." His only child, a daughter and his heiress, who was the mother of the first Shaftesbury, kneels in front of the monument. At their feet there is a heraldic cabbage, which Sir Anthony is supposed to have introduced into England from Spain.

The house itself is full of priceless treasures, covering many periods. Fine specimens of Gobelin tapestries, Chippendale furniture, wall glasses, chandeliers, and unrivalled chairs. The Library—formerly the State rooms occupied by Charles the Second when he visited his Chancellor, the first Lord, and left his little medicine-chest which is a valued relic—is about sixty foot long and includes all the volumes collected by the Philosophers; a great many of the classics, and beautiful editions of Molière and Voltaire, as well as Handel's works, which I shall mention later.

Having had the privilege of adoring and of spending some years in this beautiful old place so typical of England, so redolent of days and ways that may be passing, and so absolutely English in taste and quality, I think one may be forgiven for trying to capture some of it and hand it on to those who may read these pages.

Some of the pictures I liked best in early youth were the little green-coated Squire Hastings that hangs in one of the entrance halls—in his quaint habit, keen as a fox, absolutely true to type as described by his friend the first Lord¹; Greenhill's full-length portrait of the first Lord, in his Chancellor's robes, and the smaller one by Sir Peter Lely; Lawrence's portrait of

¹ See page 23.

the sixth Lord, and a lovely Cornelius Jansen of Sir John Cooper, the father of the first Lady Shaftesbury.

And then too the marble bust of my Grandfather as a young man, when he had the look of a poet. Later the face became somewhat austere, filled with a noble grief, and a weariness, the result of his difficult and strongly opposed attempts to remedy the injustices and tragedies of life.

The portrait, also, of the Philosopher, which is reproduced here, and another which he had painted of himself as Hercules choosing between Vice and Virtue. This latter picture intrigued my youthful mind considerably. I wondered why so honoured and distinguished a forbear should wish to be painted in little else but a wild animal's skin, accompanied by one lady, Vice, and another who seemed far less attractive, representing Virtue, heavily draped. Later on, when I realized that he had written a Treatise on this picture by Paulo de Matthœis—the Judgment of Hercules—I understood better why he wished to appear in this fashion.

I would picture him walking from St. Giles's to his little tower, to dream of virtue, wisdom and beauty, and to express his ideals in that unsurpassable prose of the "Characteristicks," handing it down as an undying gift to man.

As this book was originally undertaken chiefly because of him, there will follow a chapter devoted to an account of what he was and always will be. I feel that his spirit of "raillery and laughter," the high good humour that never left him, even when he felt most deeply, will not take amiss the gay as well as grave aspects of these memories of mine.

To have lived with beautiful things as a child, gives one an understanding of their worth, their form and



*The Right Hon^{ble} Anthony Earle
of Wimbourne St. Giles and
High Chancellor of England
of Dorset And One of the Lords
To King Charles the*



*of Shaftesbury Baron Ashley
Lord Coper of Pawlet. Lord
Lord Lieutenant of the County
of the most hon^{ble} Privy Councill
Second Anna Domini 1673*

J. Goussell pinxit

W. H. Marshall sculp.

The First Earl of Shaftesbury, 1621-1683

line, so perfectly revealed in the works of Adam, Chippendale, Sheraton, Wedgwood, etc. It teaches one to rejoice in the noble work of men's and women's hands, and to delight in the undying and exquisite genius of England's producers of arts and handicrafts.

There is now at St. Giles's a lovely portrait by Lawrence of Lady Palmerston, the mother of Emily Cowper, who married my grandfather the seventh Lord Shaftesbury.

My eldest sister Margaret,¹ who excelled in the art of letter-writing, sent the following to Mabell Airlie² after her publication of the *Life of Lord Palmerston* in December, 1922.

It is such a charming and typical letter that I would like to add it to this book.

DEAREST MABELL :

I know you must be overwhelmed with letters and congratulations about your delightful book, but I do feel I want to add a little note to the general chorus of appreciation and delight which has greeted it. I have simply loved every word of it, and from end to end it is like a beautiful romance, into which so many wonderful lives and loves are interwoven, and you have brought in so many interesting side-lights about my Grandfather and Grandmother in their early married life, which are simply delightful. They make one realize what her wonderful charm and beauty must have been in those early days, and which lasted all through her life and certainly till the days when I remember her.

I think you and I must be the only two of her great-grandchildren who remember her, whom you so touchingly and beautifully describe in your "Aftermath."

¹ Lady Margaret Levett, eldest daughter of 8th Earl of Shaftesbury.

² Mabell, Countess of Airlie, daughter of the Earl of Arran.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

But I, in my much older age than yours, go farther back still, and remember Lord Palmerston quite well, both at Broadlands and Walmer Castle as well as Bocket, and at Walmer especially I can see him now playing hide and seek with me round the big guns on the ramparts of the Castle, and also my great delight when he took me to see an enormous toad supposed to be of legendary age, who lived in an old cannon ball in the Moat and came out every day to be fed by Lord Palmerston with bread and milk. He was supposed to have lived there all through the Duke of Wellington's time.

At Bocket I remember him so well with his jaunty sprightly walk, coming in every day to luncheon to eat his orange, and my Grandfather telling me that Solomon in Piccadilly passed sleepless nights of anxiety as to how he should provide him with that orange throughout the year!

But above all, even as a child, I remember the impression left upon me by their (the Palmerston's) beautiful devotion to each other and the lover-like way in which they spoke to one another: 'My love, you must promise me not to overtire yourself,' etc., and his answering in the same strain.

Then at Broadlands there was an occasion in my recollection when the French Ambassador—Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne—brought a colossal box of bon-bons from Paris to the Great Grandmother, and her delight at it, which I need not say was shared by all those who helped to eat its contents, including my small self!

The box itself survived for many years, and I think you must remember it in the playroom at Broadlands, an enormous square, white thing with large ornament of wax flowers and fruit on the top under glass! It was there all through the dear Mount Temple's¹ time and Uncle Evelyn's,² but what has become of it now I don't know.

But the time I remember most clearly was September

¹ The first Lord and Lady Mount Temple.

² Hon. Evelyn Ashley, 2nd son of 7th Lord Shaftesbury.

EARLY DAYS

1868 at Brocket, when we were there, my father and mother and I, for several weeks and when I had a birthday, my tenth! The dear Great Grandmother gave me a lovely green Etui for work, only lost, alas! a few years ago in one of our many moves. I remember her so well then, just as you describe her, with her little side curls, white cap and black ribbons, her wonderful kindness, charm, brightness and stateliness as she glided about the rooms, even as you say at 88!

One day I specially remember when you and your father ¹ were having a wild game of romps on the big sofa in the drawing-room at Brocket, and every now and then you roguishly peeped out from behind a mountain of cushions and called out 'Sudlee, Sudlee!' when of course another avalanche of cushions fell upon you and the game went on more wildly than before. The Great Grandmother looked on, laughing till the tears rolled down her cheeks; till she finally folded you in her arms and said, "You little darling, how I love you!" and no wonder, for you were indeed a darling little child. I can never forget you with your big laughing eyes, lovely wild rose colouring, little, tight, dark curls all over your head, and with such adorable ways which fascinated us all!

I have often seen that same old sofa at Brocket in the Mount Stephen's time,² and it always brought back that bright vision and many thoughts of you . . .

Dear Mabell, you will be tired of all these reminiscences of mine, but some day I feel I should like to talk them all over with you, and also to remember the nearer and still dearer days when you all four, Alice ³ and Arty ⁴ and Esther ⁵ used to be so much at St. Giles's with us

¹ Sudley, 5th Earl of Arran.

² Lord and Lady Mount Stephen, who took Brocket for a considerable term of years.

³ Lady Alice Gore, now Marchioness of Salisbury.

⁴ 6th Earl of Arran.

⁵ Lady Esther Gore, now Viscountess Hambledon.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

all. For never were there such beloved and delightful children. It always made Eda¹ so happy when you came. She became a child again herself, with her beautiful power of sympathy and of throwing herself into all the interests and feelings of those whom she loved, of whatever age.

Again please forgive this long, long letter. Will you ever have the patience to read it! I fear I have lingered too long over old vistas and memories, but have been encouraged to do so by the feeling that you too have part in them, and no doubt feel, as I do, that their brightness can never fade, nor their fragrance pass away.

As you so truly say, there was such a wonderful atmosphere of love and sympathy, of warmth and brightness radiating from the dear Great Grandmother into which everyone who surrounded her was gathered up and made happy, and which even from childhood's days one could never forget.

Yours etc.,

MARGARET LEVETT.

Lady Palmerston, my great-grandmother, of whom my sister Margaret writes so delightfully in the above letter, was the daughter of the first Lord Melbourne. She married Earl Cowper in 1805, and her daughter Lady Emily Cowper married my Shaftesbury grandfather. After Lord Cowper's death she married Lord Palmerston and created one of the most famous *salons* of her day at Cambridge House (now the Naval and Military Club) in Piccadilly. Her brother, William Cowper, was made Lord Mount Temple. He inherited Broadlands from Lord Palmerston, and married Georgina Tollemache. It was at Broadlands that the famous religious meetings took place, under Canon Basil Wilberforce and others.

¹ Lady Edith Ashley, daughter of 7th Earl of Shaftesbury.

Lady Mount Temple, as I remember her, was one of the most beautiful old ladies I have ever seen, and her divinely lovely expression has been immortalized in a portrait by Watts.

As there was no son of theirs to inherit, my Uncle William left Broadlands to Evelyn Ashley, my father's brother who had been private secretary to Lord Palmerston, and his son Wilfrid Ashley, who has revived the name of Mount Temple, now the owner of Broadlands, one of the loveliest of English country houses.

One of my recollections, as a child, which astounded me was seeing Henry Fawcett, then Postmaster-General, who was completely blind, successfully fishing for salmon in the River Test that flows below the house.

Stories of the weaknesses of ancestry impressed themselves upon me. For example, that of the second wife of the fourth Shaftesbury who brought along a small portrait of self and son, and finding that number one had a beautiful full-length masterpiece, immediately had her own picture enlarged to the same size, showing plainly the stitches where new canvas and painting were added!

Early days at St. Giles's recall busy times on wet days with hip baths to catch raindrops in places where the roof had gone, the Grandfather never having spent a shilling in repairs at home that could go to repairing the poor, with the result that when my Father succeeded, several thousands were necessary to make the old house's many square yards of roof watertight, and to paint the perishing woodwork.

These days also recall village entertainments—Penny Readings, so called—where we all sang quartettes, trios, etc., and my first solo was an enthusiastic

rendering of "The Minstrel Boy," which stirred me to the depths of my fifteen years.

That was the first of over 900 appearances on the Concert platform, since 1892 in all parts of the world.

My brother and I began our duet singing in those days, and as my sisters Margaret and Mildred played and sang, we were a complete troupe. Shaftesbury (my brother) during Eton holidays would be in the Chair . . . "Let us begin" . . . "the next song will be a song" . . . etc.

His many activities as Chairman in these days probably do not start in this simple way!

Missionary work and dozens of shawls, three-cornered ones, made with a crochet for the old villagers, kept our fingers busy. We had to lie absolutely flat on the schoolroom floor for half an hour every day, half-hours that we enlivened by improvising anthems in true Handelian style. "The shawl that I've done" was a favourite one, with elaborate variations.

One day when the family doctor, Manley Sims, came to Chester Square and heard and saw us all stretched out, singing lustily, he said he had never seen anything like it, and called us the "recumbent choir."

Years after, at a Birmingham Festival some chorus reminded sister Margaret of our early efforts. She whispered, "The shawl that I've done" in my ear, and the earnest Festival audience hissed its stern disapproval of the *fou rire* that seized us.

The same agonizing spasm overtook us again at a Bach Cantata Concert in the Æolian Hall, when the English translation unbelievably ran—"Guilty of presumption, unrelieved by gumption"—repeated over and over again, which made us disgrace ourselves once more; and who could blame us?

EARLY DAYS

All six of us, five sisters and one brother, formed ourselves into a Band, to which our beloved old French governess Mademoiselle Truillet gave the name of "*Régiment des Tapageurs*."

One of our efforts was to serenade my Grandfather with this chorus, to the tune of "God bless the Prince of Wales"—

"God bless the Earl of Shaftesbury
For all the good he's done.
And bless the name, we're proud to claim
We're Ashleys, every one"—

these lines having been written for us by our uncle, Cecil Ashley.

My Father,¹ who had been in the Navy during the Crimean War and who had sailed all over the world, had a fund of good stories. He used to say that the funniest thing he had ever seen, was the sad plight of two beautifully dressed ladies in Sydney on their way to a ball, in a brougham. His attention was arrested by two pairs of legs in white satin shoes running along inside the carriage as fast as they could, while terrific screams issued from inside. The driver was evidently deaf as a post and quite oblivious of the misery of his cargo. The bottom of the brougham had fallen out and the ladies were compelled to run to keep up the pace. He said that the onlookers were so doubled up with laughter that some moments elapsed before someone rushed after them and stopped the carriage, and having extracted the sobbing women, tried to console them for the horrible state of their shoes after the race through muddy streets.

One day during luncheon when the French butler—Léon—opened a bottle of Seltzer water, the cork

¹ 8th Earl of Shaftesbury.

flew out, and the whole contents went over my Father. Léon saying: "*L'eau de seltze, si elle n'est pas bonne, ne pars pas,*" had the effect of drowning my father's tremendous language in peals of laughter from all of us.

My Father was a good-natured, happy-go-lucky, "take-it-easy, and if-you-can't-take-it-easy, take-it-as-easy-as-you-can" sort of person, full of good stories and Victorian riddles which I remember and quote with joy. These, for example, which deserve preservation:

Why is a cool-headed female relation with black gloves on, like a man having breakfast over night?

Because it's anticipated morning. (Aunt, icy-pated, mourning.)

(These things with impossible questions and absurd answers have to be explained.)

If you wanted to ask an octogenarian Conservative to build you a species of Apiary, what piece of sacred music would you mention?

'Oary Tory Oh do jus' mak' a bee 'ouse.
(Oratorio—Judas Maccabeus.)

Again:

Why is a girl, who gets a letter from India—but *not* by the overland mail—like another girl whose mother is fond of yachting, and she doesn't know why?

Because she hasn't heard via Marseilles. (Why her Ma sails!)

And one more:

What is the difference between a master of natation and a Turk, the women of whose harem are getting visibly thinner?

One watches his swimming lesson with pleasure;
and the other watches his women lessen with pain.

His favourite rhyme was :

O Life is a river, and man is a boat
That here on its surface is destined to float,
And Joy is a cargo so easily stored
That he is a fool who takes Sorrow on board.

My Grandfather's extremely Evangelical views were followed by extreme High Church tendencies in my Father and Mother. We were brought up very much in the odour of sanctity, starting at an early age with Bible readings at St. Giles's, which always began with—"Ob-serve, my dear children." . . . On Sunday evenings he would summon everyone to sing Moody and Sankey hymns, and every morning before breakfast a long stream of servants, headed by my Father's beloved old nurse, Toomer, and all the dogs, would gather for family prayers, and an unforgettably beautiful reading of the Bible.

When the prayers ended with the closing sentence, "Be with us all e-ver-more," he would shut the Prayer Book with a bang, and all the dogs would get up and bark loudly.

My Mother had also become very religious, seeming only to enjoy to be with, and talk about what I used to call "Bishops, priests and deacons." Compelled to go to Church twice every Sunday and—oh, the grind of it—made to write out the sermon on Sunday afternoon, my mind, already a travelling one, likewise my brother's, refused to concentrate on what was being said in any pulpit. So we found that the only way to get enough copy to fill two sides of a slate was to listen for about five minutes' worth of sermon and take it away. Even that wasn't easy.

Result? A hatred of Sunday and all that it meant. Only "Sunday books" allowed, no games, etc.

St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was my Mother's Mecca in those days when the Rev. George Wilkinson was the lodestar of devout Belgravia. The 1880's thronged to hear his sermons, and great was the grief when he was translated to the See of Truro, and became "Gorg Truron." This signature inspired me to add to my Father's long-winded riddles thus :

If the Bishop of Truro gave a dissertation on a present-day French novelist, what cheese would you mention ?

Gorg-on-Zola.

I was in the same foolish vein when someone asked me recently what I was going to call this book. I said—"I might call it my 'Ography.'" "Why?" "Because it may be something you auto bi!"

My Mother was anxious that we should know foreign languages thoroughly, and begin early, so French and German governesses succeeded each other. I talked and read French better than English in nursery days.

With some exceptions the "Moiselles and Fräuleins" were by no means popular, but how grateful one is for having been put through the grind of learning their languages—Italian, too, which came later. Otto's German Grammar! I can remember the look of it and the smell of it even now. Those endless and absurd questions and answers.

There was a parody of Otto which infuriated the governesses.

Haben Sie den Löwen der Tochter des Gärtner's gesehen?

Nein. Aber meine Tante trägt papierene Unterhosen.

Translated for those who have not had the benefit of Fräuleins—

EARLY DAYS

Have you seen the lion of the gardener's daughter?

No. But my aunt wears paper drawers.

And again :

Have you seen the gardener?—Yes, the gardener is in the garden. But the gardener's wife is dining with the marquis.

When I was ten, the "resident governess" ceased from troubling. We all rejoiced at being sent to one of the first High Schools started by Canon Holland. Class work was such fun after the monotony of the schoolroom lessons, and the many different subjects admirably taught in that school gave education a new light, with the added thrill of emulation.

Life at home was pretty rigid and frigid. Parents in those days had a love of power, and my Mother was one of them.

If invitations came they were nearly always vetoed, and so I invented a method which worked. If I *wanted* to go : "So-and-so has asked me to go to . . . But I don't want to accept as I know I shall be bored." "*Bored!* At your age! What nonsense. Of course you must go . . ." And vice-versa! An expressed desire for some plan succeeded in *not* being allowed to do the thing one disliked. It never failed!

In 1886 there came a wonderful ten months spent in Florence, Rome and Venice, of which every detail is still vivid in my memory.

It was after the death of my Father. The four of us sisters went abroad with my Mother. Long tall girls we were, swathed in black, accompanied by a caretaker in the shape of a German governess. We spent many weeks in Paoli's *Pension* in the Lung Arno, where we overheard a Frenchman mutter, as

we walked in to table d'hôte : "*Sapristi ! quel régiment de filles !*"

Our education in a thorough knowledge of all the museums, churches and picture galleries, also in learning Italian, gave us a valuable store of information and inspiration. The impression of what you learn at the age of sixteen never fades.

CHAPTER TWO

SHAFTESBURYANA

THE first Ashley of whom we have detailed records is Sir Anthony Ashley, born in 1621, one of the A's in the Cabal (*Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale*). He was elected Member of Parliament for Tewkesbury at the early age of nineteen, when his "brilliant but erratic" career started. During the great Rebellion he was a Royalist and a Parliamentarian by turns. W. D. Christie describes him as a kind of half Cromwellian with monarchical leanings under the Commonwealth; a Courtier, a Patriot, a Member of the Cabal, and a fierce Exclusionist under the Restoration. He changed sides with an audacity, a rapidity and an adroitness that made it difficult, almost impossible, to decide whether he acted upon principle or no principle, whether he adopted expediency for the rule of his public conduct, or, in each successive crisis, simply waited for the tide, which "taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

He was largely instrumental in helping to bring about the Restoration. Charles the Second showered honours upon him. He was made Lord-Lieutenant of Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles in 1661, and in 1672 he was made Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord High Chancellor.

His ability and integrity as a Judge was so remarkable that even Dryden, who had abused him severely

in his "Absalom and Achitophel," had to acknowledge his judicial virtue thus :

Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge,
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethain
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean.
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.

He must have had plenty of courage. The story of how he resisted and succeeded in abolishing a ghastly form of torture called "tucking" to which freshmen at Oxford were submitted, is told in his own words. Considering that he was a very small man (Dryden writes of his pygmy body) it was a plucky thing to do.

"It was a hard work," he writes, "it having been a foolish custom of great antiquity, that one of the seniors in the evening called the freshmen to the fire, and made them hold out their chin, and they with the nail of their right thumb, *left long for that purpose*, grate off the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer-glass of water and salt. The time approached when I should be thus used. I considered that more and lustier young gentlemen had come to the College than had done in several years before, so that the freshmen were a very strong body. Upon this I consulted my two cousin-germans, the Tookers, both freshmen, both stout and very strong, and several others, and at last the whole party were cheerfully engaged to stand stoutly to defence of their chins.

"We all appeared at the fires in the hall and my Lord of Pembroke's son calling me first, as we knew by custom it would begin with me, I, according to

agreement, gave the signal, striking him a box on the ear, and immediately the freshmen fell on, and we easily cleared the buttery and the hall; but bachelors and young Masters coming in to assist the Seniors, we were compelled to retreat to a ground chamber in the Quadrangle, they pressing at the door, some of the stoutest and strongest of our freshmen, giant-like boys, opened the doors, let in as many as they pleased and shut the door by main strength against the rest; those let in they fell upon, and had beaten very severely, but that my authority with them, stopped them, some of them being considerable enough to make terms for us, which they did; for Dr. Prideaux being called out to suppress the meeting, the old Doctor, always favourable to youth offending out of courage, wishing with the fears of those we had within, gave us articles of pardon for what had passed, and an utter abolition of that foolish custom."

It is interesting to note the tendency of Shaftesbury's mind, which led to the crowning achievement of his life—namely, the introduction of the Habeas Corpus Act, the keystone of British liberty. This Bill he succeeded in passing in spite of great difficulty. Its third reading is said to have been carried by an accident, though strongly opposed by the Court of Charles the Second, and by the House of Lords.

Bishop Burnet in his *Lives of Lord Chancellors* says: "Lords Grey and Norris were named to be tellers. Lord Norris being a man subject to vapours was not at all times attentive to what he was doing. So, a very fat lord, coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest at first; but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his mis-reckoning. So it was reported to the House and decided that they

who were for the Bill were the Majority, though it indeed went to the other side."

(Who shall say that obesity has not its uses!—M. W.)

Benjamin Martyn, who was employed by the fourth Shaftesbury to write a biography of the first, improves the story by telling that when the numbers were reported, the opponents of the Bill showed surprise, and that Shaftesbury, seeing that there was a mistake, got up and made a long speech on some other subject, and several Peers having gone in and come out while he was speaking, it was impossible to re-tell the House when he sat down.

The Habeas Corpus Act is, briefly, a writ ordering the body of a person under restraint or imprisonment or accusation to be brought into Court for full inquiry at the earliest possible moment.

Shaftesbury was imprisoned in the Tower of London in July, 1681, on a charge of high treason, because he indicted the Duke of York as a Popish recusant and tried to exclude him from the throne.

But when he appeared at the Old Bailey in November, the Grand Jury ignored the indictment and his acquittal was celebrated by the people, with whom he was very popular, "by hallooing and shouting, by bell-ringing and bonfires and such public rejoicing in the city" that, as the Duke of York is reported to have said, "Never such an insolent defiance of Authority before was seen."

The Grand Jury's *Ignoramus* did not immediately release him from the Tower. A week later his own Habeas Corpus Act worked and when brought to the King's Bench, he was released on bail and acquitted.

When he came out of the Tower, a medal was struck representing the sun rising over London.

This medal, of which I possess an example, was made by George Bower in 1681 at the instigation of the popular party who celebrated Shaftesbury's acquittal and release from the Tower with great rejoicings and bonfires. His partisans wore these medals on their breasts. Dryden wrote a satire—"The Medal"—and says in describing it:

One side is filled with title and with face;
And, lest the King should want a regal place,
On the reverse a Tower the town surveys,
O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays
The word, pronounced aloud by shrieval voice,
LÆTAMUR, which in Polish, is *rejoice*.

and—

Five days he sat for every cast and look,
Four more than God to finish Adam took.

After his release he built and endowed as a thanksgiving the beautiful Almshouses in the village of St. Giles's, which are still inhabited by the aged poor. Subsequently he raised an army of ten thousand so-called "Shaftesbury's Lambs," and contemplated an armed insurrection against the King, but, not finding the support he had hoped for, he made up his mind to return to Holland in 1682 disguised as a Presbyterian Minister. There he lived for a few months only; a fatal attack of gout which "flew to his stomach" ended his life in 1683.

There are two portraits of him at St. Giles's. One by Sir Peter Lely and a full length painted by Greenhill in his Chancellor robes, which were brown and gold instead of the usual black and gold, on account of his never having been called to the Bar.

And here follows the delightful account he wrote of his neighbour and friend Mr. Hastings, whose

portrait, as I have already said, hangs in the inner hall. Also an extract from his autobiography and another from one of his famous speeches.

EXTRACT FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE FIRST EARL
OF SHAFTESBURY

“Mr. Hastings of Woodland, by his quality, being the son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and his way of living, had the first place amongst us. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather a copy of our nobility in ancient days in hunting and not warlike times; he was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen, many fish-ponds, and great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long and narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting house like a stand, a large one built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport-hounds that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and hawks long and short winged; he had all sorts of nets for fishing; he had a walk in the New Forest and the Manor of Christchurch. This last supplied him with red deer and sea and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours’ grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time in such sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours’ wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman’s wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he were not intimately acquainted with her. This made

him popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was, to boot, very welcome to his house whenever he came. There he found beef pudding and small beer in great plenty, a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers, the upper sides of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's skinning, here and there a polecat intermixed, guns and keepers' and huntsmen's poles in abundance.

"The parlour was a long large room, as properly furnished; on a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers and the choicest hounds and spaniels; seldom but two of the great chairs and litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other such like accoutrements; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles; an oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons: the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and

fed himself; tables, dice, cards and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrup of gillyflower in his sack, and always had a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry, called his servants bastard and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to a hundred, never lost his eyesight, but always writ and read without spectacles, and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

EXTRACT FROM 1ST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY'S SPEECH
AGAINST THE OTHER HOUSE

1659

“In the 17th of EDWARD the fourth, there passed an act of Parliament for degrading John Nevil, Marquis Montague and Duke of Bedford : the reason expressed in the Act, because he had not a revenue sufficient for the maintaining of that dignity ; to which was added, when men of mean birth are called to high estate, and no livelihood to support it, it enduceth briberies and extortions, and all kinds of injustice that are followed by gain. And in the Parliament of 2nd of CHARLES, the peers, in a petition against Scottish and Irish titles, told the King, that it was a novelty without precedent that men should possess honours where they possessed nothing else, and that they should have a vote in parliament where they have not a foot of land, but if it had been added, or have no land but what is the purchase of their villanies, against how many of our new peers would this have been an important objection ! To conclude : it has been a very just and reasonable care among all nations, not to render that despised and contemptible to the people which is designed for their reverence and awe ; and, Sir, an empty title, without quality or virtue, never procured any man this, any more than the image in the fable made the ass adored who carried it.

“After their quality, give me leave to speak a word or two of their qualifications ; which certainly ought, in reason, to carry some proportion with the employment they design themselves.

“The House of Lords are the King's great hereditary Council ; they are the highest court of judicature ;

they have their part in judging and determining of the reasons for making new laws and abrogating old : from amongst them we take our great officers of State : they are commonly our generals on land, and our admirals at sea."

PASSAGE FROM HIS DIARY

1638

"During my residing with my uncle and my being at Oxford, my business often called me to London in the terms, where I was entered of Lincoln's Inn. Thus the condition of my affairs gave me better education than any steady, designed course could have done : my business called me early to the thoughts and considerations of a man, my studies enabled me better to master those thoughts and try to understand my learning, and my intermixed pleasures supported me and kept my mind from being dulled with the cares of one or the intentness I had for the other.

"I kept both horses and servants in Oxford, and was allowed what expense or recreation I desired, which liberty I never much abused ; but it gave me the opportunity of obliging by entertainments the better sort and supporting divers of the activest of the lower rank with giving them leave to eat, when in distress, upon my expense, it being no small honour amongst those sort of men that my name in the buttery book willingly owned twice the expense of any in the University."

THIRD EARL OF SHAFTESBURY—PHILOSOPHER AND STATESMAN

The story of the third Shaftesbury's early life and education always enthralled me. It was under the guidance of his grandfather—the first Shaftesbury—

that he received his great incentive to the life of study and retirement to which he became more and more devoted.

He was born in February, 1670 ; his early education must have been so strenuous that it probably had something to do with the delicate health from which he always suffered. At the age of eleven he already spoke and read Greek and Latin fluently. After leaving Winchester he started on his travels and began to acquire that knowledge and love of the arts which are so vividly revealed in his amazing criticisms on all such subjects.

It must be remembered that all his work, besides his duties to the State and his own property, was performed by a man who died at the early age of forty-two, and who was so delicate that he could not live much in England. We know that in his youth he sought the company of Locke and other savants, and spoke French so perfectly that he was often taken for a Frenchman. On his return to England, when he was nineteen, he was offered a seat in the House of Commons, and it was there that he spoke, at the age of twenty-four, in defence of the Treason Act.¹ His dramatic and fervent speech (coming after a strange silence that seized him owing to a panic at the sight of his very large audience) began: "If I, sir, who rise only to speak my opinion of the Bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I propose to say, what must be the condition of that man who is pleading for his life without any assistance and under apprehension of being deprived of it?"

¹ The Act for regulating trials in cases of Treason, in which there was a special provision that a person indicted should be granted the benefit of counsel.

"The sudden turn of thought," says his son, the fourth Shaftesbury, in his "Life Sketch," "pleased the House extremely; and it is generally believed, carried a greater weight with it than any of the arguments which were offered in favour of the Bill, which was sent to the Lords and passed accordingly. This Act appeared to my father the more necessary, as his family at the end of King Charles's reign had been in great danger for want of such a law. He was determined, therefore, to contribute all his endeavours towards the passing of what he thought requisite to secure the life of the subject, which might be taken away almost at the pleasure of the Crown."

This dramatic moment in the House of Commons has always seemed to me like a great scene in one of Shakespeare's plays. It is in moments like these that history is made.

Later, Shaftesbury led a studious life in Holland, where he went at the age of twenty-seven, the arduous work of Parliament having proved too much for his frail constitution. His "Inquiry after Virtue," written when he was only twenty, had been published without his knowledge, about this time, but he was so dissatisfied with it that he bought up the whole edition.

In a letter written in 1711 to Lord Oxford when he had to go in search of a warmer climate he wrote :

"I hope you will accomplish your great work so gloriously begun and carried on for the liberty and for the deliverance of Europe and mankind."

This was a farewell letter from Naples, where, soon after, he died, leaving a profound influence behind him, deeper than anyone then realized; an influence that has never ceased to vibrate in the people of the England he loved so passionately.



The Third Earl of Shaftesbury, 1671-1713

It is difficult to believe that such great work was accomplished by a man who only attained the age of forty-two: 1670-1712. But in that short time he had done, alone, for England what it took many philosophers to do for Greece.

It seems as if his accomplishments and his brave spirit had opened the door to public reforms, to religious liberty, and to culture and justice for the oppressed. It is remarkable how all those ideals culminated in the labours and genius of his great descendant the Philanthropist, who saved the England of the nineteenth century.

I am not sure how many books have been written about the Philosopher, but in those I have seen, one becomes more and more amazed at the beauty of his spirit. It is wonderful to feel that there is no need to go back to the days of Greece to find a true philosophy of life, but only two hundred years, to a little Tower in Dorset, where we find one of the greatest thinkers of all time, with crystal-clear mind so full of the encouragement of a CREATIVE Philosophy.

He desired to see his ideals applied to living, to government, to education and to the arts. Of the latter he was a great critic, and he was probably the most cultured man of his time. All this is contained in his "Characteristicks"—the work that founded a school of Philosophy over the greater part of Europe.

The starting-point of his creed was the "Identification of the True, the Good and the Beautiful, the Divinity behind all Nature's Laws, the Omniscience of a Supreme Being, the Necessity for Virtue and Wisdom, Goodness, Temperance and to achieve a happy Harmony with these Laws." Through all his writings we find a spirit of optimism, raillery, cheerful-

ness in religion and a lovable mixture of gaiety and culture, together with the desire to lift life above the "Sordidness of physical Appetite, Greed and Cruelty."

His practical idealism seems to fit so many of our needs to-day. I would like to bring him back from that apparent oblivion into which so many of the world's leaders seem to sink. He, also, lived in times that were difficult and dangerous, yet he remained calm and detached, upheld by his vision and faith. Benjamin Rand, in his remarkable work on Shaftesbury, writes: "The more closely one presses home upon the inner motives and exalted purposes of his life, the richer and more ennobling does his character appear."

To those who study Philosophy his works are well known, but his special outlook was so eminently practical, that one longs to see a revival of his thought and counsel as in 1738, when his writings spread far over Europe, inspiring a generation of thinkers in Germany, as well as in England, France and the Netherlands.

One of his greatest disciples was the noble Wieland, and one cannot help thinking that if Germany had continued to develop the ideals of this gentle philosopher of hers, she would not have been the cause of the terrible catastrophe of 1914, and the burdens on the whole world that have been the staggering result of it.

Shaftesbury's works appeared in German translation in 1738. First his famous "Soliloquy: Advice to an Author"; then in 1776 a complete translation of all his writings appeared in Leipzig. His influence fell upon Wieland, Lessing, Zimmermann, Leibniz, Schiller, Goethe and Wiegand. All in their turn were inspired and touched by the magnetism of this

Englishman, so serene and cheerful, so deeply thoughtful and spiritual.

His direct and active influence over the lives and hearts of men is comparable to that exerted by Plato and Socrates in their day. He had himself been inspired by the great classic philosophers—Cicero, Epictetus, Horace, Xenophon, and Plutarch. His library, which still exists at St. Giles's, includes vellum-bound copies of all of their works.

How often I have contemplated them, and visualized his handling of them. It is not surprising that he followed these men in his conviction that "the sole Aim of Life should be the Search of the Good and Beautiful; that Happiness has its Source in the Predominance of Noble and benevolent Feelings and in the Notion that a cheerful Mind is the Touchstone of a right Disposition."

He persistently maintained that there is "no positive Evil or Sin in the World" . . . that it was "Good that is predominant and every complete and mortal Nature by its Mortality and Corruption yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest Nature which is incorruptible, immortal."

These are brave words. We who are puzzled by the power of evil can take courage from his unfailing vision of the "absolute Good and Order" behind all the tragedy of sin and sorrow about us.

Benjamin Rand writes: "Just as Spinoza was 'God-intoxicated,' so Shaftesbury was intoxicated with the idea of Virtue. He is the greatest Stoic of modern times. . . . Indeed it may be said we believe, with perfect truth, that there has been no such strong expression of stoicism since the days of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius as that contained in the Philosophical Regimen of Shaftesbury.

"The Greek slave, the Roman Emperor, and the English nobleman must abide the three great exponents of stoical philosophy."

HIS RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK

Shaftesbury's "Virtuoso" (his perfect type) was not merely a lover of the arts but was also familiar with the culture, manners, customs, architecture and music of other nations. He believed that "through Culture and Love of Art" the true Philosopher would become a Life-Artist—one in fact who must have a "heroic Enthusiasm for the Divine, and above all, a Love of Serenity and Humour, to fight against the Gloomy and Pedantic."

"Good Humour," he wrote, "is the best Foundation for Piety and Religion, and Ill-Humour the cause of Atheism. Of God we must think with Good Humour. . . . There was a Time when Martyrdom was considered the highest Personification of Religion, but we have now come to the Conclusion that the Spirit of Love and Humanity is far above that of Martyrdom, which makes of Religion a melancholy affair."

In Charles Elson's book on Shaftesbury and Wieland there is a chapter on the necessity of a joyous attitude towards religion that one would like to hear broadcast from every pulpit. A mental attitude of melancholy or bigotry, in Shaftesbury's opinion, led to "Horrors and superstitious Fears. . . . Divine Inspiration must have a joyous Source, and Virtue itself consists of this noble Enthusiasm for the Great and Beautiful."

In spite of his having been maligned and criticized for his religious convictions, it is impossible not to realize from his Essays what a profoundly religious

man he was. The thought of the Deity was his inspiring motive. He loved the simple quiet services of his Church. He extolled "Prayer and Devotion, not Rage and Fits of loose Extravagance; unintelligible Nonsense."

And yet he was often pronounced an Atheist because of his insistence on "the inner free Acceptance of Faith above all Form and Ritual." He saw that confined religion often produced no living result; he insisted that man must show his religion in his life and not leave it at the Church door; that he must use it as a weapon and not for the hope of benefits to come (this idea always appalled him). He saw the harmony and order of the universe as the Greeks saw it. "The Soul of the Universe is not visible, nor is Man's Soul. But neither can we doubt their Existence if we observe and go into the Silence."

"To own and obey a Deity, to acknowledge the supreme and perfect Mind and Reason of the Universe"—this was his ideal and this is what gave him the power to live above his physical affliction.

Let us take these passages of his religious feelings—

"The Deity is present in all things, knows all things, and is provident over all. . . . Is there nothing in the Universe beyond Hearing and Sight, because thy wretched Body has nothing better than an Ear or an Eye? . . . Remember therefore in what a Presence thou actest and instead of an Assembly of Men, instead of Greece or Rome, instead of thy City, Friends, Country; instead of a full Concourse (if it were possible) both of Moderns and Ancients, remember ONE Who is more than all. Thus contemplating Him, how is it possible thou shouldest either act or think anything mean or abject or servile?"

"Man is not only born to Virtue, Friendship and Honesty, but also to Religion, Piety, Adoration and a generous Surrender of his Mind to whatever happens from the Supreme Cause, which he acknowledges entirely just and perfect.

"Have Simplicity, and presently how soon all is still. . . . Everything stable and a waveless Harbour. . . . What signifies to me anything that happens while my Soul is above it." (Here he echoes Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus.)

"When you see one weeping, have Sympathy, but do not inwardly lament."

"Imitate the Chastity, Decency and Sanctity of the Ancients, remembering Marcus Aurelius, remembering Xenophon, remembering Socrates, remembering Epictetus."

Here was a man,—not a modern writer, not Mrs. Eddy—but a Philosopher in his remote Pleasaunce in Dorset two hundred years ago, writing—"All Vice is Error . . . if there be a supreme Reason of the Whole, then everything happens according to that Reason. . . . Now if the Whole be perfect, everything that happens in the Whole is such."

Is it not strange that this "God-intoxicated" man was accused by men of his own time, in the face of these magnificent spiritual affirmations, of being an unbeliever?

He attended the Church services. His Faith was free and joyous. He even saw beauty in the decay of Nature and of Nations, in the pains and sorrows of mankind, even in his own ill-health, for his soul was possessed by patience and an infinite beauty of faith and vision.

"'Tis well with the Universe, I know. All is and will be well; and with Myself the same whilst I

think as I do at present of that Universe;—know the Order and serve Him Who orders.”

We need such ideals now—his courage and appeals.

I have dipped freely into the Works of Benjamin Rand of Harvard University,¹ and that masterly little treatise on Shaftesbury and Wieland by Charles Elson of Columbia University.² The latter stresses Shaftesbury's teaching that “Truth can bear all Light,” that not only religion and morals, but *all* home and foreign affairs should be treated with fearless frankness, good humour and lack of dangerous bigotry. Elson also points out that Wieland fell under the spell of Plato and Shaftesbury when he was a boy of fifteen, so that through him Shaftesbury's influence was the mainspring of German philosophic thought. Wieland determined to devote his life to literature and the fulfilling of Shaftesbury's high commands in daily life.

To those who would realize Shaftesbury's tremendous influence on the Germany of his day I would recommend the reading of Charles Elson's interesting book, but above all of Shaftesbury's “Characteristicks,” which should be in the library of everyone who really believes in “Truth, Beauty, Culture and Joy.” I should like to see a popular edition brought within the means of Everyman.

Elson writes: “The great change in Wieland's life began when he found in Shaftesbury's Philosophy the healthy atmosphere of a man of the world, religion without fanaticism, self-communion without asceti-

¹ “Life and Letters of Anthony, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury,” by Benjamin Rand, Ph.D., 1900 (Allen & Unwin).

² “Wieland and Shaftesbury,” by Charles Elson, Ph.D., 1913 (Columbia and Oxford University Presses).

cism, spiritual refinement without warfare against the sensual nature of Man."

He constantly referred to Shaftesbury in all his works, repeating that wonderful thought of his that "Men are musical Instruments." In fact, Shaftesbury was constantly using musical terms in his writings—Rhapsody, Harmony, Melody and the like. Elson placed him amongst the world's greatest thinkers, revealing that Wieland gave him an undying devotion, stating that his one desire all through his arduous life was to "aspire to the character of Shaftesbury's Virtuoso."

This insistence on the close connexion of Virtue and Art, so emphasized by Wieland and all Shaftesbury's disciples, is unfortunately sneered at to-day. There is so much cultivation of the ugly and crude which cannot be beneficial or uplifting to the onlooker. Ugliness may produce an ugly race and a philosophy of brutality without religion or gentleness, such as swept Germany before 1914 when they produced an "Art Nouveau" that was materialistic and sordid, which was perhaps the prelude to that glorification of blood and iron that caused the War.

In Russia, too, Dostoievsky's prophetic words are coming tragically true: "Having rejected Christ, they will end by drenching the world in blood."

Shaftesbury's letters reveal the physical agony he endured at the end of his life; but no suffering could dim his enthusiasm, his love for his friends and his country; no criticisms could deter him from his purpose for the beautifying of life.

His name is deathless, with the immortals. He should be the inspiration of England, having been one of the greatest gifts she has ever received.

He died February 4th, 1712. "A soul of the

first magnitude" and one of England's greatest lovers.

In the spirit of the foregoing I append further extracts from the three volumes of "Characteristicks" by the third Earl, issued in 1723. The full title is "Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times."

TRUTH.

"The most natural Beauty in the world is Honesty and moral Truth. For all Beauty is Truth. True Features make the beauty of a Face; and true Proportions the beauty of Architecture: as true Measures that of Harmony and Music."

BEAUTY.

"In respect of Bodys, whatever is commonly said of the unexpressible, the unintelligible, the I-know-not-what of Beauty; there can lie no Mystery here, but what plainly belongs either to Figure, Colour, Motion or Sound. Omitting therefore the three latter, and their dependent Charms; let us view the Charm in what is simplest of all, mere Figure. Nor need we go so high as Sculpture, Architecture, or the Designs of those who from this Study of Beauty have raised such delightful Arts. 'Tis enough if we consider the simplest of Figures; as either a round Ball, a Cube, or Dye. Why is even an Infant pleas'd with the first view of these Proportions? Why is the Sphere or Globe, the Cylinder and Obelisk prefer'd; and the irregular Figures, in respect of these, rejected and despised?"

PRAISE.

"If a Musician were cry'd up to the Skys by a certain set of People who had no Ear in Musick, he

would surely be put to the blush ; and could hardly, with a good Countenance, accept the Benevolence of his Auditors, till they had acquired a more competent Apprehension of him, and could by their own Senses find out something really good in his Performance. Till this were brought about, there would be little Glory in the case ; and the Musician, tho' ever so vain, would have little to be contented.

“ 'Tis not the same with Goodness as with other Qualitys, which we may understand very well, and yet not possess. We may have an excellent ear in Musick, without being able to perform in any kind. We may judge well of Poetry, without being, or possessing the least of a Poetick Vein : But we can have no tolerable Notion of Goodness, without being tolerably good. So that if the Praise of a Divine Being be so great a part of His Worship, we should, methinks, learn Goodness, were it for nothing else than that we might learn, in some tolerable manner, how to praise. For the praise of Goodness from an unsound hollow Heart, must certainly make the greatest Dissonance in the World.”

TO DO GOOD.

“ Never did any soul do Good, but it became readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was Love, or Gratitude, or Bounty practised but with increasing Joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act.”

COURAGE.

“ True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying insolence ; and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward

forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger can never be placed to the account of Courage."

MORAL SENSE.

"Nothing surely is more strongly imprinted on our Minds, or more closely interwoven with our Souls, than the Idea or Sense of Order and Proportion. Hence all the Force of Numbers, and those powerful Arts founded on their Management and Use. What a difference there is between Harmony and Discord! Cadency and Convulsion! What a difference between composed and orderly Motion, and that which is ungoverned and accidental! between the regular and uniform Pile of some noble Architect, and a Heap of Sand or Stones! between an organized Body, and a Mist or Cloud driven by the Wind!"

PHILOSOPHY.

"To philosophize in a just signification, is but to carry Good Breeding a step higher. For the accomplishment of Breeding is, to learn what is decent in company, or beautiful in Arts; and the sum of Philosophy is, to learn what is just in society, and beautiful in Nature and the order of the world."

POLITENESS.

"All Politeness is owing to Liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our Corners and rough Sides by a sort of amicable Collision. To restrain this, is inevitably to bring a Rust upon Men's Understandings. 'Tis a destroying of Civility, Good Breeding, and even Charity it-self, under pretence of maintaining it."

TASTE.

“One who aspires to the Character of a Man of Breeding and Politeness, is careful to form his Judgment of Arts and Sciences upon right Models of Perfection. If he travels to Rome, he inquires which are the truest pieces of Architecture, the best remains of Statues, the best Paintings of a Raphael, or a Caracci. However antiquated, rough, or dismal they may appear to him, at first sight; he resolves to view 'em over and over, till he has brought himself to relish 'em, and finds their hidden Graces and Perfections. He takes particular care to turn his Eye—from every thing which is gaudy, luscious, and of a false Taste. Nor is he less careful to turn his Ear from every sort of Musick, besides that which is of the best Manner and truest Harmony.”

HUMOUR.

“There is a great difference between seeking how to raise a Laugh from every thing; and seeking, in every thing, what justly may be laughed at.

“’Tis in reality a serious Study, to learn to temper and regulate that Humour which Nature has given us, as a more lenient Remedy against Vice, and a kind of Specifick against Superstition and melancholy Delusion.”

THE GENTLEMAN.

“The taste of Beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the Gentleman and the Philosopher. And the study of such a taste or relish will, as we suppose, be ever the great employment and concern of him who covets as well to be wise and good, as agreeable and polite.”

SHAFTESBURYANA

THE FOURTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, 1713

The fourth Shaftesbury was also a Patron of Literature and the Arts. He wrote an excellent Biography of his father, the Philosopher. Handel, who was his intimate friend, was a welcome guest at St. Giles's, where he wrote part of the *Messiah*. There is his portrait painted by Susan, Countess of Shaftesbury, in the Library. There also are the first folios of all his oratorios and operas bequeathed to his Patron by the great composer.

Handel must have been good company, judging by this story about him which is much to my liking. It is said that a singer once charged him with having spoilt his rendering of a certain number, and said that if Handel did not accompany him better, he would jump on the harpsichord and smash it.

Said Handel: "Let me know ven you vill do dot, and I vill advertise id. I am sure more beebles vill kom to see you shomp, as vill kom to hear you sing!"

Inigo Jones was the architect commissioned by Shaftesbury to design the beautiful dining-room at St. Giles's, so perfectly proportioned that forty people round the table is not a crowd, neither are six lost in it.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

"The noblest of all sepulchres—
Not the place where their bodies are laid,
but an everlasting place in the minds of men."

(Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston.)

My Grandfather, known as "the good Earl," was a magnificent and rather melancholy figure, six foot

tall and with thick grey hair, as I remember him, but with a solemn sense of humour that bubbled forth at times and betrayed itself by a rather remote twinkle in his great blue eyes.

He loved to tell of the amusing things that happened to him in his philanthropic career. The humorous side of him has never been recorded by his biographers, only the pious and serious side.

For instance, he was once taking the Chair at a meeting of some charitable society, and through some mistake *nobody* turned up but himself and one newspaper reporter. Getting up he said: "At this large and distinguished meeting . . ." The reporter looked up wonderingly. "Why not?" said the Chairman. "It's true. Am I not large, and are you not distinguished?"

Having satisfied himself with this they both walked out!

His visits to the village people were constant, and he told of one day having been informed that "Jane" had been taken ill. Off he went, and coming up the little walk to the cottage he heard a voice saying:

"Hie thee to bed, Jane, get big Boible out, 'ere's Lord Shaasbree a'comin'."

When he got inside, sure enough there was Jane in bed, but with "big Boible" opened at the Book of the Prophet Amos, upside down!

He delighted in telling the story of his meeting a little girl in the village and solemnly saying to her: "Who made your vile body?" To which the child nervously replied: "Please, me Laard, Sarah Jane made the bodee, and oi made the skirrt."

This story is well known, but it originated at St. Giles's.

Something like it occurred more recently.



The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, 1801-1885

"Now, Mary, they are sure to ask you at Sunday School, 'Who made you?' And remember that you must answer, 'God made me.'" But Mary's short memory failed her at the critical moment, and when the question came she said: "Mother did tell me the gentleman's name, and now I can't remember. But please, teacher, I know it wasn't Father!"

And here follows part of a Lecture on my Grandfather which I gave at Brooklyn, New York, in 1927, at the invitation of Mr. Robert Alfred Shaw, the organizer of the Neighbourhood Club.

The Lecture was a summary of his life and works, with extracts from Mr. Hodder's ¹ and Newell Dwight Hillis's ² writings about him, and from my own recollections.

At the age of fourteen, while at Harrow, wondering what he was to do with his life, he was transfixed with horror at the sight of four men carrying a coffin. They were so drunk that they dropped it, picked it up and reeled away with it. Ashley, realizing that this was a pauper's funeral, made up his mind at that moment that he would devote his life to helping the poor and friendless, and at that spot a Memorial has been erected to mark the place where social reform and the freedom of thousands had its origin.

Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn points out that every department of Nature and Life has been given its own voice and Prophet, its own special advocate.

"To the planets—Newton; to the bees—Huber;

¹ "Life of the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury," E. Hodder (Cassell, 1886).

² "Great Books as Life Teachers" (Fleming H. Revell, New York).

Linnæus to the Plants; Audubon to the Birds; Phillips to the Slave; Florence Nightingale to the Soldiers; Livingstone to the Savage; and, having given Ruskin as a voice to Genius—God gave Shaftesbury as a voice for social reform.”

From the moment he entered the House of Commons he never slackened in his mission, though he met with bitter opposition. It took him seventeen years to pass his Ten Hours Bill, but he accomplished it. His strongest opponents on this Bill included John Bright, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Gladstone.

“Gladstone,” says Shaftesbury in his Diary of 1868, “ever voted in resistance to my efforts. Bright was ever my most malignant opponent.” Therefore, incredible as it seems, he worked in splendid isolation as a great soldier of Christ, and his face, as can be seen in Millais’s portrait, at eighty years, shows the lines of a noble weariness, the result of fighting the burdens of humanity almost alone.

He originated the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Thousands of the Costermongers of London became his friends and learned from him not to ill-treat their donkeys. They made Shaftesbury their Chief, gave him a donkey which was a delight to us children at St. Giles’s in our childhood.

He started Flower Shows to encourage the growing of pot flowers by the children of the poor. When opening one of these he said: “I believe there is nothing among the secondary means of instruction to surpass window gardening and flower culture. It has called out all the various qualities of attention and care, and it has improved their knowledge of sacred and holy things.”

When opening one of these Flower Shows in

Dean's Yard, Westminster, in 1873, he concluded his speech with this beautiful peroration :

“ The great and final Garden of Paradise was only to be approached through the Garden of Gethsemane.”

His ceaseless thought for the welfare of children inspired an inscription attached to a wreath placed by Sir John Kirk at the foot of the statue by Boehm in Westminster Abbey some years ago.

“ He saved for England the childhood of its children.”

He started Ragged Schools for the poorest children and societies to give them food. He helped, as he said, “ to make money by turning London mud into gold ” when he started the Shoe-Black Brigade, in 1851, which was so successful that in one year the busy little workers earned £6,000 and each shoe-black supported himself; the rest of his earnings were banked so that he could start himself in a trade.

He improved the conditions of Prisons, Lunatic Asylums, Mines, etc., etc.

“ I need a rhinoceros's skin,” he writes, “ to withstand the fury of my enemies and the candour of my friends.”

He succeeded in achieving his great ends by splendid abilities, a commanding presence, endless perseverance and sheer weight of character. His life will remain one of the glories of the Victorian reign. His reward was the universal love of those he befriended and the solace in his soul—so beautifully expressed in his own words—“ Every sigh prevented and every pang subdued, is a song of harmony to the heart. After a long life, I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver

and becomes a chain binding men with golden chains to the Throne of God."

He died in 1885. As he was dying came a letter from the Dean of Westminster proposing a resting-place in the Abbey. In a low, firm voice he said, "No. St. Giles's. St. Giles's!"

Then came October 1st, when his tired body found peace, and he was carried, at his request, in great simplicity, from 24 Grosvenor Square to Westminster Abbey for the first Funeral Service.

Assembled in Grosvenor Square were thousands whose hearts were heavy and who were weeping for the best friend the poor ever had. Artisans, sempstresses, labourers, factory-hands, flower-girls and costermongers from near and far. In the Abbey all classes met, representatives of the Queen and the Royal Family and deputations from over two hundred Societies and organizations over which he had presided, and, in many instances, founded.

This huge crowd represented the spontaneous homage of England; the scene summed up the great work and its undying result in the hearts of the British Empire where his name is a household word. He held his goodly heritage as a God-given trust in the interest of weakness.

To-day there stands at the foot of Shaftesbury Avenue, Gilbert's Fountain, crowned by the winged figure of Love, holding a bow from which the shaft has flown. Whether Gilbert intended a play upon the name Shaftesbury, Love burying his shaft in the heart of the people (Clemence Dane has called it Gilbert's "brazen pun"), is a moot point.

Mr. Gladstone (maybe as a salve to his memories of bitter antagonism in earlier days) wrote the beautiful tribute which is engraved round the base:

Erected by public subscription to Anthony Ashley Cooper, 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

During a public life of half-a-century, he devoted the influence of his station, the strong sympathies of his heart and the great powers of his mind to honouring God, by serving his fellow men; an example to his order, a blessing to the people, and a name to be, by them, ever gratefully remembered.

I have placed this short account of him in my book in order to refresh people's memory of a life that without doubt saved England from serious happenings if social reform had not been started by him to ameliorate conditions that were very unsatisfactory. He certainly carried out the motto of his family: "Love, Serve"—and I will conclude by inserting his own Prayer:

"O God, the Father of the forsaken, the Help of the Weak, the Supplier of the needy, Who hast diffused and proportioned Thy gifts to body and soul, in such sort that all may acknowledge and perform the joyous duty of mutual service; Who teachest us that love towards the race of man is the bond of perfectness and the imitation of Thy blessed Self. Open our eyes and touch our hearts, that we may see and do, both for this world and that which is to come, the things which belong to our peace.

"Strengthen me in the work I have undertaken, give me counsel and wisdom, perseverance, faith and zeal, and in Thine own good time and according to Thy pleasure, prosper the issue.

"Pour into me a spirit of humility; let nothing be done but in devout obedience to Thy Will,

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

thankfulness for Thine unspeakable mercies, and love to Thine adorable Son, Christ Jesus.

Amen."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF THE SEVENTH
LORD SHAFTESBURY

October 10th, 1825.

"Feelings of a warm and generous nature may be oftentimes wounded on earth; nay, they may appear a curse, but they are not so; these sentiments shall be purified in Heaven; Divine intensity shall be added to their virtue, and their Lord shall be God. God possessing all happiness Himself, has shown by His creation that it consists in the communication of happiness to others."

October 28th, 1827.

"There is a text about lawful swearing. Isaiah lxx. 16."

November 13th, 1828.

"On 10th dined at Lord Mayor's feast—it was heart-stirring. God be praised, Who has made me citizen of this happy and generous Empire. Yesterday, at our Lunacy Commission; there is nothing poetical in this duty; but every sigh prevented, and every pang subdued, is a song of harmony to the heart."

July 22nd, 1830.

"My soul is so filled with love and adoration of nature's glories that it cannot find vent but in aspirations towards a higher being. Unless the mind be turned to contemplate some vast, indivisible, everlasting, omnipotent Superior, it wanders restless, un-

satisfied, and ignorant, through the immensity of imagination, and having begun in conceit, ends in satiety or despair."

Switzerland, 1833.

"These Catholic districts are not without charm. The announcement and display of religion give a grace to these solitudes; while the ensign of the Cross, comely in its form and adapted to the scenery, places the humiliation and the power of God in wondrous juxtaposition. The use of the Cross has been superstitiously abused, and Protestant nations have therefore mostly abandoned it; but we suffer by the change. Such a memorial is necessary and ought to be pleasing."

Italy, 1833.

"At Padua bought a small crucifix. The worship of the material or the mere representation, is senseless, wicked and idolatrous—but to bear about a memorial of what God Himself once exhibited to the world, does but simply recall His death and passion, and forces us as Scripture has foretold, 'to look on Him whom we pierced.'"

December 21st, 1834.

"The shortest day. It may be called the midnight of the year, as after this period the advance is to light and not to darkness. It is a singular coincidence, and morally a most just one, that Christ, the 'Light of the World,' 'The Day-spring from on High,' should have been born in the depth of winter, the full period of human darkness; and yet precisely at the commencement of returning light and warmth and happiness. . . ."

November 9th, 1840.

"It is really heart-stirring to read of our successes in Syria, the forward valour, the iron-steadfastness of our countrymen; wherever they go, they impart life and soul and energy—one midshipman does more than a hundred Turks, though they be all Seraskiers—every man is an army, every sailor a fleet, and yet the whole fleet acts as one sailor. Marvellous the effects of discipline, acting on the vigour of British character. What materials for greatness! What elements for service! And yet there are men who would destroy all this; our political institutions, which have made us what we are, and our Church, which, under God, has made our institutions."

1841.

"I remember the old Duke of Wellington talking to me one day, after our arms had conquered the greater part of the Burman Empire. He said, 'I have been called upon to look for a good efficient frontier to our territory in India. I have got it; but I have gone upon the rule that no frontier is good for defence unless it is equally good for attack.' The application of the story was that Christian institutions must be aggressive as well as defensive.

November 27th, 1845.

"Last night Broadwall Infant Ragged School; very humble but very useful. . . . Many Dissenters; but is high time to be thinking where we agree, not where we differ."

December 25th, 1851.

"Seventeen years of labour and anxiety obtained the Lunacy Bill in 1845, and five years' increased labour since that time have carried it into operation;



The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.
Engraved from the Painting by Millais
In the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society

it has effected, I know, prodigious relief, has forced the construction of many public asylums and greatly multiplied inspection and care. Much, alas ! remains to be done, and much will remain ; and that much will, in the estimation of the public, who know little and inquire less, overwhelm the good, the mighty good that has been the fruit.

“ Seventeen years, from 1833 to 1850, obtained the Factory Bill. The labour of three hundred thousand persons, male and female, has been reduced within reasonable limits, and full forty thousand children under thirteen years of age attend school for three hours every day ! Let the people themselves, let the reports of the Inspectors, let the records of bygone days, be heard against the contempt, the misrepresentation, the ignorance, the hatred of those who opposed or discouraged me.”

1868.

“ In *The Times* of April, 1868, there is a review of the life of Wilberforce. There are many things said in it of him that might be said of me, but they never will be. He started with a Committee and a Prime Minister to back him, I started to assail home interests with every one, save a few unimposing persons, against me. O’Connell was a sneering and bitter opponent ; Gladstone ever voted in resistance to my efforts ; and Brougham played the doctrinaire in the House of Lords. Bright was ever my most malignant opponent. Cobden, though bitterly hostile, was better than Bright. He abstained from opposition on the Collieries Bill, and gave positive support to the Calico Print-works Bill.

“ Gladstone is on a level with the rest ; he gave no support to the Ten Hours Bill ; he voted with

Sir Robert Peel to rescind the famous division in favour of it. He was the only member who endeavoured to delay the Bill which delivered women and children from mines and pits ; and never did he say a word on behalf of the factory children, until, *when defending slavery in the West Indies*, he taunted Buxton with indifference to the slavery in England ! ”

January 2nd, 1882.

“ ‘ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. ’ ¹ That text is a marvellous one (Deut. xxxi. 6) and has long been a banner to me in the house of my pilgrimage. Observe the frequent repetition of it. We read it first in Deuteronomy just before Moses departed this life. Then it appears in Joshua (i. 5) just as he begins his independent career. David, dying (1 Chronicles xxviii. 20), passes it on to his son Solomon ; and St. Paul winds it up as a possession for ever, to every generation of mankind. No text is so frequently repeated in Scripture ; and it has, moreover, a singular significance. Moses, the type of our Lord, utters it as he quits the earth. Our Lord says, almost as He was ascending to Heaven, ‘ Lo, I am with you alway—even to the end of the world. ’ The words are marvellously akin.”

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH, 1841, WHEN THE SCHOOL
BOARDS THREATENED THE EXISTENCE OF THE
RAGGED SCHOOLS

“ I little thought we should be able to present such an appearance as we do this evening. But we have acted upon the principle which the great Duke of Wellington acted upon, and of which he frequently spoke to me with great satisfaction, as having crowned

¹ This follows strictly the entry in the Diary, although the literal reference is “ He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.”

his military operations with success. He said that in all the Continental armies if a point was carried the Generals considered themselves beaten. ‘But I never thought myself beaten,’ said he, ‘so long as I could present a front to the enemy. If I was beaten at one point I went to another, and in that way I won all my victories.’ ”

PERORATION OF A SPEECH ON TEN HOURS FACTORY
BILL. MAY 10TH, 1844

“Sir, it is possible, nay, more, it is probable (for their efforts have been great), that her Majesty’s Ministers will carry the day ; but for how long ? If they would render their victory a lasting one, they must extinguish all the sentiments that gave rise to mine. Their error is stupendous—‘*Scilicet illo igne, voce populi, et libertatem senatûs, et conscientiam humani generis aboleri arbutabantur.*’ Could you, simultaneously with your extinction of myself, extinguish for a while the sense of suffering, or at least all sympathy with it, you might indeed hope for an inglorious repose, and by the indulgence of your own ease, heap up, for your posterity, turmoil, anxiety, and woe. But things will not end here. The question extends with numbers, strengthens with their strength, and rises with their intelligence. The feeling of the country is roused ; and, so long as there shall be voices to complain and hearts to sympathize, you will have neither honour abroad, nor peace at home, neither comfort for the present, nor security for the future. But I dare to hope for far better things—for restored affections, for renewed understanding between master and man, for combined and general efforts, for large and mutual concessions of all classes of the wealthy for the benefit of the common welfare, and specially

of the labouring people. Sir, it may not be given to me to pass over this Jordan; other and better men have preceded me, and I enter into their labours; other and better men will follow me, and enter into mine; but this consolation I shall ever continue to enjoy—that, amidst much injustice, and somewhat of calumny, we have at last lighted such a candle in England as, by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

PERORATION OF A SPEECH ON LEGISLATION ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS. 1866

"It is now time to conclude. But there are some, I fear, who will reply, that I have entered on a high flight of speculation, and have left terrestrial difficulties too far below. Nevertheless, 'it is good for us to be here.' It is good for murmuring man to see how much of the misery that he suffers, or inflicts, is due to himself, and how little to the decrees of a merciful Creator. It is good for him to see how the principle of self-control is the grand principle of all social and individual freedom; that the sense of responsibility to God and his fellow-man, whether it be in the sovereign on the throne, or the labourer at the plough, is the source of all that is virtuous and dignified, and considerate and true.

"Neither is there any hope of attaining excellence, unless our aims be directed by the highest standard. 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.' Surely, this was said by our blessed Lord rather to elevate the efforts and the prayers, than to declare the actual powers of fallen man. And have we no guide? When at night we lift up our eyes, and contemplate the peace and splendour of the host of heaven, how each one is conforming to the law of its nature, and, as it were,

rejoicing to subserve the universal order, we recognize an omnipotent, yet gentle principle that demands, and receives, a willing and exact obedience. When we turn our thoughts to the globe on which we dwell, we see, in all the works of the great First Cause, the same invariable principle. It ruled at the Creation, has prevailed throughout all time, and will bless the countless ages of eternity. It is the law of kindness and of love, the law that—

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

“ Here, then, is the law for our ardent, but humble imitation. It is rich in promise, joyous in operation, and certain as truth itself. Of such a law how can we speak but in the noblest language that ever fell from the pen of uninspired man—‘ Of this law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world : all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least, as feeling her care, and the greatest, as not exempted from her power : both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.’ ”¹

PERORATION OF SPEECH ON CLERICAL VESTMENTS BILL.
HOUSE OF LORDS. 1867

“ And, now, my Lords, in concluding, allow me briefly to say a few words in reference to myself on this occasion. I have at various times been called by various appellations. Perhaps your Lordships will hardly believe that I have sometimes been termed

¹ Hooker's "Eccles. Pol.," Book I.

a High Church bigot, while at others I have been described as an irreverent Dissenter. I think neither of these appellations can be fairly assigned to me. It has ever been my heartfelt and earnest desire to see the Church of England the Church of the nation, and especially of the very poorest classes of society, that she may dive into the recesses of human misery and bring out the wretched and ignorant sufferers to bask in the light and life and liberty of the Gospel. I have ever desired that in a country, such as our own, where, under freedom of thought and freedom of action, Dissent must ever be found, the Church of England should extend the right hand of fellowship to those who, though they differ from her in matters of discipline, agree with her in the grand and fundamental doctrines of the faith, and so advance the great interests of our common Christianity. I have ever desired that the Church of England should, in her wisdom, her piety, her strength, and her moderation, be a model to all the nations of the earth. It has ever been my most ardent desire that in all the great dependencies of this vast Empire the Church of England should be powerful and beneficent—that in the east and in the west, in the north and in the south, and in all regions of the earth, wherever the English name is heard or English rule is obeyed—in profound gratitude to Almighty God, and in affectionate reverence of their common mother, her children should rise up and call her blessed. This, I know, is the earnest prayer of every one of your Lordships, and may God give it a prosperous issue!”

SPEECH ON CHURCH REFORM. 1874

“I have talked a great deal, always with a view to the safety of the Establishment, about Ecclesiastical

Reforms. They seem just as remote as they were before anything was said on the subject. I am not going to speak about such things any more, and I will tell you why. Two hundred years ago, an ancestor of mine, the Lord Shaftesbury of that day, was one day making a speech in the House of Lords. Behind him sat the Bishops, and one of them, whose name I find recorded in history, and who disliked the Lord Shaftesbury of that day, perhaps nearly as much as the Bishops now dislike the Lord Shaftesbury of the present day, exclaimed, 'When will that Lord have done preaching?' My ancestor turned round to him, and said, 'Whenever your Lordships begin.' Well, I will not go on preaching any more about Ecclesiastical Reform, because it would be utterly useless, because I know their Lordships the Bishops will NEVER begin."

CHAPTER THREE

VICTORIAN DAYS

IN February, 1894, I married George Warrender, who left for the China Squadron very soon after. And in March I started off on a voyage to China, alone, with my old Nannie, who came with me as my maid.

Leaving Genoa, a magnificent sight from the sea, I hovered for a week in Egypt, where I found my sisters—Margaret Levett and Violet Mar and Kellie and her husband, and the Waterford family, who had hired a deahabeeyah on account of Blanche W.'s health. The Beresford girls, Susan¹ and Clodagh,² were with them. It is the latter who has just written her reminiscences, which have delighted me. She has given them the original and amusing title of "Book." I have recommended it to all my friends. The accounts of her days in Texas, and her nightly work for the "Downs and Outs" of London, are delightfully told. Also her early recollections of Curraghmore, Lord Waterford's place in Ireland, where I spent some happy days on my return from China, not long before her much-beloved mother died.

She used to make me sing her songs, especially "The Rooks"; the words of which she had written herself. "Think of me sometimes when the rooks are flying" . . . It was difficult to get through it, knowing as we all did that she was a dying woman.

¹ Lady Susan Dawnay.

² Lady Clodagh Anson.

My old friend May Gaskell was also at Curraghmore that week. It is she of whom I have written in connexion with the Red Cross War Library in the Appendix.

To return to my voyage to China.

Leaving Ismailia to join the P. & O. ship *Carthage* I felt a bit lonesome, but old Captain Paterson took great care of me, and I found great amusement in watching my fellow-passengers' morals and behaviour, which seemed to get hotter by degrees as the nights became more and more tropical.

Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night" was at that time the best seller, and I thought, after witnessing what went on in that P. & O., I might make a similar success by writing something called "Nights Passed in a Ship"!

It *was* hot! No one who has never left the shores of this temperate island of ours can know what real heat means. The Red Sea and the Indian Ocean can supply that experience, and before the days of electric fans (what a godsend in a burning cabin in those regions!) the only way to get through the nights was to sleep on deck, until the awful moment of 6 a.m., when the swabbing drove one down below to do the best one could until breakfast-time.

I can remember also the impression and realization of the extent of the British Empire. This is unknown until one has been round the world. At every stage, except Japan, the Union Jack flying — Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Vancouver.

The following year, in September, 1895, I went to Australia with my brother Shaftesbury, who had been appointed Military Secretary to Lord Brassey.

We were a cheery party in the Messageries Mari-

times boat—Lord Brassey's daughter and son-in-law, Bee and Freeman Thomas,¹ Dick Nevill,² and Mr. Wallington³—all bound for Melbourne to join the staff. Lord and Lady Brassey had gone out in the *Sunbeam*, in which they had a pretty bad time in huge seas between the Cape and Australia.

We arrived in time for the Flemington Race Meeting and the Melbourne Cup.

The steeplechasing at Flemington was terrific; enormous jumps, including a solid brick wall. The casualties were so many, owing to the hard ground and big fences, that there had to be a surgeon who drove across inside the course from jump to jump to pick up the pieces. And close to the Grand Stand was a hospital to which the writhing jockeys were carried. One race I remember was an absolute shambles, which horrified me.

After six very pleasant weeks at Government House I left for Hong-Kong, where I spent the winter. Shaftesbury came with me. Sailing in an Anglo-Chinese tea boat from Sydney we steamed up the east coast of Australia, through the Barrier Reef, where navigation is so dangerous that we had to hug the coast and anchor every night. The masts of ships that had sunk could be seen sticking up in the water here and there, which made one realize how necessary it was to proceed with care and caution.

The ship was full of Chinamen and we were only five European passengers; just enough to play Poker, which helped to pass the time.

After reaching Hong-Kong, Shaftesbury returned to Sydney to take up his duties at Melbourne, where he remained for five years, and I occupied a house

¹ Lord and Lady Willington, now Viceroy of India.

² Lord Richard Nevill. ³ Sir William Wallington.

in Queen's Gardens, half-way up the Peak at Hong-Kong, which we had taken for the winter. At that time the outbreak of bubonic plague was raging, which made me rather anxious with so many Chinese servants in the house. My maid was the only un-Chinese one; but one had to get used to meeting stretchers carrying out the dead bodies, or seeing the victims floating down the harbour to the open sea, in the casual way they had of getting rid of the dead.

Racing and golf in the Happy Valley, hunting for curios in the fascinating shops, or sailing in the lovely harbour, occupied one's days very agreeably, in a very good winter climate, until I went home in March.

One day when coming down the steep hill to Government House in a rickshaw, the coolies lost control, felt they couldn't do anything, and let go of the machine, which went on full speed with me inside, until it capsized and I was thrown out.

Luckily I remembered having been told that drunken men never get hurt when they fall. So I let myself go limply without resistance, and some five-coloured bruises were the only damage I sustained.

This is a useful thing to remember when a fall is inevitable.

After my return from China, when staying with the Münsters in Homburg in 1895, we used to visit the Empress Frederick, who lived at Friederichshof, near Kronberg, a lovely place in the Taunus country. All through her difficult time in Germany, she suffered in her exile from the England she loved so well. She was a true lover of the Arts, and it was always a pleasure to sing to her, accompanied by Muriel Münster.

I have a vivid recollection of "dining and sleeping" at Osborne in Queen Victoria's day (1898)

during the time that George was in the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*.

After dinner the usual ceremony of sending for the guests one by one took place, and Arthur Balfour¹ was the first to be called.

I noticed with some amusement that when he stood in front of her chair he had both his hands in his trouser pockets. The Queen fixed her eyes first on the right hand with a look of astonished disapproval, and it was removed, and then the left hand had to come out after a similar treatment, and finally he straightened himself up.

Later, H.M. asked me to sing to her, which I did, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg as she was then. When I had finished, the Queen said to me: "Your voice reminds me of your Uncle Belfast's voice. He used to sing to me when he was a boy." Another instance of her wonderful memory, as it must have been a matter of about forty years since my uncle, Lord Belfast,² had died at the age of twenty-five in 1853. He was an enthusiastic music lover, had composed and published a good many "Drawing-room songs" and he was the owner of a piano that had belonged to Chopin.

His musical tastes were not encouraged by his father, Lord Donegall, who looked upon talents of that kind with the scorn of his day, as being effeminate, etc. He was so much beloved for his public spirit in the town of Belfast that a statue was put up to his memory, an extraordinary tribute to one who died so young.

My Mother had a lovely, clear soprano voice and sang Belfast's songs.

¹ Earl Balfour.

² Earl of Belfast.



Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast, 1827-1853

He was not only a musician and composer, but a great lover of Poetry. There is a volume, "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," published by Longmans, Green & Co., which consists of a course of Lectures delivered by the Earl of Belfast in the Music Hall of Belfast in 1852, for the benefit of the Library Fund of the Working Classes Association. The dedication to the Earl of Carlisle shows how Belfast's mind was working :

"In testimony of the admiration in which the author holds his active and benevolent exertions in promoting the happiness and enlightenment of his humbler fellow-men."

I am citing my favourite passages in this book, as it is long since out of print.

"As for me, I will account it sufficient glory and reward, if I succeed in imparting to those that hear me, any share of my admiration for our immortal bards, by proving that it is based both on taste and truth."

"The requirements for a poet are many, but beyond all doubt the chief of these are *Imagination* and *Fancy*. Of these two qualities it might be said that one builds the structure, while the other stamps upon it a delicate tracery : or, comparing them to Music, that the one conceives the theme, while the other adorns it with an airy network of ornament that charms the ear, and enables it to follow the leading idea through subtle changes and Protean harmony. . . ."

". . . As wit has been defined to be 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,' so the work of the Poet is to catch indelibly the impression which has often floated over the minds of others, and to recall to our thoughts a variety of impressions which

we remember to have experienced, but have been unable to record." (This passage has always reminded me of Emerson's beautiful words: "In every work of genius, we recognize our own rejected thoughts.")

In his lecture on Thomas Moore he says:

"Time was when Moore's society was courted more than that of any other man of his day. He was the pearl of companions, the chief of diners-out. He knew how to adapt his conversation exactly to the society in which he found himself and took every heart by storm. 'I have never spent an hour with Moore,' says Byron, 'without being ready to apply to him the expression attributed to Aristophanes—"You have spoken roses." He is the only poet whose conversation equals his writings!'"

"As to myself, if there is one heirloom I prize more than another it is the Dedication of the Irish Melodies in 1810 to an ancestress of mine, and the beautiful letter on Music which he addressed to the same Lady Donegall."

Lecture Three begins:

"The Literature of every age may safely be regarded as the mirror of the time. Far more truth-telling, far more enlightening to the searcher after the distinctive features of different countries in bygone ages, are the literary remains of the epoch, than the most accurate and laborious productions of the later historian.

"And strange, yet unquestioned, is the fact that every branch of literature which is least akin to history, least capable of recording events, and most extended in its licence, should be that which best preserves the impress of the past, which most faithfully hands down to succeeding generations a record

of the manners of the age, most powerfully breathes the spirit of the times.

“Poetry in connection with the spirit of its epoch may be compared with the vapour extracted from flowers in the process of distillation. . . . To look no further than our own poetical literature, have not our English poets held up a mirror to their own time? The simplicity of Chaucer, the grandiloquence of Spenser, the cultivated knowledge of human nature displayed by Shakespeare, the galling satire, and gentlemanly precision of Pope, and even the lax morality of Dr. Donne, is not each of these peculiar features analogous to the corresponding features of their epoch?”

“As Lamartine says justly and with the feeling of a true poet, ‘Poetry is man’s own self, it is the instinct of the age, it is the inward echo of all his outward impressions; it is the thoughtful and feeling voice of humanity, uttered by certain men, endowed with finer minds than their fellows; a voice heard above the loud and tumultuous clamour of its generation; and which moreover endures after it, and gives to future ages a record of former wailings and of bygone joys—of ancient deeds, and past imaginings—that Voice can never be stifled in the world, for it is not of Man’s creation. . From Heaven had it its birth, to Heaven did it bear aloft the first cry of Humanity. It will also be the last cry heard by the Creator, when under His Almighty Hand His great work shall be shattered. From Him it had its birth; to Him it shall return!’”

“We are all in greater or lesser degree conscious of the divinity of the poetic language; none who have the slightest appreciation of the Beautiful or the Sublime, would venture to deny the great French

poet's assertion, even though he claim for his art (which he assuredly does) the divine breath of Heaven ; even though he make of it the beginning and end of time, the first and last sound that shall escape from this great globe—the Alpha and Omega of Creation !

“And yet who shall define Poetry ? All who have ventured on the task have altogether failed ; and those who have approached nearest to success have been essentially the least poetical. Who shall define what is an essence, a spirit, a breath ? Who shall define the fragrance of a flower, the sweetness of a grape—the bloom upon the peach ? The weakness of our words will only permit us to say that Poetry is the out-breaking of all that is most spiritual in the mind, most treasured in the heart of man ; of all that is most gorgeous in the forms of external Nature, all that is most melodious in sound ; that we love it because it ministers at once to our outward senses, and to our inmost thoughts ; that it fascinates the ear with its cadence, fills the mind with novel images, opens to the imagination a very kaleidoscope of old substances in new forms, and speaks to the wounded spirit a matchless language of consolation.”

When one realizes the eloquence and the profound understanding shown by Lord Belfast at twenty-five one feels it was a tragedy that his promising life should have been cut short at such an early age. He might have done a great deal for his beloved Ireland. He says of Moore : “His passionate love of his native land should alone endear him to every son of Erin, while he has a claim not only on their love, but on the gratitude of all generations of Irishmen for his revival of their music and the eloquent Poetry where-with he has regenerated the National strains. I claim

for him your admiration and your affection in his capacity of a warm and true-hearted patriot."

That same winter the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had been due to arrive one night at Osborne, but owing to a dense fog in the Solent it was impossible for them to get there. I was told by one of the Household that when the Queen was informed of the delay she made her usual remark when anything happened to upset her commands: "H'm . . . something must be *said* . . ." (Shades of Canute!)

There is a passage in a letter written by Queen Victoria to Lord Palmerston, who had kept her waiting for half an hour or so: "This must not occur again. It *shall* not occur again."

I heard a nice story that evening about Lady Southampton, who in the old days was one of her ladies-in-waiting, a sanctimonious, pious old soul who liked to talk of the world to come, and whom the Queen found at times rather tedious.

"Oh, your Majesty, won't it be *wonderful* to see all those we read of in the Bible when we go to Heaven! Think of St. Paul! . . ."

"Yes, dear Lady Southampton, truly wonderful."

"And think of meeting St. Luke and—oh, the Prophets, your Majesty. Isaiah and Jeremiah."

"Yes, dear Lady Southampton, indeed." (Getting rather bored.)

"And then, your Majesty, David! And Solomon!"

"Yes; yes; yes." (More bored, and with a sigh.)

"And finally, your Majesty, *fancy meeting Abraham* . . .!"

That finished it.

"No. No!" said the Queen furiously. "I will *not* meet Abraham!"

Poor Lady Southampton's patriarchal enthusiasms and ambitions having been extinguished for the moment, she retired discomfited.

Queen Victoria was godmother to my eldest son, Victor,¹ born in 1899. My Aunt, Victoria Templemore,² eldest sister of my Father, was one of her early godchildren, having been born in 1837, so there was an interval of sixty-two years between the two sponsorships.

In 1897 the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire gave the memorable Diamond Jubilee Costume Ball at Devonshire House. The Prince of Wales represented Henry the Fourth of Navarre, and the Princess of Wales looked wonderfully lovely as usual.

The two sisters, Millicent Sutherland³ and Sybil Westmorland,⁴ were outstanding in their beauty; the latter was unforgettable as Hebe, with a spread eagle on her shoulder, and the former made a perfectly lovely Marie Leszczyńska. I wore the hunting dress of "La Grande Mademoiselle" de Montpensier, and my sister Violet Mar and Kellie as Dante's Beatrice was a vision.

My sense of humour was tickled by two sisters who went to the Ball as the "Furies," and *wore hair nets to keep their heads tidy!*

In 1899 Louis N. Parker wrote A Masque of War and Peace. It was arranged as a Boer War Charity Matinée by Minnie Paget,⁵ and produced by Beer-bohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. Percy Anderson designed the costumes, both for the Masque and

¹ Sir Victor Warrender, Bart., M.P.

² Lady Templemore, *née* Ashley.

³ Duchess of Sutherland.

⁴ Countess of Westmorland.

⁵ Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of General (later Sir Arthur) Paget.



Violet, Countess of Mar and Kellie, as *Beatrice*, Devonshire House Ball, 1897

for the Procession of Great Britain and her Colonies which followed. I think I am right in saying that the result of the performance was Ten Thousand Pound.

Gervase Elwes made his first appearance as a singer on that occasion. I had to appear twice. As "Mercy" in the Masque and as Newfoundland in the Pageant. Féo Alington¹ was a gorgeous "India" loaded with the most magnificent jewels, lent by one of the Maharajahs.

There was a nice story of an old lady at Croydon who dreamed that Queen Victoria had presented her with a shawl, a chair and a Bible. She wrote to the Queen and was made proud and happy by the receipt of a beautiful warm woollen shawl and a fine Bible.

On the 12th of May 1902 someone wrote to the *Pink 'Un*:

"Since reading this, I have dreamed that the King had sent me a week's board and lodging and all, at the Savoy, and a seat to view the Coronation Procession. Ought I to write to the King?"

¹ Féodorovna, Lady Alington, *née* Yorke.

CHAPTER FOUR

EDWARDIAN DAYS

AS COT Week, 1902, I spent with the present King and Queen at Frogmore. The Gold Cup was won by the Duke of Portland's William the Third, the son of St. Simon, that had won the same race for him eighteen years earlier. The Duke's whole-hearted excitement as we stood together in the Royal Box was infectious. He often reminds me of that thrill.

It was during this week that King Edward was taken suddenly ill with appendicitis, which was the cause of the postponement of his Coronation fixed for the following week, June 26th, until August 9th.

One of those days, after playing golf at Sunningdale I succeeded in driving down the Long Walk in my motor, as far as the gate that leads to Frogmore, where I was due for dinner. The Lodge-keeper stopped me, without listening to my plea that I should be late if he did not let me through. "Against my orders" was an impossible obstacle. In desperation I looked up and down the Long Walk and saw a vehicle approaching, hailed it and begged the people inside to drive me home, which they very kindly did. After which a quick change brought me down in time. Anyway, I believe that no one else had ever got as far as that in a car, which is strictly forbidden.

There was an amusing episode the day I arrived at Keele Hall, Derbyshire, to stay with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby.

They occupied Keele, having taken it from Ralph Sneyd on a term of years. Prince Francis of Teck was one of the party, and had arrived by the same train as myself, rather late, with only just enough time to dress for dinner. He knocked at my door in a great state of mind and said: "Miche has just told me that the Rajah of —— is to take Sophy in to dinner instead of myself. It isn't possible, I won't have it. What can I do? Besides, it will make the Rajah uncomfortable."

I had a brain-wave and said: "Send a message by your servant to say you have arrived too late to be ready in time, and ask them not to wait but to go in to dinner without you."

This was done. Frank Teck was pacified, and I think the way out wasn't altogether unwelcome to "Miche" himself.

The Grand Duke Michael and Sophy Torby occupied the Villa Kasbek at Cannes for many years. He was President of the Golf Club, a keen but uncertain golfer, and organized the amusing Annual Meetings.

There was eager competition for the sumptuous prizes that were given by the many Grand Dukes, etc., who wintered on the Riviera. Lovely Faberger things—one I especially remember, an enamel umbrella top, with a large diamond inset which I nearly won, as a prize for putting, but which I lost after playing off a tie with my opponent.

The emulation to win these things was so intense that a new rule had to be made to the effect that if, in the mixed foursomes, the lady's ball remained

untouched upon the tee, it must count as two strokes, and her partner would then play three !

In August 1902 I went to Welbeck for the Mass Meeting of the Tariff Reform League arranged by the Duke of Portland to be held in the great Riding School. Being 132 yards long and 105 feet wide, eight thousand people could be seated. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was to speak on his campaign for Tariffs.

At this time he was opening up another phase of his Tariff Reform subject, as a part of the larger question of Empire Federation. He insisted upon the fact that the trade and prosperity of England was menaced by the fiscal system which permitted foreigners to use our markets, while we were being shut out of theirs by hostile tariffs.

The Welbeck Meeting was held in order that he might lay his case before the agriculturists ; to show them how the foreigner was capturing the British markets.

In these days it would be easier for everyone to hear in a place of this size, with microphone attachments and extensions, but without this help it was rather too much for the capacity of any orator to make his voice carry more than half way. It was a fine speech ; dramatically accompanied by a gale which seemed to roar round the hall, torrents of rain on the glass roof and great claps of thunder in crashing confusion.

The old Duke of Rutland also spoke. He had been a Protectionist all his life. As Lord John Manners fifty years ago he had assisted Disraeli to found a Young England Party, and of course rejoiced in the efforts of J. Chamberlain, an ex-Radical leader, to destroy England's Free Trade policy, welcoming



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1903

From the Painting by Harrington Mann

him as the Apostle of Tariff Reform. He looked splendid and in spite of his years he spoke with the enthusiasm of a boy.

There were also staying at Welbeck the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Curzon, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Charles Montagu, Lady Edward Cecil, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Lord Howard de Walden, my sister Violet Mar and Kellie, Mr. Harry Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mildmay,¹ and Mr. Arthur Pearson, who had organized this gigantic meeting.

Sitting next to Joseph Chamberlain one night at dinner, I asked him if he had ever regretted starting the enormous work of his Tariff campaign. He quickly answered, "No—no. Never for a moment; it's a hard fight, but my heart's in it." He looked to me like a keen sporting dog, eager as a pointer.

His heart's desire has come at last (1932), thirty years later!

In view of what has happened at Ottawa, the resolution proposed by Sir Frederick Milner at this meeting is significant:

"That this meeting heartily thanks the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain for his address, and desires to express its approval of a policy for securing closer fiscal union with the Colonies, and its conviction that, in the agricultural and industrial interests of Great Britain and for the general welfare of the Empire, a change in our fiscal system is necessary."

Then there were the delightful parties at Sandringham for Queen Alexandra's birthday, to which I had the honour of being invited.

Her childlike charm was so captivating that anyone who approached her can never forget it. Princess

¹ Lord and Lady Mildmay of Flete.

Victoria also made everyone happy at Sandringham. Knowing my fondness for little things, the Queen used to give me attractive Copenhagen models of animals and amusing toys, and her friends would bring to her birthday presents of the exquisite work of Faberger, the Moscow jeweller. Her collection of these lovely things, of which he never made two alike, was a joy to her.

Her deafness, in spite of her clever and attractive efforts to conceal it, sometimes led to amusing incidents, such as the time when I heard the Duke of Roxburghe talking to her one night at dinner about the lovely carnations we had all admired in the hot-house, and then he switched off and talked about her Borzoi hounds. The Queen, not realizing the change of subject, said, "Oh! yes, and those big *pink* ones that *smell* so sweet!"

In the same way, when someone told her that the old Duke of Rutland had died, she said, "Isn't that wonderful; how did he do it?"

She was ever thoughtful and kind when her friends were in trouble. Her writings on funeral wreaths were spontaneous and so like herself. The one she wrote when Countess Féo Gleichen (the sculptor) died was adorably quaint.

"In loving memory of my dearest Féo, whom I shall never cease to mourn—nor her wonderful works of art."

Every year when, upon Alexandra Day, she drove round London, it was touching to see how the crowds waited for her and cheered her.

To-day (June 10th, 1932) I have just been to the unveiling, by the King, of Sir Alfred Gilbert's beautiful bronze group of "Faith, Hope and Charity" on the wall of Marlborough House. A noble tribute to the

loving-kindness that characterized Queen Alexandra. No portrait of her could ever adequately reveal the extraordinary charm and sweetness of her personality and the magnetic beauty of her eyes.

It was she who commissioned this great Master to make the magnificent tomb in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to Prince Edward, her eldest son, who died in 1892, the finest work of its kind of our day, comparable only to the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Of the exquisite Shaftesbury Memorial in Piccadilly Circus, erroneously called "Eros," I have already written. In the Church at Sandringham Queen Alexandra also placed another work of Gilbert's in memory of Prince Edward.

King Edward was a man of superb tact and intuition.

I was in Paris when he made his first visit after the Boer War; when feeling had been fiercely anti-English and "*Vive les Boers!*" and "*Espèce d'Anglaise!*" greeted one on the boulevards, looking, as one did, undisguisably and unmistakably English.

The day King Edward arrived there was complete apathy; but something inspired him to sign his name "Édouard" instead of Edward in the book of the Hôtel de Ville. This was flashed all over Paris, and that night, when he went to the opera, they cheered him to the echo and the streets were thronged with crowds to see *le Roi*.

It was about that time that the King and Queen of Italy came to Paris. The Queen, a Montenegrin—making conversation with Madame Loubet, the wife of the French President, was said to have asked, "*Avez vous vu Monténégro, madame?*" to which the simple Madame Loubet replied, "*Mais non, madame, ie n'ai vu monter personne.*"

The same raconteur who told me the above also

gave me this one, of an *ingénue* who asked her neighbour at dinner: "*Qu'est ce que c'est qu'un hermaphrodite ?*" The embarrassed young Frenchman evaded the truth by answering: "*Oh . . . c'est quelqu'un qui est ni joli ni laid.*" Some time after this, to one of her partners who poured out compliments: "*Comme vous êtes belle, mademoiselle, comme vous êtes belle,*" she replied: "*Mais non, mais non, je vous assure que je suis tout simplement hermaphrodite !*"

With the King was one of his entourage who was famous for his faulty French.

"*Vôtre vraiment*" was a nice termination to a letter, and when asked by a Frenchman how he was, came the answer, "*Aujourd'hui je sens mauvais, mais hier je sentais pire.*"

Soveral¹ had a nice example of such things. "*Tiens ! que c'est pythagore !*" "*Mais non, mon ami, c'est pas Pythagore, c'est pittoresque.*" . . . "*Eh bien, comme vous voulez. Pythagore et pittoresque, c'est synagogue !*"

The Duke of Devonshire also had a quiet way of saying good things.

We were discussing what was the best way of answering the usual American greeting—"Pleased to meet you." The old Duke's suggestion was, "If the fellow addressed me like that I should say, 'So you damn well ought to be !'" He then told me of a man who, getting into his railway carriage, said, "Shall you mind if I smoke a cigar ?" Not being a smoker himself he said, "No, my dear sir—provided you don't mind my being *sick*."

The same sort of thing happened to myself after I had smoked a cigarette, alone in a non-smoking

¹ Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Ambassador in London for many years.

carriage. The train stopped at Tonbridge, where an old lady got in, sniffed and snorted and said: "Might I inquire if this is a smoking carriage?" "No, it is not," I said, "but please smoke if you want to. I shan't mind." Her head remained in the air, stiff with disapproval.

On one of the several occasions when I met King Edward the Seventh at country houses he jammed his thumb out shooting and I gave him some "New Skin" to put on the bruise, which was very successful. The next morning there was a knock at my door. "Is her Ladyship's maid there? His Majesty wants some more of Lady Maud Warrender's new skin."

His spirits were wonderful. After one of the annual theatricals at Chatsworth, when I had taken the part of an Eastern character with Muriel Wilson in a play by Dora Knatchbull, I wore a costume designed by Percy Anderson, of gorgeous green and gold, with helmet and a fine steel spear. King Edward seized the spear and said: "Now we'll do some pig-sticking," and frantically pursued a terrified guest at full speed down the long gallery.

A few days after King Edward died I stayed with Mrs. Bischoffsheims at Stanmore, and going through the gardens on the way to play golf I noticed a strange-looking growth on a young tree. Walking up to it I found a large black crêpe bow which had been attached to this tree that had been planted by Edward the Seventh five years previously.

Another token of loyalty that amused me was a complete set of *black* Bradenham hams that filled a purveyor's window in Jermyn Street.

In July 1904 Lady Gerard had a Saturday to

Monday party at Eastwell, near Ashford, for King Edward. On Sunday we all motored over for tea at Leasam, which had just been finished. The King, instead of going up Rye Hill, drove through Rye, where his car was stopped at one of the toll-gates which have only recently been abolished. The toll-keeper's face when he heard that "kings pay no toll," and realized whose car it was, was a study. The group opposite this page was taken that day at Eastwell.

I think the last King to visit Rye was George the Second. He was supposed to have had to put into the harbour in bad weather and to have stayed at Lamb House, where Henry James afterwards lived and which is now occupied by E. F. Benson.

In 1904 I was in Germany, where, with my sister Violet Mar and Kellie, I stayed with Prince Hans Heinrich and Daisy Pless at Fürstenstein in Silesia. Prince and Princess Emmanuel Salm-Salm, Lord Lonsdale and Count Voss were also there. A magnificent castle it is, crowning a high rock and wooded gorge which occurs suddenly in a wide stretch of plain. Daisy Pless was a delightful hostess with a heart of gold, a real *bonne enfant*, brimming with a wild Irish spirit of fun, which made everyone love her. From there we went to Berlin for a few days, where Sir Frank Lascelles, one of the kindest human beings that ever lived, was our Ambassador and gave us a warm welcome and a very good time at the Embassy.

In August 1907 there came to the door at Leasam a young man saying "Countess von Arnim¹ is at the lodge gate in her caravan, and asks whether she may put up in your park." I said: "Do you mean

¹ Now Countess Russell.



De'Ath & Condon

Group at Eastwell, 1904

H.M. King Edward VII, Lady Norreys, Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. H. Milner, Hon. H. Legge, Sir Ernest Cassel, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Gerard, Viscountess of Sutherland, Earl of Mar and Kellie, Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, Baroness de Forest, Harry Lady Gerard, Lord Charles Montagu, Baron de Forest, Count Albert Mensdorff and myself.

'Elizabeth' of the 'German Garden'? Of course . . . delighted. How many are there?"

"Herself, three children, a German governess, and two of us undergraduates who camp out in tents." I suggested that after their long trek they might like to come in and have good hot baths, which idea enchanted them.

It was my first meeting with this enchanting writer; together with countless others, I always look forward greedily to each new book of hers, and her friendship is one I sincerely value.

At that time she was writing "The Caravanners," one of my favourites.

My children, Victor, Violet and Harold were thrilled at having a real caravan close by, and at meeting the three Arnim children—Evi, Beatrix and Lisbeth, the originals of the April, May and June babies of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

There was also a German governess who *schwärmerei-ed* over everything.

After the fun of having them at Leasam, the next day we all accompanied them, in proper caravan style, sitting on the front step, to Wittersham to be introduced to my old friends Norman Forbes-Robertson and his family and to camp in his lovely old place "The Stocks." We then went to fetch Laurence Alma-Tadema who lived close by, dressed her up, and excited the German Fräulein to a frenzy by introducing her as the Queen of the Gipsies. From there we went on to Ellen Terry's Farm at Small Hythe which provided another thrill for them all.

One could not help noticing Countess von Arnim's extraordinary powers of observation. Nothing, even the smallest detail, escaped her. She took in every-

thing. This faculty no doubt accounts for the wealth of delightful characterization and touches of humorous understanding of people in her books.

In August 1905 I joined Lord and Lady Charles Beresford on board the *Surprise* for a cruise to Constantinople and Athens.

Other members of the party were Sir Edward Elgar, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), Frank Schuster, and Henry Harris, better known to his friends as Bogie Harris. We had perfect weather at the beginning of the cruise; we visited Smyrna, and its specially delightful Bazaar, and had a few days in the Golden Horn, to which we went in a mail steamer, as, owing to trouble with the Sultan at that time, it was deemed unwise for the Commander-in-Chief to go to Constantinople.

From there to the Greek Islands and Athens where we rejoined the *Surprise*. Lady Charlie and Mrs. Craigie had a somewhat flamboyant taste in clothes and floating veils. Their appearance on the quay was such an astonishment to the Greeks that they would be surrounded by a mob, and Frankie Schuster, Bogie Harris and I found it less disconcerting to land at another time!

One of our amusements on board was the "Families" game. We vied with each other in composing absurdities in this way:—

Mr. and Mrs. Pon Me, and their daughter Lena Pon Me. (Lean upon me.)

The more complicated they were, the greater the kudos.

I give the following without solutions so that my readers can have the fun of solving them.

Mr. and Mrs. Stic Temperament, and their son Arti.

Mr. and Mrs. Pus, and their daughters Lu and Poly.

Mr. and Mrs. Ious Attack, and their son Bill.

The Jams, and their son Jim.

The Ble Offals, and their son Eddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ting Dock, and their daughter Flo.

Mr. and Mrs. Othes Brush, and their son Michael.

One morning I appeared triumphantly with the old Irish family, the O'Graphs, and their rascally son, who was called "that sinner Mat O'Graph." And an imaginary daughter of the Iveaghs, called Sal-iva. They also had a son who was so beautiful that he was called God-iva.

E. F. Benson (Dodo) has also been a contributor to the game. He created Mr. and Mrs. Devil-of-a-Burning, and their daughter Wilhelmina,

Mr. and Mrs. Any use to you on a Bicycle, and their daughter Isabel,

Mr. and Mrs. Ningroom Clock, and their daughter Di,

Mr. and Mrs. Own Lawns, and their son Moses, and Mr. and Mrs. Lightful than Ever, and their daughter Maudie.

There was a German one I was proud of—the old von Allen family, the head of which was called Der Herr Lichste von Allen, of whom Schumann apparently wrote a song!

These have been chosen from a vast collection of such things.

Unfortunately the weather broke on our way to Patras. H.M.S. *Surprise* had a most uncomfortable way of behaving in a rough sea, quite unlike any other craft I have ever been in, a sort of corkscrew motion which, good sailor though I am, completely defeated me. Lady Charlie was the only one who did not succumb. She even managed to sit on a surging music

stool and play "The Ride of the Valkyries," and the "Fire Music" at the height of the storm, when everyone else was prone, and utterly miserable.

At Patras, where we were to leave the yacht, there was a big sea running in the harbour. Unless we caught the little steamer to Fiume which only ran once a week, it meant staying in a very bad hotel in a very dull place. Mrs. Craigie and myself hated the idea of this, so we made up our minds to make a dash in a small boat for the steamer, leaving "Frankie Schu" and Edward Elgar quivering on the quay, not daring to face the risk of getting alongside in a horrible sea.

We just made it, but we went through a hideously uncomfortable and hot time in this fig cargo boat before reaching Fiume. There were so many figs on board that the sides of our cabins were a moving mass of white maggots, racing each other up the walls. That procession has made me doubtful about Smyrna figs ever since.

Sleeping on deck made the nights possible, and less unpleasant in the great heat of a September Adriatic.

In 1907 I went to Sweden and spent a few days at Sofierö with the Crown Prince and Princess. I had known her for some time, having stayed at Bagshot for Ascot Week with her father and mother the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on several occasions. Princess Margaret was so much loved in Sweden that when she died in 1920 the whole country mourned her loss. She had been eminently tactful during the difficult time through the War. Her charm and delightful nature captivated everyone. I remember an incident that happened on my way there which amused Princess Margaret immensely. I had left Stockholm in the night train and was tucked up in my berth, when

Noble, my maid, came in and told me that two old ladies had monopolized the next sleeper in which I had reserved a berth for her. So I sent her to find the conductor. She beckoned to the first man she met in uniform, brought him in to see me, and there stood a very good-looking young fellow who seemed rather shy. I told him what had happened; he listened most sympathetically and then said: "I not sleeping car man, but I shall help you," which he did most successfully. Next morning I discovered that he was a young naval officer, well known to my host and hostess.

Stockholm in summer weather is an enchanting place. Marie von Hindenburg¹ and her husband who was *en poste* at that time had taken a little house on one of the many islands that surround Stockholm, where I stayed with them. At a garden party they gave for Swedish Naval officers, I sang a lovely folk-song, "Neckens Polska," which Princess Margaret had taught me.

There is nothing that pleases foreigners so much as to hear their own language sung by someone who comes from overseas; it is a certain success.

¹ *Née* Hon. Marie Hay.

CHAPTER FIVE

INDIAN DAYS

TWO so-called "cold weathers" I spent in India when George was Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station ; in Bombay most of the time, where I did not find much "cold" weather. Very hot days but cool nights. There were expeditions to Agra and Delhi, where I felt colder than anywhere else in all my life. So bitter were the nights, that I had to sleep in my fur coat, and yet playing golf in the daytime was terribly hot.

There were happy days spent at Government House, Calcutta, where the Mintos reigned ; Saturdays to Monday at Barrackpore where Viceroys went for relaxation ; a delightful golf-course, with small native caddies and fore caddies who enchanted me by singing out "Ball-ee" when they found and stood where the tee shot or brassy shot had landed.

Lord Kitchener was then in command, and very hospitable.

He asked us to dine with him at the Fort. Before dinner he was showing me his collection of Oriental china, and I was admiring his things when he suddenly turned round and said in his gruff way : "Of course I know, Lady Maud, that you know absolutely nothing about Oriental china." Intensely annoyed, I said nothing, but just left him and walked away ; but the sting remained, and I wondered how could I get ven with him for that quite uncalled-for rudeness.

One of his weaknesses was an idea that he had perfect taste in decoration. He had done up his dining-room in what he called "Rose du Barry" fashion, and not very successfully. Feigning ignorance of his efforts I thought of saying, "How tiresome it must have been for you to have to put up with someone else's hideous decorations," or something of that kind, but he himself played into my hands and I had my revenge when, two nights later, he took me in to dinner at Government House, where the previous evening there had been a concert, which Lady Minto asked me to arrange, and at which I sang. The Viceregal Band had played a lovely programme. Said Lord Kitchener to me: "I say, Lady Maud, that concert last night was all very well, but I think you should have put the muzzle on the Viceroy's band. It was a bit too highbrow for some of us."

I leaped at my chance and said: "Well, Lord Kitchener, of course I know that you know absolutely nothing whatever about music." Whereupon he shot round, amazed, and said: "That's rather an unkind thing to say, isn't it?" "Yes, perhaps it is," I said, "but you were very rude and very unkind to me about your china two nights ago, and now we're all square." And then we both laughed and were good friends again.

Lord Kitchener discarded this same collection of china after being told bluntly by a Chinese expert who was asked his opinion of it: "You have been stuck!" And he then set to work, with the help of those who really knew, to collect the real thing.

He was amusing about the many presentation Civic caskets that he had received, most of which he had melted down and made into gold plate dessert services. Once, he told me, he was almost caught in the act

of dismantling one of these caskets, as the Mayor returned unexpectedly, and he only just had time to hide the thing, which was all in pieces, under a chair.

It was the greatest fun to watch the exits after the official dinners in Calcutta. The list of precedence is most carefully laid out and, very rightly, the wives of Members of Council take precedence of no matter who may come out from England.

But it always appeared as if they were so terrified that this should be forgotten, that they would sprint full speed ahead down the dining-room to get out of the door in their right place. It made one think of that nice parody of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life":

Wives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* wives sublime.
And, preceding, leave behind us
All the rest at dinner-time.

I had some delightful *shikar* at Gwalior, where Maharajah Scindia provided tiger shooting in the most luxurious way. I bagged my first after a thrilling moment.

The morning of March 20th, hearing that two fine tigers had been seen killing a buffalo at Panian, eighteen miles away, we started off in motors and found elephants ready to take us another mile to a *machan* which Scindia had had built for the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visited Gwalior in 1907. The structure was arranged with a long approach that made me think of Lansdowne Passage, walls fifteen feet high leading to the Tower in the heart of his best tiger country, up to which point the three hundred beaters were to drive what was to be my tiger.

Suddenly, a frantic roar at the back of us and a huge tigress appeared with two cubs and jumped to the top of the passage wall (which Scindia considered safe) standing there looking at us. It was then that Scindia turned deathly white, afraid that she might jump down into the passage and rush up to attack us. Mine was the only loaded rifle and I was just about to aim at her when she took a magnificent flying leap right across the passage, and disappeared with her cubs into the jungle. After that excitement and Scindia's relieved feelings we waited about an hour in the utter stillness and brooding hush, until there were signs of the approach of the only animal who fears no other. The peacocks—sacred birds of India—small animals, chin-kara, etc., fleeing from danger. And then . . . the finest tiger of the preserve. My rifle . . . ready . . . My heart thumping . . . Glory be! A grand shot in his heart, and my first tiger stone dead sixty yards away!

The skin of this magnificent beast now adorns my Music-room in London.

Then wonderful iced drinks, most acceptable in a temperature of 105° in the shade, a sumptuous luncheon, and a return on elephants through the tiger country to Scindia's comfortable and hospitable Guest House.

Scindia had an unusually good *shikari*, half Breton and half English, who told me the following story.

The King of Abyssinia had sent some lions to the Maharajah, who, thinking he would like to add lion shooting to his tiger preserves, had them let loose in his country, where they made fearful havoc among the villages, and attacked the terrified inhabitants.

Scindia wanted to catch them alive and keep them at Gwalior. How was this to be done? Captain —,

the above-mentioned *shikari*, knowing that lions and tigers dislike feeling anything sticky on their puds, devised and successfully carried out the following plan. He watched their trail, tied up "kills" for them and placing a lot of fly papers on the ground, laid in wait near by with huge nets. The lions, after stepping on the fly papers, stopped to lick their paws, and in this way he caught them and brought them back to Gwalior, where I saw them in an enclosure.

It sounds an impossible story, but a good one.

At Jodhpur the Maharajah asked me if I would like to add a panther to my bag—a panther that had been doing a lot of damage in one of his villages and devouring sheep and goats and terrifying the natives.

"Delighted," I said, and off we went some two miles, in time to get there before dusk, to a small *machan* rigged up close to a "kill," which was a kid tied up on a platform in front of us.

After a wait of intense quiet, "There he is!" whispered "Flags" Wilson, and just before the light failed I saw what looked like a huge black panther coming out of a wood. He jumped on to the stand; but a lucky shot got him in the head before he had time to hurt the terrified little kid. Yells of joy from the natives, who carried me and the panther back in triumph, singing all the way, to where the motor was waiting.

And afterwards a promise from the Maharajah that the little kid which had escaped with its life should never be used as a "kill" again.

One of the pleasantest recollections of days in Calcutta was the renewed acquaintance with Cornelia Sorabji, that most remarkable and courageous Indian

lawyer : an outstanding personality whose good work for the British Raj has been and is incalculable. To see her and talk with her was a solace and a delight, and her entrance and magnificent salaam at the Viceregal Drawing-Room remains a memorable vision of grace and dignity.

It was an interesting time to be in India. The reign of Lord Curzon had ended, and had left to his successor a difficult situation to face. The Partition of Bengal had roused Bengal, but that was not all. Lord Curzon was disliked as far away from the area affected by the Partition as Madras and Bombay. I gathered that the reason probably lay in the fact that India had expected great things of a man who wrote about Asia as Lord Curzon had written. The *Intelligentsia* thought that here at last was a man who would idealize them. They constructed a Viceroy after their own imagination and were angry that when he had been among them for a while, they had to smash their own image.

An Indian wrote to me the following summary of Lord Curzon—"He filled no known type. Autocrat he was by nature, but by grace he was an apologist for Autocracy. We Indians were angered. He spoke to us as if we were his constituency, craving our approval, just after he had done some Grand Mogul thing. Grand Moguls we knew ; but with a suppliant for the suffrages of his subjects we were unacquainted. And lastly there were his manners. These were no doubt due to acute physical suffering, but Indians did not know that, and by his coldness he offended the best of us, the descendants of ancient families in all races, who might have proved his strongest allies."

When Lord Minto came in 1905 he corrected by his own personality all these defects. He and Lady

Minto restored graciousness to the Viceroyalty. Lord Minto was announced as a sportsman and he never pretended to be anything else—a sportsman and a gentleman.

Without exception all the Maharajahs I met during my days in India would say—"Lord Minto—he Sahib."

India had been stirred to the depths. He wisely let it lie fallow for a while, avoiding panic, although it was during his reign that the "Little Mutiny" was staged for May 1907, the Jubilee of the Great Mutiny, and failed because the man who was to give the signal had lost heart.

These were the first days of the making of bombs and of terrorism in India, of the importation of guns from Japan, of talk of Swadisti (Home Industries). It was wonderful how Lord Minto kept his watchful eye on all this ; how the Government of India was able to deal with Provincial matters firmly and conclusively, and yet retain the loyalty and appreciation of the Provincial Governments. Lord Minto's tact, his sportsmanlike qualities, his far-seeing eye, courage and knowledge when to take action and take it decisively, no doubt accounted for a great deal. And to this must be added the genius of both Lord and Lady Minto for getting to the heart of everyone without loss of dignity, and in spite of the fact that the firm hand was always there when it was needed.

It is sometimes forgotten that it was the Morley-Minto reforms that gave India the biggest advance upon the past in regard to self-government, and which produced some of the finest men of India, G. K. Gokhale and Lord Sinha being among them.

The beauty of Lord Curzon's first wife had impressed the Indians. She was the daughter of Mr.

Joseph Leiter of Chicago. Her mother's twistings of words are worthy of immortality.

"What did I like best in Rome? Why, the Apollo with the bevelled ear, the Dying Alligator, and Romeo and Juliet being suckled by the wolf."

She used to say that it was essential to have a *ventre à terre* in Paris; also that she had given her decorators *bête noire* to do what they liked; and she thus described her first meeting with her future husband at a costume ball—"He was dressed in the garbage of a monk, and I said to Momma: 'Alma Mater, Ecce Homo!'"

She also said she never could remember the difference between a *Leit-Motif* and a *Liebestod*, which is akin to the story of a certain lady who posed as a great lover of Music but with limited knowledge of what she was talking about, and who said to Mary Crawshay¹ (one of London's most brilliant wits), "My dear! Those inverted fifths, weren't they wonderful?" "Yes," flashed Mary, "but didn't you adore the submerged tenths that followed, they were still more marvellous!" "How right you are. Of course I did," said —, falling right into the trap.

Mary was the author of the delightful allusion to Lord Erne, who was full of anecdotes, and Lady Erne, whose frontage was of generous proportions, as—"storied Erne and animated bust."

When Henry James acquired the habit of chewing every mouthful of food thirty times Mary said: "Since when has he joined the Salvation Army?"

Mrs. Leiter is also supposed to have said that she was going to bring her daughter, then Mary Leiter, to Rome to have her portrait painted by the Old Masters, and when asked in what manner, she said

¹ Mrs. Robert Crawshay, née Leslie.

En sainte, which didn't sound quite the same as what she meant.

Another "floater" that was said to be hers was a remark at the Vatican: "So pleased to meet your Holiness. I haven't been here since I saw your father, the late Pope."

But who can claim that champion howler?—"A Papal Bull is the cow that is kept in the Vatican to provide milk for the Pope's children"!

Once when we were playing pencil games at Welbeck, questions were written and thrown on the table to be picked up and answered. Lord Curzon had written—"What is the worth of woman?" and it happened to be the one I picked up. So the answer I wrote was "Jean Worth, Rue de la Paix." Not quite what he expected, but not bad, I thought.

But, to return to India. I spent two very happy Christmases with the Mintos at Government House, Calcutta. They and their Staff made things very pleasant. There was delightful golf at Tollygunge, racing, lawn tennis and splendid functions.

I recall an incident that made me realize what a debt of gratitude we owe to Walter Long¹ who instituted the strict quarantine laws in England with regard to the importation of dogs. As we sat having tea in the Compound of Government House, I saw a mad dog enter the gates and approach one of the Native sentries, who, quick as lightning took off his boot and hurling it at the dog's head, stunned him, a good and lucky shot. There is so much rabies in India on account of the jackals that Pasteur Institutes are busy doing what they can. There was a story of a man who had been bitten by what might have been a mad dog. He was found hard at work writing, and when

¹Viscount Long.

asked what it was he said, "I am just making a list of all the people I should like to bite before I go to Pasteur."

After the tiger shoot came an enchanting expedition to Darjeeling, the place of approach to the crest of the world—the Himalayas, Kinchinjunga, Mount Everest—they seem to cleave the sky. They have so often been described by more skilful pens than mine that I will not attempt to do so, but it can be truthfully said that no one is quite the same after seeing the majestic splendour and feeling the glorious silence of the Himalayas. Great luck was mine; the clouds lifted as I arrived so that the great peaks were visible the whole time I was up there. Great luck indeed, since it so often happens that they are veiled in mist for many days and visitors have to leave without a glimpse of the Snows.

On the return journey in the wonderful railway from Darjeeling I hired a special as far as Gybaree, in the form of a single open truck, handled by one driver, with hand-brakes. Before starting they ask you to sign a paper that you take the special at your own risk. It is worth while descending the first three thousand feet in this way, as it affords not only a delicious thrill, but a far more perfect view of the scenery and of the wonderful engineering achieved in the making of the railway.

What adds to the delight of it all are the smiling faces and perfect manners of the Thibetans who inhabit Darjeeling. They remind one of the happy smiles of the Japanese. When I was in Japan in June and July, 1894, I used to take a little handbook into the villages and talk to them. They would crowd round me, never having seen anything so monumental—six foot one in women is a sight in

Japan, that country where everything except Fujiyama is so adorably miniature.

The little women doubled up with laughter at my attempts at Japanese, and would cry "Oki oksan"! (big, big lady), examine my clothes, and thoroughly enjoy it as much as I did. The only drawbacks to summer days in Japan are the constant earthquakes. There cannot be anything more disconcerting, the feeling that nothing you can do is any good, that there is no escaping through a back door or anything of that sort. They tell you the safest place to stand is in the jamb of a door, seeing that when you look at the wreckage, some of these still remain, but even that doesn't inspire much confidence. What I disliked more than anything was having to sleep in the hotels with the door left open, in case the earth should shake in the night and the way out should get stuck. Since then I never travel without a good gadget in the shape of a wedge that has prongs, so that any door can be left slightly open and the more it is pushed against the more the prongs stick into the carpet or flooring, while a little bell rings.

Indeed it came in very useful one night in an hotel in Budapest, where I found there was no key to my room, and sure enough someone tried to get in during the night, but owing to the wedge they went away cursing, and I was spared what might have been a disagreeable and terrifying experience.

Gadgets of all sizes have always been my delight, from a twopenny key ring, the only one that does not destroy the fingers, to an ingenious contraption that enables me to do vigorous rowing exercise before breakfast in my bedroom, and a "night bolt" that makes it possible to unlock my door without getting out of bed.

A machine for making cream, which has recently been invented, has given joy to my cook ; an ingenious contraption it is, which enables butter and milk to re-assume their alliance as cream. I have recently come across a little cleaning dodge delightfully and appropriately called The Lady Macbeth Spot Remover. Maybe, if Lady Macbeth had been able to treat her "damned spots" in this simple way, her nights would have been less disturbed. I have enjoyed using a witty little gadget for cleaning spectacles, upon which is inscribed, "You can't be optimistic with a misty optic!"

Another delightful invention is a coffee machine that whistles when the coffee is ready to drink. I call this my Whistler—or the gentle art of making—coffee.

During my stay in Bombay I made the acquaintance of Mr. Jacob of Simla.

He was one of the most remarkable men of those days. Kipling's Lurgan Sahib ("Kim") and Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" were drawn from him.

His origin was shrouded in mystery. His career started at ten years old, when he was sold to a rich Pasha who, having discovered his extraordinary gifts, educated him. He claimed the nationality of a Turk and Constantinople as his birthplace, but he was always looked upon as an Armenian Jew. He had a great knowledge of Eastern languages, philosophy, art and occultism, which accounts for his power in India during his years of prosperity and his influence in secret service.

When his patron died he visited Mecca in the disguise of a Mohammedan, and eventually came to Bombay without any means of subsistence until he

obtained work as a clerk in the entourage of the Nizam of Hyderabad, where, owing to his *flair* for precious stones he made a lucrative deal which enabled him to start a business of his own in Delhi.

Things began to prosper, he moved to Simla, where he became famous not only as a dealer, but as a friend and counsellor of Viceroys and Maharajahs. I was told that in his youth he was very good looking, an excellent conversationalist, with a magnetic attraction which made him exceedingly popular. He was sought after for his good company, and for his powers of working miracles, as described in the extract that follows later. Madame Blavatsky also was amazed at what he could do with his occult power.

Then came the débâcle. He bought a famous diamond for which the Nizam of Hyderabad—Sir Mahbub Ali Khan—offered him forty-six lakhs of rupees, about £300,000. Jacob had acquired it for £150,000, which he borrowed, and was dismayed when the deal collapsed and the diamond was left on his hands.

Jacob was then sued at the Calcutta High Court for a return of the £150,000. The trial lasted fifty-seven days. It cost him a very large sum, but he was acquitted—a ruined man.

He told me that the Nizam offered to pay seventeen lakhs for the diamond, but this also was prevented.

After this misfortune he left "Belvedere," his magnificent house in Simla, sold its priceless contents and tried to earn a living as a dealer in curios in Bombay. There it was, in a cheap hotel, that I met him in 1910.

It was tragic to see him so broken, though his philosophy kept him cheerful. He gave me one or two

tips before the Bombay Race Meeting, but they did not come off!

He also made me a present of an interesting contemporary illuminated portrait of Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj Mahal, which I value in my collection of treasures gathered from all parts of the world.

Apropos of the Taj Mahal, there is the good story told by Lord Irwin of his asking the wife of a Labour Minister who was his guest at Delhi, which of the sights of India had most impressed her. She replied, "Oh! unquestionably, the *Aga Khan* by moonlight."

How good it is that there are people who can give us these priceless laughs.

But to return to Jacob, when I met him in 1910, he gave me the following account of his Magic, written by a magician known as "Tautriadelta," a pupil of Bulwer Lytton's. He sent it to Mr. Stead, who published it in *Borderland*, April 1896, and it is so remarkable that I kept it.

"TAUTRIADELTA'S" STORY

I had heard of Jacob as a man to whom common report attributed all the powers of Moses and more, and I therefore went to Simla determined to interview him, was invited to dine at Jacob's bungalow, and the party included three other guests, one of whom was a General Officer whose name was a household word in England and India.

When dinner was over the General asked Jacob to show them some what he called "tricks." The word tricks seemed to annoy him, but he said, "All right, I will." He then told a boy to bring in all the Sahib's walking-sticks, and choosing one said, "Whose is this?" The General claimed it, and a glass bowl

full of water was placed on the table. Jacob stood the stick on its knob in the water and held it for a few moments. Then we saw shoots like roots coming from the knob till they filled the bowl and held the stick upright, Jacob muttering over it all the time. In a few moments a crackling sound was heard, and shoots and young twigs began to appear. These grew and grew, put forth leaves and flowered before the eyes. The flowers changed to small bunches of grapes and in ten minutes from the beginning a fine standard vine loaded with ripe black grapes stood before us, and we all helped ourselves.

Thinking that it might be only some new form, to me, of hypnotic delusion, I put some of the grapes in my pocket to see if they would be there next day.

Jacob then had a sheet placed over the tree, and in a few minutes there was nothing but the General's stick, none the worse for what had happened.

I then said I had seen a Fakir transfix a body with a sword. Jacob smiled, saying, "That's nothing. Stand up," and he drew a superb Persian yataghan, and held it to my breast saying, "Shall I?" and slowly pushed the point two inches below the breast bone.

I distinctly felt the passing of the blade, quite painlessly, only feeling a curious icy sensation. The point came out through my back and penetrated the panelling of cedar wood behind me. He let go of the weapon and said with a laugh that the effect was like a butterfly pinned on a cork. There was a slit in my clothes, but Jacob said, "Never mind, that will be all right by and by," and sure enough an hour later there was no mark of any damage.

Jacob then said, "I want you gentlemen to amuse me now by each of you giving me an account of some

battle you were in, especially an occasion of being wounded." The General was with difficulty persuaded to give an account of the Balacava Ride in which he had taken part. He told it simply and earnestly. Jacob watched him like one entranced, and then took up a small *baguette* and waved it towards the panelling. In an instant a thick mist gathered, of a deep violet hue, which rolled away to each side. And then was plainly visible the field of Balacava with the Light Brigade drawn up. We saw Nolan ride up, we heard the trumpets blare the "Advance" and finally the "Charge." We watched the death of Nolan and saw the headlong charge on the guns, saw them spike the guns and return. But the most distinct figure was that of the General. We saw them return impeded by a dense mass of Russian Lancers, two of whom speared the General (then a young officer of course) while he was cutting down a third on his right front.

Down he went, the battle rolled on, leaving him on the ground in their full view. Presently he staggered to his feet, and caught a riderless troop horse which was near by. We saw him mount with extreme difficulty and ride off to the British Lines where he miraculously arrived in safety through shot and shell like a hail-storm.

Another wave of the *baguette* and everything disappeared, and only the panelling remained. We looked at one another and drew a long breath. The General said: "Well, I'm damned!" and then we composed ourselves to hear the experiences of others.

In each case we saw the actual incidents reproduced, in fact we saw more than we heard, because one officer, in telling of the share he took in the assault on the Alumbagh, entirely omitted to mention a deed

of brilliant daring, in engaging single-handed in a furious hand-to-hand fight with two gigantic Sepoys, when his revolver was empty, and with his sword he slew them. When they chaffed him afterwards about omitting this detail he only said: "Well, of course, I didn't want to gas."

Jacob then explained these reproductions of bygone events and said that every event that had ever taken place in the world's history was actually existing in the astral light and could be reproduced at any time or place by those who possessed the knowledge and power. In fact, that, as words spoken into a phonograph by people since dead, still existed, so all actions were for ever in existence. I told him that this agreed *in toto* with the teachings of the Hermetics and also pointed out that the New Testament stated that one day all the deeds ever done should be made manifest, whether they were good or evil. All that Jacob said was: "No difficulty about that!"

Then he asked us if we would like to come into his garden, and presently the officer who was talking with their host called out "Mr. Jacob is going to walk on the water,"—whereupon he did step, not into, but *on* the water and deliberately walked across the pond. The water being very clear we could see the astonished fish darting in all directions from under his feet. After returning from the other side he stepped ashore. I asked for his shoes to see if they were wet and said the soles were only just damp as if he had walked over wet pavement.

Jacob said: "That is nothing. Anyone can float in air (i.e. levitate) and walk on water, but now I will show you something that really requires power." Bringing out the *baguette* again he waved it slowly round his head and the air was full of butterflies.

They came in thousands, they were as thick as a heavy snowstorm, they settled on everything, on our hats, our shoulders, anywhere, like bees swarming, till we looked ridiculous, and we burst into roars of laughter.

Jacob seemed offended and said : " Ah ! you laugh. We will have no more of this." The butterflies rose rapidly in the air, higher and higher till they formed a dark cloud on the sun and then drifted out of sight.

Jacob was rather cool and I said I felt I must leave, but my host asked to have a few moments' private conversation. We spoke on occult subjects for a few moments and then he said : " I will give you a special experience. Shut your eyes and imagine that you are in the bedroom of your bungalow." I did so. " Now *open* your eyes." I opened them to find that in two seconds I *was* in my bungalow, three-quarters of a mile away. He said : " Now shut them again and we will rejoin our friends." But I wouldn't have that at any price because the idea of hypnotic delusion was still present to my mind, and if it was so, I wanted to see how Jacob would get over the dilemma.

He did not try persuasion but only laughed. " Well, if you will not, then Good-bye," and he was gone. I looked at my watch as I had done in Jacob's verandah at the beginning of the experience, and two minutes had barely elapsed. I then walked to the dining-room where two of my guests were sitting. They started. " How the deuce did you get here ? " So I sat down and told them all that had happened in Jacob's house. One of them said, " Let's see the grapes," and feeling in my pocket that they were there all right, I handed them to him. After turning them over very suspiciously, and smelling them, he finally tasted one. " They are the real thing, by Jove, genuine Black Hamburgs," and then he ate the lot.

To those who are specially interested in Occultism I say : “ Mr. Jacob is not actually a Yogi, though he has studied Yogism and by its means performed the feats recorded. The *baguette* he employed was almost identical with that of the *Hermetists*.”

That gallant figure, Pertab Singh, used to come to Bombay for the Races. His English was delightful, and he was wise in his conclusions on any subject. There is the famous story about him when Queen Victoria once asked him, “ Tell me, Mr. Pertab, what do you think would happen if the English left India ? ” “ Me thinking, your Majesty, that if the English left India, nobody having any Rupee ; everybody flying at everybody’s throat ; and not one virgin left in the country.”

It is not recorded what the Queen said or how she looked after that direct answer.

There is another characteristic story of Pertab.

A young English soldier had died in an outlying station, and there were not enough bearers to carry him to the grave. Pertab said, “ All right, me carry.” The Brahmins objected. “ No, Sahib, you no carry, you lose caste.” Pertab insisted, saying, “ Me having caste you knowing nothing about—*Soldier* caste—go you away ! ” And they left him to his brave action.

There was an incident told to me by the Head of Police, Halloway, in Calcutta, which is symbolic of the reason why we hold India. He said that at a recent date when several leaders of sedition had been sentenced to deportation, he had gone round to all of them and told them he had come to take them away and said, “ If you have any domestic or financial affairs you wish to put in order before you go, I will give you two hours in which to do

so, and to call your relations to help you." And Halloway said, "I can tell you, Lady Maud, that without exception, they all said, 'No, Sahib, we tell *you*. We know *you* can do it for us. We trust you and your word.'"

There is the whole thing in a nutshell.

After a visit to Poona to sing at a concert, my accompanist, Mr. Flint, was taken ill at Admiralty House and after some days it developed into small-pox. Of course there was the usual vaccination served out by the Flagship doctor to all in the house, but having had a horror of this operation for many years, since reading many books on the subject, I tried to resist having it done. The doctor's surprise and horror was so marked—"If you refuse, it will be difficult to persuade all hands to agree"—that I offered my arm, having previously prepared some boracic acid and water to be handy. And the moment he left the room I washed all the vaccine, made from a festering, tortured calf, out of my arm, and my maid's arm (the faithful "Noble" who has been with me twenty-nine years) and of course they never "took." The doctor used to inquire how the arm was, which I kept duly bandaged. "Oh, there's a distinct twinge," I said. Afterwards I told them, saying, "I believe in fighting disease with health and not with disease."

CHAPTER SIX

WAR DAYS

NINETEEN hundred and fourteen was an eventful year, as all the world knows to its cost.

I was in Italy in the Spring. March found me in Rome; days that included my first experience of hearing the finest Plain Chant in the world, in the Church of Sant Anselmo, built by the Benedictine monks on the Aventine Hill. Nothing finer can be heard than those hundred unaccompanied voices. At 2 p.m. on Sundays it should not be missed by anyone. It is the music best worth hearing in Rome, excepting the gentle singing of the nuns in the little Church of Santa Maria Riparatrice, the nuns whose beautiful blue habit, rumour says, was designed by Jean Worth.

Golf on the Campagna course, surrounded by ancient Aqueducts, made an enchanting relaxation from arduous sightseeing.

I recall a luncheon with a charming old American woman, Mrs. Abbott, at the Villa Lontana. She asked me if I had ever been in America, and I said yes, I had spent Saturday to Monday in New York. Her response to this was rather good. "Is that so? Well, I have always understood that Englishwomen can do more in a week-end than any women of any other country!" (That Saturday to Monday was *en route* from Japan in 1894.)

I visited the enchanting Keats Memorial Museum; those little rooms in the Piazza di Spagna where

Keats had lived and where he died, which had just been arranged and preserved with perfect taste and feeling, for all time, owing to the initiative of Sir Rennell Rodd, who was our Ambassador in Rome in those days.

There was a dinner at the Villa Malta, where Prince and Princess Bülow lived. The Princess was Italian, and a true lover of Music. Prince Bülow struck me as a lover of the music of his own voice. He would talk louder and louder until no one could hear themselves speak and we were forced to listen to him—*Renommiren* as the Germans have it. After dinner there was Music, and I sang to them, accompanied by the Princess.

From Rome I went to Capri to stay with Blanchie Gordon Lennox on her lovely mountain top "San Michele," which she made—like everything else she handles—a perfect thing of peace and beauty. Her garden overlooking the Bay of Naples is a dream of loveliness.

Two other gardens of her making remain with me as lovely memories, namely the garden at Broughton Castle, Lord Saye and Sele's beautiful place in Warwickshire, which she and Lord Algy¹ took for some years. Many pleasant Saturday-to-Monday parties I remember there. And then there was a garden she made in Holland Park Gardens during the years they lived there until 1915. She certainly has what is called "the Green Hand," which can also be seen in the enchanting place she is now occupying in Essex.

Doctor Munthe came in one day while I was at San Michele. He owned the other mountain-top of Capri, which he has so ably described in his wonderful book which was published in 1930. He was my

¹ Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox.

Mother's doctor when she died in Rome in 1899, and was already the most famous medical man in Italy in those days.

He once told me that he had known an Italian woman who had had thirty-four children! Twice she had had six at a time, three times five, and the rest in a three and a four. He said he had persuaded the Italian Government to give her a pension.

That summer in London is memorable for the second and last Russian Opera season at Drury Lane with Sir Thomas Beecham *en tête*, and the reappearance of Chaliapin. The first performance of "Boris Goudonov" was in 1913. After the first act, ending with the gorgeous entry into the Kremlin, the whole house rose to their feet and acclaimed Chaliapin and the magnificent Russian chorus in a way that I have never seen surpassed in all my musical experience, and after the last act we called and recalled Chaliapin till past midnight. It was an indescribable frenzy of enthusiasm.

Something of the same kind I witnessed in 1931 when Richard Tauber made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the "Land of Smiles" and took London by storm with the most perfect *singing* I have ever heard. His "*Dein ist mein ganzes Herz*" was encored—was it fifteen times? At any rate, something very near that figure, and once more Drury Lane showed what an English audience can do when they get the real thing.

But to return to 1914. The first coming of the Russian Ballet was a revelation to London. It has left undying memories of sublime choreography, gorgeous colour and *décor*. The unsurpassed dancing of Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinsky, Tchernicheva, Bohn, Fokine, Sòkolova (an Englishwoman), etc., and

the loveliness of the *corps de ballet* are unforgettable.

Truly the gods of Dancing and the Muses came to London that summer!

On June 10th the "Peace Ball" took place at the Albert Hall, to commemorate the centenary of the preservation of Anglo-American peace and to raise a fund for the purchase of Sulgrave Manor.¹ It was the last of a series of wonderful Balls before the War. There was a set scene with Columbus and his two Captains on the poop of the *Santa Maria*, with sails set and flags flying, and there passed in procession across the arena American aborigines, the Indians; Sir Walter Raleigh and the Virginian settlers; the Pilgrim Fathers; the French; William Penn and his Quakers; the Dutch, and the Signatories to the Peace of 1814.

The second set of Processions was headed by myself as Britannia, attended by fifty of the tallest women of England, all of us in gold helmets, breastplates and white robes. Then the British States and Colonies, with their attendants. After I had taken my place on a raised dais in the centre of the floor surrounded by all the British representatives, Columbia (Mrs. John Astor, now Lady Ribblesdale), dressed as the Statue of Liberty and looking magnificent, made her entrance followed by her 48 United States of America, all American women, making a tremendously effective group of Stars and Stripes. They wore golden helmets with blue plumes, and blue trains powdered with silver stars.

The climax of the spectacle was to be when Columbia mounted the dais to hold hands with Britannia. As I was waiting for this moment, after standing there half an hour, a little figure sprang out of one of the boxes. I realized she was making for

¹ The home of Washington's ancestors.

my platform and that she must be a suffragette. Her speed was tremendous. She rushed up the steps, clung to the ropes and began addressing the Royal Box where sat the King and Queen: "How can you talk of Peace, when women are being tortured in prison for their cause," and then the stewards carried her away. It was a tense and dramatic moment and what a plucky thing to do, to face a crowd like that; but who can say that courage was ever lacking in the women who won the vote for us. I remained perfectly still until Columbia joined me on the dais and we clasped hands while the Band played Auld Lang Syne and Hail Columbia.

On June 22nd I left London in response to an invitation from the so-called "All Highest" to come to Kiel during the visit of the 2nd Cruiser Squadron of which George was in command.

I received the following letter from Herr Ballin, the head of the Hamburg-American Line:

HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE
DER VOSITZENDE DES DIRECTORIUMS

HAMBURG,

May 25th, 1914.

DEAR LADY MAUD WARRENDER—

Prince Lichnowsky informs me that you are not disinclined to come to Kiel during the days in which His British Majesty's Squadron will be there. I need not say that it will cause me great pleasure and that I shall look upon it as an honour, if you would accept our hospitality for those days on board our large steam yacht *Victoria Luise*, and I beg to send you an invitation herewith. I have requested my representatives in London, Graf Wengersky, to communicate with you, and to

place himself at your disposal for your journey to Hamburg and Kiel.

I am very respectfully yours,
BALLIN.

I was given the luxurious thousand-pound suite on board the Hamburg-American liner, *Vaterland* (the same ship, re-named *Leviathan* by America, took me across the Atlantic in 1928), sailing from Southampton, and we landed at Hamburg next day.

Among the other "invites" of the Kaiser on board were Prince and Princess Alexander Münster,¹ old friends of mine, who had owned Maresfield, a lovely old place in Sussex, for many years. She had a great gift for pianoforte playing and accompanying, so that we were constantly making Music together.

The stiff and sober gaieties of the *Kiele Woche* were enlivened when it was learned that the octogenarian Lord Brassey (R.Y.S. *Sunbeam*), while taking his daily exercise in his little rowing boat, had been arrested as a spy somewhere in Kiel Harbour, and was only released when he had persuaded his captors that he was a friend of the Kaiser. It was a good joke and caused much amusement amongst us all on board the *Victoria Luise*, the ship provided by Herr Ballin, the host of the Kaiser's guests.

It is extraordinary to think of that week. Six British Cruisers lying in Kiel Harbour. In no way whatsoever was there any shadow of coming events in any English mind, the thought of war could not have been more remote. The only war in the air was the certainty of Civil War in Ireland, where everything was ready for a conflict at any moment. So much was this the case that when I sat next to

¹ Née Lady Muriel Hay.

Admiral Tirpitz at dinner, he spoke of Ireland, and I told him how soon the trouble would come. He said: "I do not believe it, you English people are too sensible to have anything of that sort in the British Isles." My answer was: "I'm afraid we shall, Admiral, in fact I am ready to bet you a sovereign that there will be Civil War in Ireland within a month from now." He said, "All right, I will take your bet." And I should have won it if what happened on August 4th had not transformed every Irishman into a Loyalist—from that wonderfully dramatic moment when John Redmond stood up in the House of Commons and led "God save the King."

Old Tirpitz of course, as things turned out, thought I had said this on purpose, as apparently the trouble in Ireland was one of the things Germany counted on to keep us out of their War. In fact in his book of Memoirs, his annoyance is shown by an account of a conversation with him which never took place.

There was absolutely no mention whatever between us of any Anglo-Russian Convention, of which I knew nothing at the time, and his statement that I had called Sir George Buchanan (our Ambassador in Petersburg) "a simple-minded blunderer" was absolutely untrue. It would never have been likely that I should discuss an Ambassador of England with any German official, at any time.

He described me as an Anglo-Saxon of "that type of political woman which we scarcely know in Germany."

Another thing that they counted on was the Woman Suffrage trouble which was baffling all authorities at home, and was getting more and more intense all through the early part of 1914.

And it is significant that on the night of June

27th when we dined with the Kaiser on board his yacht the *Hohenzollern*, before I had finished curtseying to him he said: "Well, Madam, what about your Suffragettes?" with a cruel look in his eye. "You send them over here to me and I'll show you what to do with them." Being myself absolutely in favour of women having the vote, I replied: "Well, sir, these women are ready to die for their cause; some of them have already done so; and when this is the case nothing can impede so great a movement." And he dropped the subject.

[I was reminded of the subject of this conversation just before Polling Day in the General Election of 1931, after the National Government had been formed. I felt that the Women's Vote would count for a good deal, and that nothing had been said by any Cabinet Minister to emphasize that fact. So I sent a telegram to Mr. Baldwin, who was at Knowsley, the day that he was to broadcast his message to the Electorate, suggesting that he should impress upon women the importance of their vote, and their right use of it.

To my great delight, at the close of his speech he said: "Let us hope that the women of the United Kingdom, who are the Chancellors of the Exchequer, will go to the polling stations and record their vote." This was repeated by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the following night in his broadcast speech on the eve of the Election.]

The fact of the Kaiser having broached the question in that way shows how much it was in their minds as I have said, as a possible preventive of our fighting in the case of war in Europe. The truth is that they saved us from the Irish trouble and enabled the distracted Government to give us the Vote!

During dinner he talked about Queen Victoria and how wonderful she had always been to him, but he did not allude to the severe raps on the knuckles she had given him, as shown in her letters. For instance: "I think it would have been better to have said nothing," was a stinging reprimand, after the telegram to President Krüger in 1899. And again in 1897: "The tone of your letter in which you write about Lord Salisbury, I can only attribute to a temporary irritation on your part . . . and I doubt whether any Sovereign ever wrote in such terms to another Sovereign, and that Sovereign his own Grandmother, about their Prime Minister. I never should do such a thing, and I never personally attacked or complained of Prince Bismarck, though I knew well what a bitter enemy he was to England, and all the harm he did."¹

Could anything be straighter from the shoulder!

In the course of our conversation I asked him when his new Yacht would be ready. He said there had been endless delays owing to the demands of the workmen for higher pay. "What is your Majesty going to do about it?" I asked. "I have told them flatly they shall not be paid any more, and that I am in no hurry for the Yacht," a reply that seemed to me at the time rather strange, for surely a "mailed fist," a "War Lord" and an *Aller-Höchst* should brook *no* delay.

Among his guests on board the *Victoria Luise* was Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London. He left early in the week, returning to England. Later in the year when I met Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, and Prince Imperiali, the

¹ Quoted, by permission, from "The Letters of Queen Victoria," 3rd series.

Italian Ambassador, we talked of the Kiel Week, and they told me that when Lichnowsky got back that last week of June they noticed how terribly glum he was, asked him what was the matter, and all he said was: "Oh, my country is mad!"

Our host, Herr Ballin, also disappeared after a few days. For what reason? Talk of war? Who knows?

On June 29th we were all dressed up to go to a Garden Party given by Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and waiting for pinnaces to take us off, when the news came of the horrible murder of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo. The news was taken out to sea by a Destroyer to the Kaiser, who was competing in his yacht *Meteor* and who was winning the big race of the week.

Alexander Münster described to me afterwards what happened.

The Destroyer came alongside and threw the message to the Yacht, where it fell on deck at the feet of Baron Reischach. He picked it up, read it, and handed it to the Emperor, who looked at it and merely said: "I must finish the race" (!) Whereupon Reischach said: "Oh no, Sire, that is impossible, everything must stop." The Destroyer then took the *Meteor* in tow and I watched from the *Victoria Louise* the return to Kiel Harbour.

Long before that, every flag was at half-mast, and realizing that that was the end of it all, we prepared to pack up and leave next day. The Cruiser Squadron made for home through the Kiel Canal, having made their entrance the week before through the Cattegat, and I returned to London through Holland. So ended the last Kiel Week for many a long day.

Everything in London that July was in full swing ;

Russian Opera and Ballet still running; Eton and Harrow Match, etc., and—the Münsters having returned from Germany—I went to Maresfield for the Annual Golf Tournament close by at Piltdown, to which I looked forward every year, and at which I was successful in winning some prizes.

Prince Henry of Prussia was also there, on his way to Cowes. In fact he was there as far as I remember on August 2nd, two days before War was declared, and left England with the Münsters when they all had to clear out.

Maresfield days were over, never to be renewed, as the place was taken over as a Camp during the War. The tragedy of intermarriage with foreigners was never more poignant than in Muriel Münster's case, and in that of Daisy Pless.¹ The latter has described it fully in her two volumes, "Daisy, Princess of Pless," and "From My Private Diary." Her description of what it meant to be an Englishwoman in Germany during those four ghastly years is, I think, extraordinarily well told, and I have delighted in both her books.

Muriel Münster (who died in 1929) told me of an incident that happened in Berlin. There was to be shown, in aid of their Red Cross Funds, a film that had been taken on board the *Moewe* of all the British ships that had been blown up and sunk by Capitän Dohnau, and she was invited with all the "Haut Berlin" to see it. She did not dare refuse to go, and she had to sit through the whole performance, hearing them say to each other: "*Nein, aber die Prinzessin scheint garnicht zufrieden zu sein. Sie applaudiert garnicht.*" (The Princess doesn't seem at all pleased, she isn't applauding at all!)

¹ Princess Henry of Pless, née Cornwallis West.

Could there have been more refined torture than to ask an Englishwoman to sit and watch such an agonizing picture! At any time the sight of a sinking ship is terrible, but at such a time as this! . . . it is hard to believe that such cruelty could exist.

When she told me the story I said: "First of all, such a film would not have been shown in London; and, secondly, even if it had, no German woman would ever have been asked to look on."

How far wiser it would be if there were no marrying of foreigners. Points of view, customs, manners can never be the same. And in time of War! God help them!

Came the Day of Wrath, August 4th. A gorgeous summer's day. I had gone to Leasam. That afternoon a lovely performance was taking place in the garden by the Winchelsea Village Children Historical Play Society of a Pastoral Play, "Sir Thomas More," when a telegram was handed to me—

"England declares War with Germany."

How often to that same garden came the terrible percussions of the guns in Flanders, the awful rumbling of the horrors of war, especially in 1918 during the great final advance.

The above-mentioned Society, of which I was President, was inaugurated by Miss Maud and Miss Beatrice Beddington, who live at Winchelsea, Sussex.

During its existence there were sixty-five performances in different villages, of plays written by Miss A. McDonnell and Mrs. Percy Matheson. There were complete sets of costumes for each play, which could be hired for 18s. 6d. per week. It was found that the village children showed natural dramatic power, the performance of "Sir Thomas More," mentioned

above, being especially remarkable. The boy who played the leading part really was Sir Thomas More, the man who remained true to his ideals, and who finally faced death quietly like a gentleman, and joyfully as a saint.

At one of our annual meetings, Mr. Cecil Sharp, to whom we owe the Folk Dancing Society and the rescuing and gathering together of the traditional English dance tunes, pointed out the reason why village children should possess this natural gift of acting. He said: "There is no art in the world that ever came into civilization in the top storey. All arts began at the bottom; they came from people who could not read or write; they were all created in the first instance by the FOLK, and really the only fear of Art becoming artificial or valueless is that it should be divorced from the FOLK from whom it sprang."

Such a Society as this was a great help towards getting the people interested in village life, and the children interested in the history of their own country. The association grew so rapidly that it became too much for Winchelsea to manage. During the War it faded out, and its activities had to cease.

The performances that took place in the old Court House of Winchelsea and in Miss Beddington's garden remain as very pleasing memories.

In this same garden she would have open-air concerts at which Ellen Terry appeared. It was enchanting to sing in such surroundings, accompanied by an orchestra of birds, with a *décor* of flowers and fruit trees, and a canopy of blue sky.

The terrible toll of young life was first brought near when my sister Mildred's only son, Anthony

Allsopp, went down in the sinking of the three cruisers, H.M.S. *Aboukir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue*, September 22nd, 1914. He had been picked up and saved by *Cressy*, and then she was struck. It seemed a shocking waste of young personnel to send out those three ships as "bait," with the result of the loss of so many midshipmen.

And then followed the harrowing lists of casualties, day by day, for those four terrible years; the flower of England's youth and middle age; thousands of men and women giving their lives, while England's heart ached and bled, undaunted.

In November, 1914, I received the following letter from Mr Winston Churchill :

ADMIRALTY,
WHITEHALL,
November 14th, 1914.

"MY DEAR LADY MAUD :

I should like very much to submit your name to the King to launch H.M.S. *Resolution* at Hebburn-on-Tyne on Thursday, January 14th.

Will you let me do this ?

Yours very sincerely,
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

So off I went and stayed with Mr. and Lady Evelyn James ¹ at Richmond, whence we proceeded to Newcastle, where H.M.S. *Resolution* had been built in Messrs. Palmer's yards.

There is something indescribably moving about the launching of a great ship, especially when it is done personally. In this case, of course, being wartime, only the dock hands were allowed to witness it. The bottle of champagne, gaily dressed in flowers, success-

¹ Daughter of the Duke of Wellington.

fully broke, and after the severing of the rope, away she went as I said: "God bless His Majesty's ship *Resolution* and all who sail in her"—a thrilling moment that made my heart beat with emotion.

After the ceremony we were entertained at a public luncheon by Messrs. Palmer, who presented me with a handsome souvenir of the event. In my speech of thanks I included these lines from Shakespeare:

Let us be backed with God and with the seas
Which He has given for fence impregnable.
And with their helps only defend ourselves—
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Henry VI (3, IV. 1).

Also the following quotation, which seemed most appropriate for the occasion in a time of war against frightfulness.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of *Resolution*.

King John (V, 1).

I believe these lines were engraved and placed in the battleship.

At the Irish Folk Song Society Meeting on St. Patrick's Day, 1915, I made a plea for the restoration of the Army Bands in the various Camps abroad, as follows:

"I am stressing the importance of having National Bands overseas for the New Army, this splendid array of Crusaders who are offering themselves for heroic service in this War, which Zangwill has

described as 'the War of the Spirit against the spirit of war.' They deserve all that we can do for them, and one of the greatest necessities is no doubt the uplifting sound of Music ; music to stimulate recruiting and the sound of drums and fifes to cheer them on the march.

"Let me take you to a scene that actually happened in the retreat from Le Cateau some months ago. The remains of two British battalions were found at St. Quentin. They had marched and fought for several days and been defeated in pitched battle, retreating all the time, losing two-thirds of the men and nearly all their officers—dead beat for want of sleep and food.

"Major Tom Bridges¹ of the 5th Dragoon Guards was with the rearguard and found them. He realized that unless he could get them to rally they would be captured by the enemy, who were approaching the other end of the town.

"He assembled the men, telling them they must move on, which seemed to them absolutely impossible in their state of utter exhaustion.

"He then happened to see a toy drum and a penny whistle in a shop window. These he bought, found a couple of men to play, and started off down the road, his 'Band' in front. The others followed, and he got them along a few miles that night and on again next day, when they rejoined the Division.

"It is a good story which goes to prove what the sound of Music can do in an emergency. Henry Newbolt has immortalized the incident in his lines, 'The Toy Band : A Song of the Great Retreat,' which was published in *The Times* of December 16th, 1914.

¹ Lieutenant-General Sir G. T. Bridges, K.C.B.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

Dreary lay the long road, dreary lay the town,
Lights out and never a glint of moon!
Weary lay the stragglers, half a thousand down,
Sad sighed the weary big Dragoon.
"Oh, if I'd a drum here to make them take the road
again!
Oh, if I'd a fife to wheedle, 'Come, boys, come'!
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in! Fall in! Follow the Fife and Drum!

"Hey, but here's a toy shop; here's a drum for me,
Penny whistles too, to play the tune!
Half a thousand dead men soon shall hear and see
We're a band," said the weary big Dragoon.
Rubadub! Rubadub! Wake and take the road again!
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee—Come, boys, come!
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in! Fall in! Follow the Fife and Drum!

Cheerly goes the dark road; cheerly goes the night,
Cheerly goes the blood to keep the beat;
Half a thousand dead men marching on to fight
With a little penny drum to lift their feet.
Rubadub! Rubadub! Wake and take the road again,
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee—Come, boys, come!
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in! Fall in! Follow the Fife and Drum!

As long as there's an Englishman to ask a tale of me,
As long as I can tell the tale aright,
We'll not forget the penny whistle's wheedle-deedle-dee,
And the big Dragoon a-beating down the night.
Rubadub! Rubadub! Wake and take the road again.
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee—Come, boys, come!

You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,

Fall in! Fall in! Follow the Fife and Drum.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

"Major Tom Bridges is 'the weary big Dragoon.'

"Two days later the men found their feet again, turned about with the crowd near Compiègne and captured eight guns.

"The *Daily Telegraph* has started a fund to assist the Lord Mayor in providing bands. Up to date £11,000 has been collected.

"Let us have Music to lift the feet of our Crusaders, and to swing them along in the great march to Victory."

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves then spoke about Folk Songs, pointing out how certain phases of history are crystallized in them. He told us that the nickname given by our soldiers to the Old Pretender was "Black-bird," probably on account of his black hair and swarthy complexion. They called Napoleon "The Green Linnet," probably because his uniform included a green coat and a yellow waistcoat. The beautiful pathos of Irish music was well illustrated in the Folk Song, "The lovely green banks of the Suir," an old Waterford air, arranged by Mrs. Milligan Fox, who started the Irish Folk Song Society and gathered together a great many of the old tunes of Ireland.

She it was who said to me one day with a grand brogue when I went to see her at the very beginning of the War: "Oh, Lady Maud, this War—it's terrible; it's *Armadillo* we're having; what was prophesied in the Rivilation of St. John the Divine."

She then played to me some of the old Irish marches. Fine tunes which made one feel that no feet could lag if they were played at the head of a regiment.

Shortly after that meeting the Bands were sent out.

Early in 1915 Blanchie Lennox came back from France, where she was running a Hospital at Boulogne. She told me she had seen Lord Esher in Paris, beautifully turned out in uniform, and wearing some wonderful Order that she had never seen before. "It must be the Jewel of Esher!" I said.

She also told me that one of the most painful things she had seen was an officer who had been left out in No Man's Land for several days. Not only badly wounded, but suffering from a terrible cold in the head, minus a handkerchief, with only the sleeve of his coat to help matters, with the result that his poor face was in a ghastly condition when he arrived at Boulogne.

Means of locomotion during the War did not include private motors; owing to the rationing of petrol for official purposes only. Even taxis were difficult to get, and when I was dining out within a possible radius of Great Cumberland Place I used to proceed in a Bath chair, to the great amusement of my hosts—a very comfortable process, as it enabled me to be wheeled inside the front door in bad weather, although on one occasion, when there was an air raid as I went down Seymour Street, one felt somewhat exposed to the falling bombs and shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns in Hyde Park.

In the Riding School of Buckingham Palace the King entertained 2,000 wounded men, giving them tea. The Music afterwards was arranged by Walford Davies, who brought the Temple Choir to lead the singing. He would have a rehearsal of

choruses, which the men picked up with extraordinary facility, and sang splendidly.

When the King and Queen came in later to listen to the Concerts there would be about twenty or thirty of us told off to look after sections of the audience, and see that they had cigarettes, etc.

I used to enjoy these occasions enormously. It was a fine volume of sound that filled the Riding School. These entertainments are still given by the "Not Forgotten" Association, under the guidance of Miss Marta Cunningham.

When I returned from Plymouth in 1917 I worked for the Red Cross Hospital Library, which was started by Mrs. Gaskell in order to supply the wounded everywhere in our many campaigns during the War.

Millions of books were sent out from Surrey House, lent by Lady Battersea, where now stands the Regal Cinema at the Marble Arch.

The work was tremendous, and the selection of varied literature was most carefully made. Once a week I collected a group of my friends, and having notified every householder in a certain district that we were coming, we started off in a Red Cross Ambulance lorry, calling at every house. We found an extraordinary response, filling the lorry from floor to roof with books and magazines and bringing them back to Surrey House.

We combed the whole of the West End of London, and some of the suburbs. The public were kind-hearted and thoughtful beyond words.

In June I went to Oxford with May Gaskell for a meeting in connection with the War Library. It was held in the Bodleian Library, and I sang to the audience, amongst whom was the octogenarian American

publisher, Mr. Putnam. He had particularly liked my singing of "Annie Laurie," and told me how someone described a great "camp fire" in his country at which they all joined in chorus—"Each one thought of her he loved and all *sang*—Annie Laurie."

The Red Cross Library was started by May Gaskell because she had remembered how, in the Boer War, any books that happened to be in the Hospital had to be divided into portions and handed on from bed to bed until they fell to pieces.

After war was declared she gathered together a few friends and asked Lady Battersea to let her have Surrey House. They put an appeal in the Press, and to their amazement the vans bringing books, whole libraries of books, completely blocked the traffic. It was a herculean task to stack them in the rooms and passages. Day after day they poured in. The handful of workers, in despair, appealed to Dr. Hagberg Wright of the London Library for help. He arrived and was so staggered at what he found that he sent for five of his staff and set to work.

I have placed Mrs. Gaskell's thrilling account, written in July, 1918, of what she accomplished at Surrey House during those four years, in the appendix.

One evening towards the end of the War, when peace was in sight, it was amusing to hear the newsboys shouting "Big and little Willie 'op it. Paiper! Big and little Willie 'op it. Paiper!" And again, "Germnee now fifth raite naival power. Paiper!" And then . . . November 11th, at 11 a.m.—an unforgettable date (11-11-11, 1918)—the sound of the maroons announced the end of hostilities.

I flew out of my house in Great Cumberland Place and went straight to Buckingham Palace to write

my name, and there I remained the whole morning within the gates, from where one could see the amazing crowds whose first thought had been, like mine, to go to the Palace as a tribute to the King.

Lord Farquhar, then Lord Steward, took me up to his room to look at the thousands of people reaching as far as the Admiralty Arch. It was a magnificent, spontaneous outburst of loyalty. Queen Victoria's Memorial was covered with those who had climbed all over it. The Guards Band played "Tipperary" and other soldier songs. And several times in answer to the cries of "We want King George! We want King George!" H.M. came out with the Queen on to the balcony and finally made a simple, effective speech.

I met an American General on the steps of the Palace who said to me: "This victory is a miracle"; to which I replied: "Yes, General, a Miracle, but brought about by unconquerable men. We have crashed through a thousand defeats to Victory."

The wild rejoicing in London that day reminded me of the night when I was in the Lyceum watching the Duse's performance of the last act of "La Gioconda," when suddenly there came into the theatre a great roar from the Strand, and the news of the Relief of Mafeking was announced from the stage.

The happy crowd was filled with riotous excitement. After leaving the theatre I bought two of the placards from the newsvendors and made my way down to the War Office, which was then in Pall Mall, with

RELIEF OF MAFEKING

blazing on each side of my brougham, with everyone cheering my progress.

After endless months of disaster, met with silent clenching of teeth and the determination to see it through, it was right that the people should boil over with joy that night, even as they did upon the night of November 11th, 1918.

In 1917 I became a District Commissioner of the Rye Division of Girl Guides.

There was a most interesting Conference at Swanwick to which I went in 1921, where questions of training, policy and organization were discussed. The following year, 1922, I joined in the International Conference at Cambridge. Representatives came from all parts of the world—Japan, Brazil, Poland, South Africa and America. The Chief Guide, Lady Baden Powell, and the Chief Scout were there. It was a true League of Nations, extraordinarily inspiring, with so many enthusiastic women of one mind and one ideal, that Guide Spirit, which has resulted in a phalanx of 587,000 Guides in the Empire and over a million among the nations of the World. Mrs. Low, the American enthusiast, was present. It was she who, after living for some years over here and starting a Company in Perthshire, went back to America and founded the "Girl Scouts."

On November 4th, 1919, the great Peace Rally was held at the Albert Hall, with about 13,000 Guides. I had written the following lines for a Marching Song for the Guides, bringing in all our slogans.

I

All the world is full of Music,
Let us sing our way through life.
There's a song for those who hear it,
Bringing peace and ending strife.

Be prepared



Maud Warrender

Photo
by
F A SWAINE

Words by
LADY MAUD WARRENDER

Music by
HERMAN DAREWSKI

HERMAN DAREWSKI
MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
122 124, Charing Cross Rd LONDON W.C.1



The Marching Song of the Guides

W A R D A Y S

There is Music in the Sunshine
We can shed—We take our stand
And we vow, as Guides,
That whate'er betides,
We'll be there to *lend a hand*.

Refrain and Chorus.

Be prepared shall be our watchword,
Let us sing it every day,
Pressing forward, looking upward,
Helping others on their way;
Be prepared for joy or sorrow,
Always smiling, come what may.
And the world shall see what Guides can be
As we march along on life's highway.

II

Let the message clear come ringing :
Onward! Upward! Let us prove
That the song the Guides are singing
Gives us courage, brings us love.
All the world is full of Music,
Let us make our lives a song,
That will make hearts beat,
And will lift our feet
As we bravely march along.

Chorus. Be prepared, etc.

Hermann Darewski composed a marching tune to these words, most generously giving me the copyright and five thousand copies, which were sold for the Guide Funds.

I sang the solo, with a chorus of Guides in which the whole house joined. And after the "Reveillé" had been sounded I sang Elgar's "Land of Hope and

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

Glory" as the flags of all countries were carried on to the platform.

It was a most impressive sight. Princess Mary was then County President of the Norfolk Guides, and, in uniform, took the Salute in the Royal Box.

CHAPTER SEVEN

POST-WAR DAYS

IN 1920 I visited for the second time the bombarded towns and torn-up battlefields of Flanders. I had been there already with Blanchie Gordon Lennox, always a delightful and interesting companion, and in this case especially so, as she had already been to St. Omer and the surrounding country directly after the War, and knew so much of what had occurred.

The summer of 1920 was memorable in many ways. It was a summer of lovely warm days when England seemed to be finding herself again. Out of the great sadness and weariness of those tragic years she was rebuilding, in that calm way which is peculiarly hers, what had been destroyed or unfinished.

We can see the results now. One reads that the past ten years have been wasted, but it seems impossible to understand such a statement.

In art, literature, music, drama, poetry there has been a flowering of genius. Only the pessimists fail to see all that has been accomplished so bravely and energetically.

During those four dread years we were keyed up to a pitch of fierce determination. In spite of defeats, restrictions and privations, we were unshaken in the faith of ultimate victory, and there was heard everywhere "the laughter of the English," as Charles Hanson Towne, the American poet, puts it. .

By 1920 life was becoming normal, our hearts were

rising even as the Memorials and Shrines were rising, telling of pride of sacrifice and of death conquered by immortality. The Cenotaph took its dignified place in Whitehall, the Unknown Warrior slept in the peace of Westminster Abbey, a tribute to all warriors, men and women who had fallen to save England. Already in Belgium, France and Italy many magnificent monuments were being conceived. They now stand, the Arches, Gates and Cemeteries in everlasting witness, we pray, not only to the superhuman achievements of those years 1914-1918, but to our determination that such things *must not be again*.

Surely the War meant that. We fought the enemy of freedom, the fetish of militarism; and now there is a passion for peace, a conviction of the brotherhood of peoples in all hearts. We hear it in the speeches of the King, the Prince of Wales, of statesmen of all parties, Tory, Liberal, Labour, military leaders, Fascists, Communists. Wholesale slaughter is a futile means of settling things. War must be abolished.

If we had not conquered in 1918, ruthless militarism and materialism would have utterly destroyed all freedom and gentleness in the world.

If only Geneva could disentangle herself from endless discussions, so costly and sometimes, apparently, so fruitless, and follow the leadership of the Ideal that is vibrant everywhere. We have had clarion calls from men like Baldwin, MacDonald, Snowden and Lloyd George. Why go on making the terrible inventions for slaughtering mankind in innumerable and ever more horrible ways?

May the day come soon when such things will be relegated to Museums among the horrors used in medieval days.

There are the new weapons we are forging of friendship, sanity and harmonious discussions between nations. This desire for peace is shown even in the writings of soldiers, who realize what another war would mean—Sir Ian Hamilton and many others.

For protection from bandits and unruly crowds, for the means of carrying speedy help in disasters, there must be adequate land, sea and air forces, but not for use in ever greater and more horrible slaughter, in order to settle quarrels that can be harmonized by the leaders of nations. Men's minds *have* changed. We see too many other evils left to conquer, to allow such a futile horror as War to overtake us again.

The remembrance of what I saw at Ypres has made me write these words, to leave as an expression of my faith in the good that will come and the hope of peace in our time.

It was on August 16th, 1920, that I crossed the track of that famous Dover Patrol, landing at Zeebrugge, as Ostend happened to be closed that day. We spent two days visiting the battlefields, passing the moated château which had at one time been one of our Headquarters. And thence to Ypres, magnificent and epic in her heroic ruins, still bearing proudly her scars so terrible and poignant, her ruined Hospital and Churches, and these words inscribed on the shattered walls of the Cloth Hall :

“The Burgomaster and the City Council of Ypres urge you to remember that the ground you walk on is hallowed by the sacrifice of 25,000 British officers and men who were killed or wounded in five terrible years of battle endured in the salient of Ypres, and whose heroism Belgians can never forget.”

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

NOTICE.

THIS IS HOLY GROUND.

"No stone of this fabric may be taken away.
It is an Heritage for all Civilized Peoples."

TOWN MAYOR.

YPRES.

THE VANGUARD, YPRES. 1914. B.E.F.

"O Little Force that in your agony
Stood fast while England girt her armour on ;
Held high our honour in your wounded hands,
Carried our honour safe with bleeding feet,
We have no glory great enough for you."

Later we went over to the Cemetery on the edge of the town, one of the many cemeteries, where all those thousands of crosses look to me like sleeping battalions. Then we drove to a remote wood where lay hidden for so long the great gun that had bombarded Dunkirk and other places within its eighty-mile range. We were told it had taken the Germans two years to build the emplacement, that massive cement pit and the forts for the gunners. One viewed it with curiosity and one shared in the contempt of the Belgian Guards. To me it savoured of swank and useless frightfulness, and seemed symbolic of the stupid brutality that had engulfed the world.

It was a relief to move on to Bruges and her joyous Carillon, passing through the fields of desolation, so still now and deserted, pitted with ghastly shell-holes and derelict tanks. There were English soldiers searching for the missing bodies, and there were the "Elephant huts" made out of corrugated iron as shelters for those whose homes had been destroyed, and with gardens made by English hands, in the way that must happen wherever England goes.

Before our return we revisited Zeebrugge and the famous Mole. No one who has not seen those great walls of stone, that coast which bristled with guns and unceasing searchlights, can realize what was accomplished in that great raid. Yet it was done. A miracle of organization and absolute secrecy after long months of planning; a dramatic deed that amazed the whole world.

It was on St. George's Day, 1918, that the raid on Ostend and Zeebrugge and the blocking of the Bruges Canal took place, one of the most audacious operations in British Naval History. Since October, 1914, it had been realized as a necessity, but not until 1917 did the plans become clear.

"The general idea was to block the two submarine nests and to close the double exits and entrances particularly at Zeebrugge. The whole expedition was a sort of forlorn hope on a heroic scale and volunteers were called for the hazardous enterprise. These were so numerous that a ballot had to decide who should go. The entire crew of *Intrepid* refused to leave the ship when told to make way for new-comers" . . . says J. B. Firth in his book "Dover and the Great War."¹

Wind and tide, absence of fog, visibility, all had to be considered. The men went out to meet certain death, as they all thought, but were impelled, not only by the knowledge of what their achievements would mean, but also with a feeling of some high romance, to "stop that mouth which for so long had been vomiting its submarines and destroyers against our Hospital ships, our merchant vessels, and the mercantile vessels of countries not engaged in the

¹ A. Leney & Co., Ltd., Dover.

war" . . . wrote Keble Howard in his splendid little book "The Glory of Zeebrugge."¹

"Apart from the journey of the ships in silent secrecy and the deliberate sinking of concrete-filled ships in the harbour and canal, the function of *Vindictive* and her ferry boats was to attack the Mole, land bluejackets and Marines, destroy what guns, stores and Germans were there and create a diversion while the block ships ran in and sank themselves in their appointed place."

Ahead of them went the smoke screen which enabled one and all to reach their objective unsuspected. This was indeed a miracle. Literally into the jaws of death they went before the assault began. As the ships lay alongside in a troubled sea, several leaders were killed; but the perilous landing was accomplished over narrow gang planks and a high drop over the parapet into the searching fire, with another sixteen foot drop before the guns could be reached. Meanwhile Submarine C.2 went forward under the enemy searchlights and the immense viaduct was blown into the air.

That any men or ships should have come back to tell the tale seems incredible. "And this ended," says J. B. Firth, "the Pan-German dream of the permanent annexation to Germany of the Belgian coast."

Both these adventures, so startling and audacious, were carried out through the organizing genius of Lord Jellicoe, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss and Sir Roger Keyes, who was in command of the expedition. As the ships went out he signalled from Destroyer *Warwick*—"St. George for England." Captain Car-

¹ Chatto & Windus.

penter of *Vindictive* fame describes Keyes as "One of the finest and most gallant men that ever breathed."

Nothing can dim the splendour of those epic deeds—they will endure through the ages. I feel it is well to refresh our memory with the telling of them.

In my mind, as I returned to England, was a picture of great devastation, as well as a picture of peace and stillness. The Flanders poppies bloomed, the larks sang, the Belgians were smiling and the hopeful rebuilding had begun. There was also the hope of a renewed determination in men, and above all in women, to prevent such ungodly horrors from occurring again.

And then the cliffs of England! So white and so friendly, and above them the eternal green. There was a vision of a great white sailing ship as we approached Dover harbour, and I felt a deep thankfulness for the security brought to us by Victory and for the blessedness of this "fair green-girdled mother of mine"—this England.

Since those days there have been many troublous times; changes and financial difficulties that would stagger any nation; overwhelming distress and dissatisfaction in a people overburdened with taxation.

Yet England emerges, as she always will, with a calm resolution, a cheerfulness in darkest hours that makes the world wonder. So many there are, men and women, who are working to bring peace on earth, with happiness and opportunity for all. And how much has been done since 1920. Thousands of houses and gardens, where there were waste places. One marvels at the Garden cities, those colonies of cottages with flowers and lawns so speedily made; the many new playing grounds, swimming pools,

lawn-tennis courts ; and at the young race so eager and free, discovering the fields and lanes of England as they have never done before. I love to see the happy groups of girls, camping, hiking, driving their cars, flying and swimming, or working in offices and shops. An army of Atalantas enjoying their freedom and finding health in outdoor pleasures.

The War liberated them. It did not kill their religion, as so many think, but helped them to find themselves, in joy and courage. The reckless lot, whose liberty leads them into stupid excesses, the result of too much leisure and too much money, is only a small part of the population. The newspapers make too much of them. There has always been such a group, spoiled and frivolous, in every civilization.

I look at the crowd of fresh and happy young things, who have the same courage to-day that took them into the perils of our ammunition factories or overseas into the danger zones to nurse the wounded, to drive unlighted ambulances over dark and shell-torn roads, or do anything that was wanted of them.

Listen to the voices of England, when hundreds gather to sing in unison as I have heard them. They defy the pessimists, their joy brings hope and triumph. Poets sprang up to sing of England in the blackest hours of the War ; they are ever-increasing in number. She is glorified by statesmen, criticized and satirized by dramatists and reformers, because they love her.

As I drove through Trafalgar Square to-day (October 1st, 1932) my thoughts turned to a bleak dawn, seventeen years ago, when, with a face transfigured, Edith Cavell died for England, saying, "Patriotism is not enough."

Surely her added words would have been, "Love. Service. Joy."

How can it be said that there has been no strong impulse in artistic creation or constructive thought? There has been nothing else. Progress vibrates about us. Each week brings some new epic. The output in music and literature goes on. Why do people cavil? Why not glory in the renewal of our Youth? Let us ring out our praise even as we fashion and send out to all countries the carillons of bells—our praise of what England can do and is doing, living, working, and longing to see a new Heaven on earth, and an earth as it is in Heaven.

THE QUEEN'S DOLL'S HOUSE

In 1922-3, while Sir Edwin Lutyens was designing the Doll's House that was given to H.M. Queen Mary, I delighted in going to the Studio in Apple Tree Yard, where it was being built. Sir Edwin was like a child when the little contributions arrived, and as I have always had a passion for tiny things (maybe because I am exactly the opposite) it was a great joy to me to watch the collecting of small wonders and minute works of art that were given to make the most complete thing of its kind ever known, and the most darling National Gift ever given to a Queen of England.

I had the idea of getting together the kind of "Sports and Games" collection that would be found in a Palace, being a lover of such pleasures myself and an enthusiast for beautiful workmanship, and so I went to all my friends. To the best makers of Archery equipment—Ayres and Co., where Mr. Izzard, the mentor of archers, superintended the making of the fairy-like bows and arrows, quiver, tassel and targets, Lawn Tennis rackets, and a Croquet set.

To Hardy in Pall Mall for the exquisite Salmon Rod, etc. The rod's weight is that of a penny piece!

To James Purdy who made the perfect pair of Guns, Bag and Shooting-stick for the King.

To Jaques who made the Chess table, and a tiny set of Chessmen.

To John Wisden who made the Cricket Bat, Wickets and Ball.

To Ben Sayers of North Berwick, and C. Gibson of Westward Ho! for the Golf Clubs and Bag.

Wherever I went the enthusiastic interest and keenness was wonderful. No expense was spared, special tools of course had to be made, all were glad to be associated with the privilege of doing their bit.

Mr. A. C. Benson, who edited the two volumes of "The Book of the Queen's Doll's House," asked me to write a chapter called "Sports and Games," which I gladly did. I dealt with the subjects historically, giving records of royal sportsmanship, which entailed visits to the British Museum Library, and the use of the "Badminton Library."

Both Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth were fine archers. The former is said to have surpassed all competitors at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Queen Elizabeth, the apt pupil of Roger Ascham, author of that enchanting work on Archery, "Toxophilin," organized a Corps of Archers among the ladies of her Court.

Mary Queen of Scots had butts in her gardens at Holyrood and St. Andrews. In an inventory of her effects, mention is made of a velvet glove which she used when shooting. The frontispiece of Markhaw's "Art of Archerie" represents Charles I as an archer. Charles II, before the Restoration, shot with the Guild

of St. Sebastian at Bruges and presented to them a Mace which is still in their possession.

I possess a fine impression of a picture of George IV when Prince of Wales in the uniform of the Royal Kentish Bowmen, holding a bow.

Queen Victoria revived the waning sport and became an ardent archer. Before her accession when she lived in St. Leonard's with the Duchess of Kent she was present at Meetings of the Royal British Bowmen and shot with the St. Leonard's Archers, who afterwards received the prefix of "Queen's Royal". The little banner she gave is still hoisted at their Prize Meetings, where I have often competed for the priceless early Victorian long ear-rings and side combs which she presented in 1830.

I have elaborated the Archery records because I am myself a lover of Archery.

The little Chess Table made by Jaques is a copy of one made by Chippendale which is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is made of rosewood and inlaid ivory squares in eighty-two separate pieces, and fourteen tools were used in its construction. The Chessmen are wonderful. The King, the tallest piece, is only $\frac{7}{16}$ of an inch. The Pawns are scarcely visible. And the set was turned on an ordinary large-sized lathe, using only the naked eye!

I begged the Editors that the names of the artisans who actually made all these things should be mentioned in the Book, which I am glad to say was done.

When the Doll's House was shown at Wembley in 1924 I paid many happy visits to that most perfect of all Royal toys. It will ever stand as a token of the deep-rooted loyalty and affection inspired in the hearts of Their Majesties' subjects.

An American who was in England at the time is reported to have remarked: "Say!—Can you beat it! They just let it be known that Queen Mary wanted a Doll's House, and the whole darn country worked overtime to deliver the goods! I'll tell the world that's a mighty fine thing."

This feeling of loyalty and devotion is universal. It showed itself during the King's critical illness in 1930, when the people, not only of this country, but abroad, waited anxiously for news of his progress.

I happened to say to Blanchie Gordon Lennox this summer, that I consider King George to be the best King we've ever had. And she said: "It's interesting your saying that to me, as it happened that this morning I was passing some working men in Park Lane who were talking during their dinner hour. I stood for a moment to listen to their conversation, and this is what I heard, 'And they do say as 'ow 'e's the best King we've 'ad since 'Enery the Seventh'!"

Vox populi indeed.

To return to the Doll's House, it is arresting, in these days of so much hurriedly and carelessly produced work, to see the deft and delicate perfection of all the tiny furnishings, entirely hand-made, that go to complete this magnificent toy.

Nothing can so refute the notion that the Arts and Handicrafts are dead in this age of machine-made objects, as the beauty of these little things. I wish that anyone who feels despondent over "the passing glory of England's art" would pay a careful visit to this masterpiece, which is now at Windsor Castle.

I have already mentioned the Sports and Games, but I would also like to dwell on the workmanship of the chairs, tables, beds, the grand piano (which

can be played), carpets, curtains, the wealth of pictures by all the present-day artists, and the books and book-bindings in the King's room.

It is profoundly significant to know that we still have a race of supreme artisans who, at a word, can, with passionate devotion and hands of unrivalled skill, make these minute pieces of work. The Exhibition at Dudley House in 1930 of historical miniature furniture, doll's houses, silver-ware, etc., revealed nothing that could not be made to-day in as great a wealth of imagination and perfection, if we so willed and wished. There are of course many centres all over this beauty-loving and tireless country where the arts and crafts are nurtured and encouraged by individuals and in groups; centres where lace-making, hand-weaving, pottery, wood and ironwork, etc., are carried on; but we are living in a revolutionary and changing period in architecture and furnishings. Much of this modernity strikes us as fantastic and ugly and to the glorifying of the two things which seem, temporarily, to rule us—Speed and Machinery. In fact ugliness distresses one's eyes and heart too much all over this beloved countryside; but one can be well assured that the genius to create loveliness combined with usefulness still exists in our midst.

This Island is increasingly subject to varying criticism, the result maybe of ignorance, envy ("of less happier lands"), and some self-righteous vanity. Nevertheless, England carries her unbroken traditions proudly, the steady beauty outshines the smaller shadows. She is the "centre and circumference" of the greatest and kindest Empire the world has ever known and sheds her rays wherever civilization and the *beauty of living* is felt.

Finally, the Queen's Doll's House seems, in microcosm, what England stands for in the majestic fulness of her culture. We can extol the beauty that was Greece, the glory that was Rome, the wonders of Persian, Italian, French and Dutch art, gathered, as they have been, in those unrivalled Exhibitions at Burlington House, as well as the wealth of the English School within our shores ; but let us proudly maintain that still to-day, we can produce the same loveliness of workmanship as in the past.

In 1924 I received a request from the Bishop of Oxford that I should read a paper on "Social Life in the Village" at the Oxford Church Congress. I accepted the invitation and read a paper which was printed by request of the Bishop of Ely in his *Diocesan Gazette* of June and July, 1925.

The question of the shortage of men in the Ministry being supplemented by women, startled the three thousand listeners at the Congress. It was new to them. I felt a tremor go through the hall as I took my fences one by one.

I pointed out that the diminishing number of men who offered themselves for Holy Orders should be supplemented by women ; that if women had the vocation, they would be a great addition to the ranks of those who can bring souls to God ; that with their powers of sympathy and healing, their power of intuitive and instinctive understanding, they could truly be ministering angels.

At a meeting soon after the Congress, the Duchess of Hamilton read an admirable paper on the same subject. After she had finished a woman in the audience got up and said : "Is it not true, that one objection has been raised to women being ordained, to the effect

that if a man saw one of our sex officiating at the Altar he would be seized with unholy desire?" At which Miss Abadam, who was in the Chair, made answer: "Yes. I too have heard that suggested, but all I can say is, that if there is any man who, at such a sacred moment, could be affected in such a way, which is hardly credible, it is surely no proof that his sex alone is worthy of the priesthood? On the contrary" . . .

In May, 1930, Dean Inge signed a petition to the Lambeth Conference in favour of admitting women to the Ministry of the Church, and wrote an article in the *Evening Standard* strongly advocating the proposal. He ended with: "As soon as the idea has become familiar and the efficiency of priestesses has been demonstrated beyond cavil, more and more women would come forward and the Church would be the gainer. . . . I cannot doubt that the change will at last be made and I can see no reason against making it at once."

In November, 1932, the Bishop of Southwark dealt with the subject in his Presidential address at the Southwark Conference, saying he was convinced that the life and the work of the Church in the future would never be as healthy and efficient as it ought to be until educated and specially trained women had scope for their talents and ministrations in the Church's service as full and free as was given to men of similar education and training. It was a matter of grave concern that—at a time when larger opportunities of service and influence were opening out to women in so many other directions—in the Church, just when a supply of women duly qualified to serve it was forthcoming, the demand for that supply should be missing.

In July, 1930, I was present at a public meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, concerning the Douglas Pennant case.

Among the speakers were such clear-thinking men as Dr. Norwood, of the City Temple, and W. J. Brown, M.P., Secretary of the Civil Service Association.

Having in mind my Ancestor's Habeas Corpus Act, and the saying of the Philosopher Shaftesbury, "Truth can bear all light," I have long felt that the unfair and unjust treatment of Violet Douglas Pennant¹ should be put right, and that the stain of such a miscarriage of justice should be erased from the statute book. It is a black mark in the annals of English Law, disturbing to those who cherish the tradition that we do keep faith with our public servants.

I was convinced that after this meeting, which was thronged with those who were determined to see the thing rectified, justice was to be given to this brave and gentle woman; but the difficulty of persuading those in authority to confess that mistakes have been made, is a very real one.

Violet Douglas Pennant's book, "Under the Searchlight," should be read by all who, like myself, are jealous for the security of those who serve their country as she did, for many years before and during the War.

It is indisputable that her dismissal during the War was due to unfounded allegations, and that she was kept entirely in the dark regarding them. If she had been allowed to know, she could have proved beyond dispute that they were untrue.

¹ Hon. Violet Douglas Pennant, daughter of Lord Penrhyn.

This is against every canon of justice, and in common fairness the case should be righted. The plea that lapse of time makes it difficult to go into the matter cannot be upheld. Two men in the Police Force have lately been cleared after having suffered from unjust censure many years ago. There is no need for further expenditure of time and money ; there should be a frank admission that a mistake was made. This admission, which has been asked for by a remarkable Petition in five huge volumes, which is now before the House of Lords, is signed by representative people of all shades of opinion, including the Archbishops of York and Wales, and leaders of religious thought of all denominations, by public boards, county councils, mayors and borough officials, leading educationists, professorial staff, teachers' organizations, trades unions, co-operative and friendly societies, and by distinguished men and women of every profession who are united in urging that this great wrong be righted.

The admission of the mistake that was made is the least that any fair-minded Government with regard to equity and justice can do, to repair the grievous injury done to Violet Douglas Pennant in consequence of a Minister's hasty action ; and until justice is done she remains at the mercy of misrepresentation.

It will be a panache in the cap of the Government which clears English justice of this stain.

The longer the delay in righting wrong the greater the injustice.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AMERICAN DAYS

IN 1927 I was invited by Mr. J. Riter to come to Palm Beach for Christmas, with my old friends Gertrude Norman and Marcia van Dresser, who were friends of his.

The good ship *Minnetonka* took us across, leaving London December 4th on a cloudless sunny day down the Thames from Tilbury Dock. Daisy Bucktrout, the well-known and accomplished pianist, was also with us.

We were lucky to have a fine passage across the Atlantic in a steady and very comfortable ship. The prospect promised by our American fellow-passengers of that clear-cut skyline on our arrival did not materialize. Their feelings can be imagined when, on the eighth day, we steamed into a dense black fog! So dense, that the *Minnetonka* was the only liner to get in that morning, the others being delayed about twenty hours outside.

Countless impressions of New York have been written, not only by foreign visitors, but by Americans themselves, for there is a violence about the effect she has, even upon those who visit her from the Middle West and distant States.

One realizes that London makes varying appeals. We who live here are often startled by the things that foreigners write. American opinion is divided; some of them adore Paris; but a great many so love

this London of ours that they feel compelled to come and live within her calmness ; calm even in the most tumultuous days. So great is the spell of her wealth of tradition, history, quaint customs, pageantry, her dignity and civility, the manners of her "decent, dauntless people" (as Henry James called us) that they are irresistibly drawn to London.

On the other hand, some of them are depressed ; they long for something gayer ; they are bewildered by the quiet, after the clang of New York for which they hunger, the bracing cold and torrid heat and that life of ceaseless unrest.

I like Mary Borden's descriptions of New York in her novels, especially in "Flamingo," but I also understand the story of the famous psychic woman from San Francisco, who came for a long stay and had to leave in twenty-four hours (even as the Duse had to leave Chicago on her first visit)—because she felt that some great calamity was imminent and that the atmosphere had something sad and ominous about it—the result I am sure of the feeling that those gigantic towers have been put up to the great god Gold, and the glorification of Materialism—truly Towers of Babel assailing the heavens. Many New Yorkers have told me they too feel this way, and some of their writers have expressed it.

On the return from staying with the Stotesburys in Philadelphia, our hostess made us go by ferry across the river, so that we might see the Panorama in the evening light. It was amazing. Those sky-piercing towers softened in the sunset, and millions of lighted windows, the hooting of sirens and a ceaseless water traffic. There lay the rows of great liners in their docks, miles of them it seemed. What a contrast to the other great harbours of the world, Sydney, Hong-

Kong, Nagasaki, Bombay, Constantinople, Naples, etc., how different the pictures in my mind, and how symbolic they are of the character of each country.

And through this immense turmoil of New York, with its struggle for wealth and power, there was the call of a garden, a red-brick house on a hill looking over Rye and the sea, the peace of Sussex Marshes ; and the vision of a quiet house and garden in Holland Park, haunting me and pulling at my heartstrings.

But to return to my days in New York. The terror was dispelled by the hospitality, vitality and generous eagerness to show me all the wonders. From the docks I was whirled away to luncheon, and that very night a long-cherished dream of mine was fulfilled when I heard the famous Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski.

My gramophone had already revealed to me the beauty of the band. Incidentally we were very lucky to be able to go, for it is almost impossible to get seats for these concerts in New York, as they are limited to subscribers ; but through the kindness of Mr. Felix Warburg it was made possible. Stokowski looked very young, alert, very fair and very English as he came full speed on to the stage lifting his bâton with characteristic alacrity.

The orchestra is marvellous. How could it be otherwise ? Priceless instruments, countless rehearsals all the year round, the same body of men always playing together, most of them having been under the discipline of Stokowski for about twenty years ; every one of them chosen by him from the best in the world ; unlimited funds for the orchestra to cover the enormous expenses, and to make good the deficits.

There are the other great orchestras, in Holland,

Germany, Austria, America, and our own country, but this one is essentially Stokowski's, possessing his personal element. Here is Gertrude Norman's vivid description of it: "There is a magic, stupendous unison, a certain rush and sweep of the strings, a magnificent urge and throb about their playing that is electrifying."

"It is like the vision of some stately liner forging its way resistlessly through great seas of space and light. Every inch of it, from the tiniest bolt to the towering masts and funnels, its engines and rigging, swings and throbs in complete and mighty rhythm."

Stokowski is a Londoner. He was educated at the Royal College of Music and Organists, and started in New York in the latter capacity.

Our host of that evening, Felix Warburg, is a real Music lover. His philanthropy and helpfulness are well known, especially for artists. He is director of orchestra boards, schools of music, etc.; his house is a centre of many musical activities, and he owns some of the rare Stradivarius instruments upon which his Quartet play for his pleasure.

All artists are encouraged and welcomed in his fine house in Fifth Avenue, where he and Mrs. Warburg give delightful musical parties for their friends.

I went to two typical and amusing dinners at which all the musical world of New York were gathered together. One of these was given in honour of the veteran singer, Schumann Heinck, on the fiftieth anniversary of her operatic life; and the other was to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Ossip Gabrilowitch and Harold Bauer's arrival in America. The former is the well-known pianist and conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and his wife, Clara Clemens, was the daughter of Mark Twain.

Every conductor, singer, and virtuoso was there; the lovely Geraldine Farrar amongst them. The speeches were amusing, and there was plenty of forbidden nectar in which to drink the toasts.

A cup of pleasure that remains a wonderful memory was a recital given by Povla Frijsh, the Danish soprano, of whom I had heard a great deal. She is a superb artist, remarkable to look at, with her pale face, ash-gold hair, very blue eyes and the movement of a Valkyrie.

It isn't easy to convey the impression of her singing. It is sheer magnetism. She holds one spell-bound by the perfection of her musicianship and interpretation. As I write this, I am happy to hear that there is a chance of her coming to London in the near future, which rumour I hope is true.¹

The English Singers were in New York during those days. Together with Marcia van Dresser they took part in a concert at the Myron Taylor's lovely house, and had the success they are sure of all over the U.S.A., where everything is sold out before they arrive.

I saw several plays, and sat through five hours of O'Neill's play "Strange Interlude" at the Theatre Guild.

This is a most successful dramatic venture, that should be copied in London; it is the ideal stock company scheme, supported by subscribers. Lynn Fontane's performance was a *tour de force* in the endless and difficult rôle. The play seemed to me to verge on the ludicrous; when it was given in London the audience were of the same opinion; irrepressible spasms of laughter seized them at some of the

¹ Since writing this Povla Frijsh has appeared in London (1933), achieving an instantaneous success.

passages. The American company were surprised, but I could not help feeling it must have dawned upon them for the first time how funny were some of their lines.

Lynn Fontane is another triumph for England in America. She both made and saved "Strange Interlude," so dangerously near the absurd and humorous, where nothing of the kind was intended.

O'Neill's "Anna Christie" and "Marco's Millions" are works of genius. His latest play, "Mourning becomes Electra," I understand is even longer than "Strange Interlude."

The production of "Volpone" was very fine, and superbly acted, as is the case in all that you see at the Theatre Guild.

Walter Hampden was giving an unforgettable rendering of Browning's "The Ring and the Book," which I also saw. Hampden's poetic performance was enhanced by interesting sets designed by Claude Bragdon, author of that lovely book on Music and Architecture—"The Beautiful Necessity."

So my short ten days in New York were pretty well occupied. One of them was spent in searching for the only apple that I really enjoy, the Banana Apple, which Solomon of Piccadilly sends me annually when they arrive from California. Few New Yorkers seemed to know of it, but finally Charles, of Fifth Avenue, provided some for me.

The final thrilling adventure was a dash to Boston, catching the midnight train, seeing Sargent's Mural paintings, glorious works, (alas! so badly lighted) on the staircase of the Boston Public Library; also the Mural decorations by Abbey and Puvis de Chavannes. And that night, before catching the midnight train back to New York, another of my

cherished wishes was fulfilled when I saw that great actress Mrs. Fiske. She and Otis Skinner were playing "The Merry Wives." I had heard so much of her genius, especially from Toto Norman, who had been some years with her company, and of her vivacity, brilliance, humour and comedy, and I was not disappointed.

Afterwards I tried to induce her to come to London, where she longed to act, for she was so proud of her English ancestry.

Suddenly she spoke of her deep interest in psychic things, and seemed absorbed in and profoundly aware of this subject. As she stood in the door of her dressing-room she looked so young and eager, and appeared transfigured in a light that outlined her bright red-gold hair.

And now . . . she has gone—this autumn of 1932—to find the answers to what she yearned to know.

I was a little disappointed in the operas I heard at the Metropolitan. Maybe the great days were over. Ponselle was superb, but *quelle scie* to have to hear "Norma"! There was a moderate performance of "Meistersinger"; Florence Easton delighted us in "Rosenkavalier" and in Deems Taylor's new work "The Henchman." Florence was one of the finest artists at the Metropolitan for many years, and has now returned to England, her native land, giving us a beautiful Isolde at Covent Garden in 1932.

Then came our flight from the terrible cold, the great winds and the deluge of rain of that December. We hurried south to warmth and tropical beauty, a forty-hour journey to Florida, in a rather uncomfortable train.

Joe Riter's lovely house on the shore of Lake Worth was a haven after the jolting and the racket.

His cheery welcome, comfortable rooms and excellent cooking were perfectly delightful. He had built on a superb Music room a hundred feet long, with two pianos and a fine organ. Lyell Barbour, the American pianist and composer, being one of the party, we made lots of Music.

Marcia van Dresser and I sang in the Ponciana Chapel for Dr. George Ward, the fine preacher who was a valued friend of our host. All his friends were charming and most hospitable, in the way for which Americans are noted.

Bathing in the Atlantic, picnics by the sea—that hot sea in which you can remain for as long as you like and then dry in the sun; golf at the Everglades Club, or the Gulf Stream Club six miles along the coast; fishing in the open sea in cabin cruisers, Mah Jong parties, fine concerts given by the Society of Arts, open-air dinners and endless other attractions made for very pleasant days.

One evening when playing the last hole on the Everglades Club golf course, I saw a crowd of darkie caddies round a pool close by, shouting and dancing with excitement. There was an alligator that evidently longed for solitude from his fellows and had crawled overland from Lake Worth to this bit of water.

They succeeded in getting him out, in spite of an angry show of perfectly good teeth, and I didn't much like the idea of holing out, while he might also approach the hole. But he gave a tremendous swish and disappeared below the surface.

It was on that course that I did a motor-car in one. Having pulled my tee shot over the hedge, the ball finished up through the only open window of the car, and I found it on the seat. Luckily it was out of bounds, as it wasn't playable from that lie!

At Palm Beach it was amusing to watch them bringing in the forbidden alcohol. Small quantities tied up in sacking having been dropped near the shore, from some suspected ship, the next morning when the coast was clear of police, small boats would go out manned by one or two fishers with long hooks. They could see the precious bundles through the clear water and they would haul them up and carry them ashore to the waiting bootleggers. Everyone had a tame bootlegger to supply whatever was wanted, at a big price of course, and mine was a soi disant house agent in West Palm Beach. We made some beer ourselves, bottled it, and, as we thought, corked it carefully. But unfortunately the brew proving too strong, we were alarmed by hearing a sound of machine-gun explosions a few days later, and in rushed the coloured maid in a fever of excitement and distress, saying that half the quantity of bottles had gone off, flooding the pantry with perfectly good beer. The noise was quite enough to bring in any police, who fortunately were not on that beat.

This coloured maid—"Maud"—was a fine specimen of a darkie, so colossal in size that I christened her the "Empress Jones" (Eugene O'Neill's play "The Emperor Jones" was running in New York at the time) and she always addressed me as "Mrs. Maud." "I've got a letter for you, Mrs. Maud," she would say in her gentle Southern voice.

Her love of sweets was considerable, and the temptation of Terry's Bitter Chocolate pastilles which I had sent out to me from England every week was too much for her. She stowed away the first box that arrived, so that the subsequent consignments had to be concealed. In all other ways she was perfectly honest and a first-rate servant.



Stearns

On board the *Jezebel*



Jew fish, caught at Palm Beach, 1928

The restrictions of Prohibition have given rise to wonderful expedients in order to evade the law; and to very good stories which may or may not be true. I liked this one:

A man landed in New York with a large case containing a cat. "You mustn't open that," he said to the Customs officer. "My pet cat is in there and she will be terrified." This aroused suspicions, and after a prolonged discussion he was forced to open the case, whereupon the cat jumped out and flew up the gangway back to the ship. "Now you've done it, damn it! I shall have to go and fetch the poor beast and bring her ashore again." This he did, and came back with the same case. "Perhaps you'll leave the poor thing alone this time!"—He got through all right. The cat had been the ship's pet, borrowed for the occasion; and the return to his cabin enabled him to fill the case with whisky and get away with it.

One of the Atlantic fishing days in a cabin cruiser resulted in a large "bag." Toto Norman and I had been out all the morning with Mrs. Wyle in a pretty rough sea. Some King-fish were about, one of which I got on my line. As I was playing it I felt a tug and there was a shark that had swallowed my fish. After a while I got him alongside when there was a terrific swish and off he went, King-fish and line and all.

We returned to Palm Beach harbour for a picnic luncheon ashore, cooked by Captain ——— over an open fire and very well cooked indeed. Then I said, "Let's go out again, for shark this time." A tough rope baited with half a King-fish, a great pull and a weight that felt like a Steinway Grand lying like a log on the line. All hands took the rope,

and up came the most repulsive-looking slimy thing imaginable. "Oh, dat am Jew fish," said the darkie crew. He was so big and so sickening that we hailed another boat to carry him home after hauling him in with the aid of four or five hands. The Jew fish is the largest known Bass. He weighed about 500 lb., and was hung up on the Pier at Palm Beach for all the world to see.

Mrs. Wyle laughed and said: "It *would* happen that you should catch one of those things to-day, with me on board. Must you turn my cabin cruiser into a synagogue?"

It might be said that the fisherman's prayer was answered in this case:

LORD, grant that I may catch a fish,
So big, that even I,
In telling of it to my friends,
Shall have no need to lie.

Other days were not so successful, but always the greatest fun, with a hope, which was not fulfilled, of landing one of the lovely sail-fish, the prize catch of deep-sea anglers in those waters.

During this winter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chadbourne took Toto Norman and myself for a cruise in their yacht *Jezebel* from Palm Beach to Nassau and Cuba.

At Nassau we found Maxine Elliot, who was spending a few months at a house by the sea. We played a round of golf with her, and later she came on board for dinner, looking very handsome and, as usual, she was very good company. Next day we left for Havana, where we spent a happy week, in very hot weather. Captain and Mrs. O'Brien and Mr. James Quan made up the party. One night thieves climbed

over the side and carried off our host's best binoculars as well as everyone's cameras that were in the saloon. No one heard them, not even Marjorie Chadbourne, who was sleeping on deck. T. C. took us ashore next day to make an expedition far inland to see one of his sugar plantations and factories. We returned to Palm Beach in time for the annual Costume Ball at the Everglades Club, a tremendous affair, called "the high light of the social season"! The Committee asked me to be one of the judges, together with Mrs. Stotesbury, Mrs. Croza, Mrs. G. Shearson, Mrs. Edward Hutton, Mr. Anthony Drexel Biddle, Mr. Barclay Warburton, and Paris Singer.

The costumes were really lovely. Some of them had been made for the Beaux Arts Ball in New York.

The five concerts given by the Society of Arts that winter included the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Geraldine Farrar, Kochanski, and Rachmaninoff. The year before we had Melchior, Irene Scharrer, Schumann Heinck and Landowska—with her harpsichord. The concerts took place in J. Riter's Music-room, and later in the Cinema Theatre.

One of the most charming houses, "Bilucia," adjoining the Bath and Tennis Club on the seashore, belonged to Dr. and Mrs. William Kingsley. They would have delightful picnic and bathing parties, dinners and music, as well as moonlight parties in their lovely patio. There were times when the undertow of the sea was very dangerous for bathing. It was easy to get swept away. For this reason, whenever possible, "life savers" were about, who were strong swimmers. Other traps were the "Portuguese men-of-War" that appeared when certain winds blew; things that looked beautiful, shaped like bright blue balloons, but armed with very long tendrils that were concealed

beneath the water, terribly poisonous and dangerous if they tangled themselves about one's arms and legs, stinging and causing acute inflammation.

Countess Dolfin and Miss Wetherill owned a most attractive little place called Thatchcote with a lovely garden and swimming-pool. The following lines I wrote about them describes it :

M. L. Wetherill and Contessa Dolfin
Have discovered what life in Palm Beach may mean,
They have built them a house by the shores of Lake
Worth,
Where the birds of the air, the fruits of the earth,
A donkey, dear dogs, and the bunnies they love,
A feline "Princess" who is white as the dove
And his mate, who inhabit the Cote just outside ;
All compose the ensemble where Peace may abide,
For with such a real home and a garden fair,
Who would envy the multi-millionaire
With his Spanish fakes and his Patios
And his wife dripping diamonds from head to toes . . .

How wise are these two,—*Elles se fichent pas mal,*
Du Palm Beach Monde, whether "beau" or "sale."

How wise and how good to be welcome there
Where the follies cease, and you breathe fresh air,
God bless them and all who their Thatchcote share.

The town of Palm Beach, having been designed by Paris Singer with the help of Adison Meisner, the architect, entirely in Spanish style, is a lovely spot. The millionaires of that day had made it their winter pleasure ground. They vied with each other in the building of luxurious villas, furnished regardless of cost, with works of art and furniture picked up in Spain and Italy, each villa supplied with a Spanish patio and semi-tropical gardens.

The wonderful taste of Paris Singer had saved the place, which might have been ruined had it not been designed with his excellent judgment and imagination. It will remain as a monument to him. (His death in London was announced, June 25th, 1932.)

He also built the lovely Everglades Club and its surrounding "cottages" which were originally erected for the wounded American soldiers, but the War ended before their completion. One of these cottages I occupied in 1926, and the following winter I took a little house close by in Worth Avenue.

Those were the days of fantastic fortunes in the U.S.A., when things were booming and soaring beyond the dreams of possibility. Dollars, dollars, billions of them. Prosperity rampant. Speculation rife in all classes, "The Market" the main subject of conversation among the men. Bridge and Health, Diet and Operations seemed to occupy the women.

I was told a story of someone who had left New York to spend a month at Palm Beach. When she reappeared in a week and was asked: "What! back again so soon?" she said: "Oh, that is no place for me. I don't play Bridge, and I've never had an operation!"

Wages at that time were so high that every artisan, each member of every family had their own motor-car. When the machines collapsed from accident or old age they were just left to decay by the side of the roads, in the same way that skeletons of men or camels are left in the desert to disintegrate.

Nothing seemed to be cleared away—dead trees, refuse, broken-down houses—in fact it was a country of "scrap-heaps" and untidiness, which to an English lover of neatness and order was painful. A delightful octogenarian, Mr. Bingham, one of the

nicest people in Palm Beach, told me how impressed he had been whenever he came to England by the wonderfully tidy way things were kept. "I tried to find one dead tree in your country and I never saw one anywhere!"

Dilapidations never seemed to worry them. I can recall saying to an Englishwoman out there, when driving through the outskirts of New York to New Jersey or Long Island, "If one didn't know where one was, one might think this a bankrupt country,"—the lack of new paint or repairs either to houses or motor-cars was so universal.

I wondered whether the cause of this carelessness might be the want of an abiding spirit; that restlessness that seemed to pervade the people. This want of repose can be accounted for, I think, in this way. There are few zones in America where anyone can live comfortably all the year round. It is far too cold in the North; the cold of New York in winter can be appalling, blizzards, umpteen degrees of frost, heavy snow, searching icy winds. All who have money migrate to the Southern States or to Europe, whereas in summer it is so hot that they fly North or abroad. This makes for perpetual movement and unrest. Taking it all the year round there is no better climate than our own, especially in the South of England.

I have proved the fact that here one can play golf at all times of the year. The blessed rain we have is a price that is worth while paying; does it not give us "England's green and pleasant land"? A land that never gets burnt up and arid, a land of glorious trees, green lawns, and the incomparable "fairy ball floor of her fields in May"; meadows (what a lovely word), golden buttercups, primrose banks, hop gar-

dens, coppices of bluebells that look like a blue sky on earth, the broad bosom of the England of the Down countries, lakeland, moorland, woodland and hills ; a land that has been the inspiration and producer of a wealth of poets from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Vita Sackville West, whose poem "The Land," contains all that I am trying to say at this moment : a land that has produced such painters of landscape as Morland, Constable, Gainsborough, and the great Turner who blazed in spite of a time when Art was at its lowest ebb, the Victorian Age ; a land of endless variety of beauty. Scotland, the loveliest thing on earth ; Ireland, the unequalled green land ; Wales of mountain and valley ; a land girdled by the blessed sea that is within easy reach of all in search of health from any part of the United Kingdom. A land whose capital is rich in parks, squares, and trees—London, how beautiful it is ! and how few of those who are privileged to live there have eyes to realize it ; a land where there is and has always been a love of beauty.

My adoration of England has made my pen wander from the subject of this chapter. Let me return across the water.

A frequent remark made to me by American men would be, "Well ! how's poor old England getting on ?" With a beaming smile I would reply, "Don't worry about England, she's all right. And when you think of England don't only think of that darling little Island which is so small that there is only just room to write LONDON across it on a map of the world. It is bigger than that, you know. It represents a fifth of the globe ; even the Dominion of Canada is larger than the United States."

One day at a dinner-party at Mrs. Stotesbury's where the dining-room was hung with Romneys, Raeburns, Lawrences, etc., my neighbour said to me, "Tell me, Lady Warrender, how do you feel when you see all these English pictures round you?"

A somewhat tactless remark I thought, which I answered as follows, "I will tell you how I feel. First of all I think it is all to the good that these pictures should come to America as types of English people. I look upon them as Ambassadors to this country. Secondly, there is such a wealth of great portraits in the collections in London houses and in country houses, that if some of them have to go for patriotic reasons or to pay death duties, there are vast numbers still remaining. Thirdly, when France was in a bad way in the seventeen-nineties, our ancestors collected a great many of her works of Art. Some of them are still in England, but some have been restored to France, and—who can tell?—maybe the day will come when some of these English pictures will return to their owners."

Looking back to this episode that took place during the climax of the heaping-up of riches in the U.S.A., I feel I was in a prophetic mood!

Another thing that struck me as anomalous in a democratic country was the penchant for dinner services complete with coronet and coat-of-arms. One of my hosts, pointing to my plate, said: "I suppose that service once belonged to an impoverished British nobleman!" I remained silent for a moment, but my left eye began to give me away, and he said: "What are you smiling at?" "Oh, Mr. —, perhaps you are right, but those coroneted dinner services are made by the thousand by English manufacturers for the American market. So that you

can't always be sure you have picked up an old one. . . ."

It was no doubt this love of Heraldry that inspired the original idea of an American hostess of whom an eye-witness told me.

She had several powdered footmen and the clocks of their silk stockings were embroidered with the family crest. She also stated with great fervour: "I stand or fall by the British aristocracy."

On the other hand the fun and enjoyment of my two winters in America was due to the kindness and hospitality on all sides, and there were many kindred spirits who became life-long friends.

El Mirasol, the lovely Spanish villa built by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stotesbury, was always a happy place to go to. She has a genius for entertaining and for making everyone who enters her doors enjoy themselves. She also has a delicious sense of humour and an attractive personality which draws everyone to her. She entertained us at a later date at "White Marsh" near Philadelphia, and gave us a very good time. She built the house entirely on English lines, from pictures and plans in *Country Life*, with ideas of the structure and grounds of Chatsworth and Kedleston in mind, the result being most successful and very comfortable.

She came home one day after we had been away with Marion O'Brien seeing beautiful Philadelphia and said: "I realized I had some Englishwomen staying with me when I saw the open windows in your bedrooms!"

The first night we dined out with Violet Oakley, America's most famous Mural painter, who lives near-by, at Cogslea. On our return, when emerging from the lift, there appeared two men in uniform

armed with revolvers. Next morning I asked about this, and Mrs. Stotesbury said: "Oh, they were what I call my Household Brigade. There are five of them in the house and several outside, to guard my jewels. They are all Russian refugees, and when I go out in the motor, both men are armed. When you have ten million dollars' worth of jewels, you must be safeguarded."

It appeared that she had been burgled at Long Island not long before, waking up to find a man in her room. She only escaped with her life and jewels by calling out for the night watchman. I said to her, "Is it worth it?" She said, "Well, I sometimes ask myself the same question."

That day she had given us a typical American luncheon of excellent soft-shell crab, and corned beef hash, which made me break into rhyme, and we sang to the tune of "Three Blind Mice"—

Soft shell crab,
Soft shell crab,
Corned beef hash,

We sang when we shared them with Ned's lovely wife,
And gobbled them up with a fork and a knife.
Was anything ever so good in your life,
As soft shell crab!

And the following day at Violet Oakley's house, Marcia van Dresser and I gave a concert. The Studio was hung with her latest work—"The History of the Law," which she had been commissioned to paint for the Supreme Court Room of Pennsylvania. Splendid, inspired work which is only equalled by her great conception of "The Holy Experiment" which now decorates the walls of the Capitol at Harrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Yarnall, charming people whom we

had already met in Palm Beach, also gave us an interesting luncheon-party at their country house. Amongst the guests was Senator Reed.

Having enjoyed all Mr. A. E. Newton's books—"The Amenities of Book Collecting," "A Magnificent Farce," "Other Diversions of a Book Collector," and "The Greatest Book in the World," I vowed that a meeting with him must be arranged if I ever went to Philadelphia.

And it came to pass that a mutual friend took us out to his country place, Oak Knoll, Daylesford, Pennsylvania, where he received us in the Library which contains his precious First Editions, the collection of which is so pleasantly described in the first of his works mentioned above.

His appearance is Dickensian, his stature of such small proportion that he looked up to me and said: "You are a great big girl, aren't you!" He is a great Johnsonian. His delightful description of No. 17 Gough Square, where Dr. Johnson wrote his Dictionary, made me go and see the house, which has been secured and restored by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth.

Mr. Newton is a great lover of London. He writes: "London is a marvellous place. One can turn a sharp corner or pass under an arch and in an instant find one's self in the country. Fine old trees are growing on well-kept lawns, the birds are twittering, the noise of the city is distant and forgotten; in an instant one has passed from the turmoil of the twentieth century into the calm of the eighteenth. . . . It was a stroke of genius in E. V. Lucas to call London 'The Friendly Town.' Who would think of applying that epithet to New York, the most brutal of cities?"¹

¹ "The Greatest Book in the World," by permission of the author, A. E. Newton.

He insisted that we should go and see the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, which was finished in 1905. It is a beautifully proportioned miniature Cathedral with some of the loveliest modern stained glass I have ever seen, so rich in colour that the windows look like jewels. They were made by an Italian artist in Philadelphia and they flood the Chapel with indescribably exquisite shafts of shimmering colour. It is indeed a dream shrine, which owes its existence to a man of vision—Dr. Hubert Burk. His desire was to see a fitting monument erected on this spot, where Washington had been discovered praying alone on the hills across the river at Valley Forge, during the darkest days of his campaign for Independence, those winter months of 1778 when thousands of men died of cold and neglect.

The following Spring Washington once more took the field and eventually fought his way to Victory and Peace.

On our return to New York Miss Mary Lawton gave a delightful party for me in her studio in East Fortieth Street.

There were many interesting people present belonging to the New York literary and artistic world : Ruth Draper, so popular with London audiences, the explorer Steffanson and Claude Bragdon amongst others.

Mary Lawton is one of the most entertaining of American women, with a dramatic gift for story telling. She is a brilliant biographer, having written a fine life of Mark Twain, the life of Schumann Heinck, and an amusing book, not published in England, called "Cabbages and Kings."

The American branch of our Poetry Society and its President, Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, gave me a

dinner at the Ambassadors, where there were a number of the eminent poets of America. At that time I was President of the English Poetry Society.

Excellent speeches followed, of which I specially recall those of Admiral Fiske and Mrs. Thomas, the author.

Another memorable dinner was one in honour of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund, at which Julia Marlowe and the former Ambassador to England, Mr. Davis, spoke. Mrs. Belmont, formerly the actress Eleanor Robson, in her speech alluded to the great work just begun at Stratford-upon-Avon, to which the U.S.A. most generously subscribed.

I also had the privilege of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner several times. She is very charming, and Otis Skinner has perhaps the finest record of any living American actor. Since the day when, as a young man, he came to London with Ada Rehan, he has upheld the finest traditions of the stage, his ideals are for the best in the theatre, and he speaks fine English. All honour to him.

His clever and attractive daughter, Cornelia Otis Skinner, is making splendid way for herself in her own monologues which I first heard her do in her mother's studio in New York, and have since enjoyed in her London appearances.

En route for New York we stayed in Washington with Mr. W. Phelps Eno. Besides being a wonderful host, he is well-known in America and in London as the great organizer and improver of traffic signs and regulations, to which we owe the easing of congestion and traffic problems all over the world. He has made a deep study of the question.

His house in New England at Saugatuck on the Sound is very pleasing, and in Washington he owns

another lovely house where he entertained us in the early Spring. The shores of the Potomac were ablaze with thousands of shimmering pink cherry-trees, a marvellous sight. They had been given to the American Government by the Emperor of Japan.

I wondered if there was any connection with the stories of George Washington as a child, who did or did not use his little hatchet to cut down a cherry-tree. I forget which way it was. It doesn't matter.

The Lincoln Memorial, a huge white marble temple, stands above the water; within sits the vast solemn figure of that great President, and from the terrace one has a wonderful view of the town, lake and river, and through the noble columns one can see Washington's marble obelisk cleaving the sky, and the Dome of the Capitol. There is an arresting resemblance between the grave, tired face of Lincoln and the profound sadness that shadowed my Grandfather's wonderful features in his later years.

But the monument I love most is in the famous Rock Creek Cemetery which is approached through miles of wooded park where one fords lovely streams. There sits the figure, serene and full of mystery, known as the Adams Memorial, the masterpiece of St. Gaudens, America's greatest sculptor.

St. Gaudens was born in Dublin in 1848, the son of a French father and an Irish mother, and lived in America after studying in Paris and in Rome. I had heard so much of this Memorial to Mrs. Adams from Moreton Frewen, who dreamed of the day when he could have a copy made of her to place in one of his woods at Brede, in Sussex, a somewhat fantastic ambition considering the colossal size and weight of the monument!

The mysterious figure with the face draped and

in shadow is sometimes called "Grief," but, to my mind, it is far more suggestive of Peace.

Before we sailed for England Mrs. George Huntingdon very kindly lent us her apartment in Park Avenue.

The first thing I noticed upon entering was a print of the Greenhill portrait of the first Shaftesbury, and she told me that her mother was descended from the Ashley family, Sir Anthony Ashley having owned property in Richmond, Virginia, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, where there is an Ashley river to this day.

Alice Huntingdon, one of the most delightful women I met over there, has a distinct look of that portrait.

Since then I have entertained her at Leasam; she has the gift of charming everyone who meets her.

During those days I had the pleasure of singing in St. Bartholomew's in Park Avenue, a fine modern Church which possesses a beautiful organ at which Dr. Williams, who is a splendid musician, presides.

For the present, this must be the end of my American memories, although I would like to write much more about those days of interest and hospitality. But I hope at some future date to renew, in another visit, both my friendships and my delightful experiences over there. So let this be "Ave," not "Farewell."

CHAPTER NINE

MEMORIES OF HENRY JAMES

HENRY JAMES lived in Rye, at Lamb House—a beautiful Georgian building with a walled garden and a separate writing-room, where I pictured him, walking up and down, polishing and re-polishing his sentences, as was his habit, when dictating or talking.

Someone wrote the following lines, suggested by the name of his house :

Henry had a little Lamb
House—and not a sheep.
When ladies come to stay with him—
He puts them *out* to sleep.

I have a couple of letters from him which are characteristic of his “style,” even in short notes, but unfortunately I have not succeeded in obtaining the permission of his nephew, Mr. Henry James, to reproduce them here. They were so delightful and characteristic, that I very much regret his refusal.

I have an amusing letter from Moreton Frewen written after a meeting with Henry James.

BREDE PLACE,
SUSSEX.

August 21st, 1912.

MY DEAR LADY MAUD :

Coming away from lunching with you I met dear old Henry James, with a most attractive

nephew, the son of his brother William—the Pragmatist! And they motored back and had tea with me and have just parted, happy for the break. Won't you get the dear old fellow to luncheon?

The nephew interests me very much. He is in charge of the Rockefeller endowment to destroy "Hookworms," which worms account for the anæmia of the tropics.

Henry the Sage and I canvassed our friends as to who, all unbeknown, would have the hookworm, and you will be interested to know we dismissed yourself as *hopelessly* undeserving the Rockefeller millions!

"Amazonian"! he said, and again "I say Amazonian!"

Ever yours,

MORETON FREWEN.

I am told that Henry James amusingly called me "that smart Bohemian"!

In 1914, after the beginning of the War and during the ensuing years, it was distressing to see the real depression and misery of Henry James. He so loved France that it shattered him to think of her being lacerated by hordes of Germans, her Cathedrals destroyed, her towns devastated.

Whenever we met, I did my best to cheer him. He was so utterly miserable that his own country, America, could stand by for two years and do nothing to help. It preyed on his mind so much that he ended by becoming an Englishman.

In 1913, two hundred and fifty of his friends presented him with a portrait of himself by Sargent, and a Gold Cup, on the occasion of his birthday. His beautifully printed message of thanks to us all is characteristic and so delightful that I must add it:

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

21 CARLYLE MANSIONS,
CHEYNE WALK, S.W.

April 21st, 1913.

DEAR FRIENDS ALL :

Let me acknowledge with boundless pleasure the singularly generous and beautiful letter, signed by your great and dazzling array and reinforced by a correspondingly bright material gage, which reached me on my recent birthday—April 15th. It has moved me as brave gifts and benedictions can only do when they come as signal surprises. I seem to wake up to an air of breathing goodwill the full sweetness of which I had never yet tasted ; though I ask myself now, as a second thought, how the large kindness and hospitality in which I have so long and so consciously lived among you could fail to act itself out according to its genial nature and by some inspired application. The perfect grace with which it has embraced the just-past occasion for its happy thought affects me, I ask you to believe, with an emotion too deep for stammering words. I was drawn to London long years ago by the sense, felt from still earlier, of all the interest and association I should find there, and I now see my faith was to sink deeper foundations than I could ever presume to measure, how my faith was both stoutly to grow and wisely to wait. It is so wonderful indeed to me as I count up your numerous and various, your dear and friendly names, taking in all they recall and represent that I permit myself to feel at once highly successful and extremely proud. I had never in the least understood that I was the one or signified that I was the other, but you have made a great difference. You tell me together, making one rich tone of your

many voices, almost the whole story of my social experience, when I have reached the right point of living over again, with all manner of old times and places renewed, old wonderments and pleasures reappeared and recaptured, so that there is scarce one of your ranged company but makes good the particular connection, quickens the excellent relation, lights some happy train and flashes with some individual colour. I pay you very best respects while I receive from your two hundred and fifty pair of hands, and more, the admirable, the most inestimable bowl, and while I engage to sit, with every accommodation, to the so markedly indicated "one of you," my illustrious friend Sargent.

With every accommodation, I say, but with the one condition that you yourselves, in your strength and goodness, remain guardians of the result of his labours, even as I remain all faithfully and gratefully yours

HENRY JAMES.

P.S.—And let me say over your names.

This portrait is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. Sargent very kindly presented each of us with a photograph of the picture, signed by Henry James.

The elaboration of Henry James's style in writing and speaking has never been equalled. It has been pointed out that in one of his novels there are thirty-seven different expressions used for the words "said" or "he said"—"Set forth—anticipated—threw out—launched the speculation—protested—speculated—appealed—diffused surprise—faltered—challenged—spoke resolutely—urged—insisted—entertained the question—scoffed—jeered—echoed—

pleaded—suggested—went on—turned it over—turned upon him—started—asserted—considered—demurred to—concurred—exclaimed—intimated—expatiated—pleaded—wailed—obliged to recognize—put it candidly—was all compunction—exclaimed his belief—brought it out like a man.”

Underneath Max Beerbohm's caricature of Henry James he has written, in his inimitable way of hitting off the peculiarities of his victims, the following suggestion of what he might have thought or written “on revisiting America”:

“EXTRACT FROM HIS UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS—

. . . So that, in fine, let, without further beating about the bush, me make to myself amazed acknowledgment that, but for the certificate of birth which I have, so very indubitably, *on* me, I might, in regarding, and, as it somewhat were, overseeing, *à l'œil de voyageur*, these dear, good people, find hard to swallow, or even to take by subconscious injection, the great idea that I am—oh, ever so indigenously!—one of them . . .”

During the years when Max Beerbohm held an annual Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of his unequalled caricatures, it was my great amusement to attend the private views, and to acquire a few of the best. They now form part of what I call my National Portrait Gallery in one of the rooms at Leasam.

It was extraordinarily amusing to go round the gallery with Max's victims. “Oh, do look at so-and-so! It's wonderful. He's got him to the life. And that drawing of — isn't it priceless? But you know the thing he's done of me . . . preposterous . . . there isn't the faintest look of me in that . . . Nobody would recognize it . . . now would they?”



1911

From the Drawing by J. S. Sargent

It never failed. In fact I found it better to conceal the fact that I was the possessor of Max's caricatures of my friends, and I would carefully take them off the wall before they came to stay with me.

Soveral¹ never quite forgave me for buying the series of himself.—“Monsieur de Soveral in the morning, afternoon, evening, and at night,” and the caricature of “Frank Schuster discovering a new pianist” was also a sore point with Frankie Schu, who was deeply hurt that I acquired it.

In February, 1911, I sat to Sargent for the drawing in this book. His studio was in Tite Street. The usual time he took to finish one of these charcoal drawings was two hours; but he found my mouth so difficult to draw that I had to give him two sittings. His often-reiterated “Demons! demons!” seemed to help him to achieve the result he desired.

I can recall him when he was painting Winnie Portland's² fine portrait at Welbeck. He would take a run like a bowler from a very long distance, dash at the canvas and then retreat again to repeat the process.

Max Beerbohm has caught this characteristic run in his caricature of Sargent, flinging himself at his work, and accompanied in his studio by a String Quartet, which was his custom and delight, for he was a real lover of music.

It was a remarkable fact that at Welbeck that week I was the shortest woman of the party. Gladys de Grey,³ Kitty Drummond,⁴ Doreen Linlithgow,⁵

¹ Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Ambassador in London.

² Duchess of Portland.

³ Later, Marchioness of Ripon.

⁴ Lady (Laurence) Drummond.

⁵ Marchioness of Linlithgow.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

Cynthia Graham ¹ and Winnie Portland herself were all a shade taller than myself.

Truly "Amazonian," as Henry James would have said.

¹ Lady Cynthia Graham, *née* Duncombe.

CHAPTER TEN

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

THE Gift of Song . . .

What greater endowment can there be, and what higher privilege, when it can be used in helping others, by raising funds for Charity, as I have been able to do in all parts of the world, in a total of about nine hundred concerts, since I first began to study singing with Caravoglia in 1892? Later, with Herr Blume, who lived in London, I studied Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, etc. Then came lessons with Lierhammer, Scuderi, Panzani (one of Madame Marchesi's coaches) and Sir Henry Wood.

On the whole, what I enjoyed most was singing in cathedrals and churches. When Sir George Martin was organist of St. Paul's Cathedral he used to ask me to go there at five o'clock, after the Cathedral was closed, and sing with him, which I did many times. It was a divine sensation to fill that Dome with sound which seemed to return and clothe the singer until one bathed in it.

There always seemed to be Music in and about me, beginning with those unheard melodies we hear in childhood. When I was little there was a laurel that looked like an orange tree, beneath which I would sit and listen to these strange melodies and soft sounds all around me, like fairy music, and when I grew to know and love the glorious music of the world, I could still capture those moments. Life always seems to move to an unceasing melody. There is ever a

lilt in my brain, and that is why I love to sing Walter de la Mare's lovely poem—"When Music Sounds," to the music of Schubert's *An Die Musik*.

When Music sounds, gone is the earth I know,
And all her lovely things e'en lovelier grow.
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees
Lift burdened branches stilled with ecstasies.

When Music sounds.

When Music sounds, all that I was I am,
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came.
And from Time's woods break into distant song
The swift-winged hours as I haste along,

When Music sounds.

I can recall the happiness of singing in many Cathedrals—Salisbury, Hereford, Rochester, Chichester, Christchurch, Winchester, Lincoln, Canterbury, Lichfield, Beverley Minster, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in Romsey Abbey, and on a memorable occasion in York Minster when the Memorial to Admiral Cradock was unveiled by Arthur Balfour during the War. I have also sung abroad in the fine churches of Haarlem and Ulm, and I have a picturesque memory of a recital in the Cathedral at Bombay, when, through the open windows I could see the blazing colour of an enormous crowd of natives who had gathered outside to listen, and were all seated on the ground.

In 1902 there was a concert at the Elysée Palace Hôtel for Madame Marchesi—Melba's adoring teacher—at which she asked me to sing. And here is the account of it that appeared in the *Figaro*.

"Dans l'après-midi, le marquis et la marquise de Castrone, assistés de Mme Melba, ont reçu leurs nombreux amis à l'Elysée-Palace-H tel.

"Mme Melba, la célèbre diva, élève de Mme Marchesi, avait organisé un très beau concert avec le concours de Massenet, Coquelin,

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

Lucien Fugère, Hollman, Maréchal, lady Maud Warrender, Mlle Parkinson, M. H. Bemberg, etc. Succès d'enthousiasme pour Mme Melba et pour les autres interprètes. Dans la foule des personnes venues pour apporter leurs félicitations aux jubilaires :

"L'ambassadeur d'Italie et la comtesse Tornielli, l'ambassadeur des Etats-Unis et Miss Porter, la comtesse de Wolkenstein-Trostburg, Mme Hegerman-Lindencrone, princesse de Pless, duchesse de Manchester, colonel et Mme Stuart-Wortley, marquis et marquise Paluucci dei Calboli, comte Lucchesi-Palli, marquis de Torre-Alfina, duchesse de Marlborough, marquis de Soveral, ministre de Portugal à Londres; baron et baronne de Meyer, Mme Mackay, Mme de Benardaky, Mme Madeleine Lemaire et sa fille, M. et Mme Eddy, vicomtesse de Grandval, général Türr, comtesses Ducos, de Coëlogon, R. de Barbentane, Murat, de Fontenailles, baronne Decazes-Stackelberg, Mmes Bemberg, Vallgren, Gowdy, etc."

Nous donnons une partie du programme :—

Chœur par les élèves de Mme. Marchesi . . . Massenet
Solo : Mlle. Elise Parkinson (accompagnée par l'auteur)

"Nocturne" Chopin
"Valse" Chopin

M. Baubert

"Noël Païen" Massenet
"Câlinerie" Moreau

M. Rousselière

"Les Anges Pleurent" Bemberg
"Nymphes et Sylvains" Bemberg

Mme Melba, accompagnée par l'auteur

"Air de Suzanne" Paladilhe

M. Maréchal

"L'Esclave" Lalo
"Chanson Russe" Lalo

Lady Maud Warrender

Monologue—M. Coquelin

"Un Ange est Venu" duo Bemberg

Mme Melba et M. Fugère

"Romance" Hollman
"Petite Valse" Hollman

Joseph Hollman.

In 1903 Miss Georgina Ganz asked me to meet Adelina Patti, and to sing to her. This I did, with trepidation, but she was so encouraging that I enjoyed it.

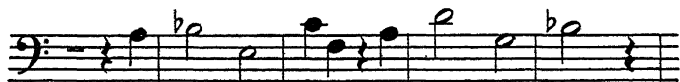
She signed my autograph book, adding, "A beautiful voice is the gift of God."

One night in Paris after dining with Jean de Reszke and Madame Jean in their lovely house in the Rue de la Faisanderie, Jean said he would sing to us.

Among others present were Gladys de Grey, Winnaretta de Polignac,¹ and Colonel Stuart Wortley. Jean was at the top of his form. He was singing gloriously—and apparently enjoying himself thoroughly, when Madame Jean said: "*Eh bien ! Moi je ne comprends pas comment on peut donner tout ce qu'on a devant n'importe qui !*" Whereupon Winnaretta said: "*Mais, comment Madame, ce n'est pas 'n'importe qui' ici !*" And Jean—Sahib that he was—said: "*Vous avez raison, Madame, et moi, j'adore faire la toilette de mon âme en publique*"—and went on giving us his very best.

My Father was an enthusiastic lover of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. As they appeared one by one he would take us to the Savoy, after which we all played and sang Sullivan's lovely tunes. It was something we looked forward to each year; the memory of those delightful productions is ever fresh in my mind.

I met Gilbert many years later, when he lived near Pinner. Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan they were by that time. The latter I met at Bayreuth in 1897, when he protested with vehemence against some of Wagner's *motifs*, especially the "Parsifal."



Durch Mit-leid wissend, der reine Thor.

¹ Princess Edmond de Polignac, née Singer.

He then asked me the following riddle: "Why was Orpheus a far greater musician than Wagner?—Because Orpheus charmed *all* the birds and *all* the beasts, and Wagner only succeeded in making one Low-hen-grin."

I then produced the following absurdity, which had been sent me at the time,—truly Wagnerian!

"When you see an omnibus *Pars-if-al* the men are smiling, you'll know the girl has only *Götterdämmerung* foolishness for showing a *Lohengrin* stocking and the *Nibelungen* to it . . ." [If you see an omnibus "pass, if all" the men are smiling, you'll know the girl has only "got to damn her own" foolishness for showing a "low and green" stocking, and the "knee belonging" to it!]

Many delightful concerts there were with my brother, Shaftesbury, in the Stone Hall at St. Giles's. He is gifted with a true love of Music, and a lovely lyric tenor voice, which he has used to help in the cause of Charity, and to enchant his friends.

At one of those St. Giles's concerts, while we were singing Maude Valerie White's duet—"It isna, Jean"—Lord Normanton sat on a chair that I had given to Shaftesbury, and which had a musical box concealed underneath. The musical box suddenly began to play the "Merry Widow" Valse. S. and I knew what was happening. Lord Normanton was quite oblivious of where the sound was coming from, neither could the audience make it out. But with miraculous self-control we finished the duet and then collapsed into fits of laughter.

Of these musical toys I have a collection. One is a decanter for port that plays a tune when lifted from the table, and one day when Paderewski was lunching with me this was carried round. His delight

was so great that I made him happy by sending him one.

I have had the pleasure of singing at many of Maude White's concerts. The earliest one I can remember was at St. James's Hall in 1899, just before it was pulled down. In our very young days, when pocket money was limited to two-and-six a week, or even less, we sisters used to go to all the Classical concerts in St. James's Hall, and arrive three-quarters of an hour before the time, so as to secure seats in the gallery, price one shilling.

Sister Mildred,¹ my chief musical ally, who was and is an enthusiast, played the Pianoforte, and practised many hours a day in Organ playing, at which she became so proficient that Sir George Martin often asked her to play in St. Paul's Cathedral. One of my greatest delights was to sing with her for hours in the Chapel at Belfast Castle, my Mother's inheritance from her father, Lord Donegall, where we spent many dreary months before we married, and which I called—Hel-I-go-land.

It was through Colonel Arthur Collins that we met Sir George Martin—who was his great friend. Dear old 'Collino,' as he was known to all his friends, was one of those kindly spirits who could never have had an enemy—literally a friend of all the world.

He had a story of how, once when he was staying at W—— in old Lord F——'s days, Lord F—— had been saying what an interest he took in his huge establishment. (W—— being about the biggest country house in England, it takes an enormous staff to run it.) Then he said to Collino, "Come along. I will take you all round the offices; it's a long walk, but I think it will interest you."

¹ Lady Mildred Allsopp, *née* Ashley.

They did it thoroughly, until finally they came to the Lamp-room, where there was the odd boy. "Who are you, my lad?" said Lord F—— cheerily. The boy looked at him and said: "I'm the b——y boy, wot does all the b——y work in this 'ere b——y 'ouse,—and 'oo the b——y 'ell are you?" . . .

Collino tactfully said: "That must be a new arrival." "Yes, yes, no doubt," said Lord F—— and they proceeded, rather discomfited.

One of the best examples of an exercise of tact and resourcefulness happened in a country church in Sussex. It was in the days when skirts fastened at the back, and there was what was known as a "plaquet-hole." Mrs. A. had evidently dressed hurriedly before going to church, and Mrs. C. noticed that Mrs. A.—who was sitting just in front of her—had omitted to close her skirt successfully—"Malplaquet," one might say—so that Mrs. A.'s anatomy was distinctly and painfully visible. Mrs. C. tried to think of some means of conveying this distressing fact to Mrs. A. without making her uncomfortable, and finally had a brain-wave.

When the congregation knelt down to pray Mrs. C., covering her face in the usual manner of supplication, *blew* as hard as she could through her hands, hoping that Mrs. C. would feel it. This prayer was answered; the cold air conveyed the bare facts of the situation to Mrs. A., who, realizing her unrehearsed bareback effect, promptly put it right.

In my young days I sang a great deal at Sefton House (now Seaford House) in Belgrave Square, with Gem Molyneux,¹ whose mother, Lady Sefton, was the person who—with great difficulty—persuaded my

¹ Now Lady Gertrude Crawford.

Mother to allow me to have singing lessons, starting, as I have said, with Caravoglia when I was twenty-one. Not a bad age to start intensive work, and better than beginning too early, as some teachers do, thereby tiring and destroying voices. I am sure this accounts for many hundreds of casualties to young and tender vocal chords.

Later on in life Gertrude Molyneux, having inherited her father, Lord Sefton's aptitude for turning in ivory, developed the art to such perfection that she is now a Master Turner.

Through hard physical work at the lathe Gertrude Crawford's wonderful gift has grown, until she has become the leading exponent of the beautiful art of ornamental turning.

In 1907 she was admitted to the Freedom of the Worshipful Company of Turners, and her work has never been beaten in any competition held by the Company since 1905.

During the War she first worked as an industrial in a munition factory, but by virtue of the knowledge and experience gained in her life's hobby, she became a Technical Inspector of Factories, and when I went down to Erith to see her I found she was the only woman employed by the Ministry of Munitions and the Admiralty Shipyard Labour Department on dilution work.

In 1915 the Turners' Company presented her with the badge of Master Turner, "in recognition of her eminent ability as a Turner and of her patriotic efforts in supervising the manufacture of Munitions."

In 1929 she won the Company's Premier award which includes the Freedom of the City of London. But, being a woman she was debarred from receiving the honour. It seems to me incredible that the greatest city in the world should find sex such an

insuperable obstacle to the bestowal of its honours, when the Ancient Borough of my beloved Rye can surmount this idea as it did in 1930, when Lady McIlwraith was awarded its Freedom.

In 1932, in a competition which, to quote from a report, "brought together the best collected work ever shown under the auspices of the Company," her work was placed in a class by itself, "above first class," and a special gold medal was struck and presented to her for "the outstanding excellence of one of the most comprehensive exhibits ever got together."

In all these competitions she was the only woman exhibiting.

I have given these elaborate accounts of Lady Gertrude's achievement because she is a genius in her line; and I wish I could reproduce some of her exquisite work that I have in my possession; examples of perfect inventive mathematical accuracy, and beauty of original design. The tiny set of ivory dressing-table articles she made for the Queen's Doll's House is as adorable as it is remarkable.

In 1903 I organized a concert for the Union Jack Club, at Albert Hall.

Mr. H. C. Embleton, the chief supporter of the Leeds Choral Union, made this concert a memorable occasion by bringing that splendid Choir to London in order that we might give the first performance of Elgar's "Coronation Ode," composed to A. C. Benson's words.

The Hall was packed. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present, and the scene at the end was exhilarating. Union Jacks had been served out to everyone in the audience. The waving mass of these flags from floor to gallery was an amazing sight;

one felt as if encompassed by surging fields of flowers.

Lady Elgar was with me in my box, which was next to the King's. I noticed that he was fast asleep during the Coronation Ode. I was so anxious that Lady Elgar should not observe this that I made her change her place, and succeeded in distracting her attention. And as H.M. did wake up when "Land of Hope and Glory" blazed forth, all was well.

Clara Butt, Albani, Ben Davies and Andrew Black were the soloists. There was also the Queen's Hall Orchestra with Henry Wood, and Edward Elgar conducted his Coronation Ode.

A concert in aid of the Lifeboat Fund, at Queen's Hall, in 1904, was arranged by Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Mrs. Ronalds and myself.

Melba, Caruso, Plançon, Kreisler, Hollman, Saint-Saëns—who accompanied me in his song "Aimons nous"—and Coquelin made up the programme.

In spite of a complete darkness caused by a fusing of all the lights in the Hall, Caruso and his accompanist finished their number quite unperturbed.

This concert recalls the thrill it gave me to sing the duet from Boito's "Mefistofele" with Melba.

Janotha, the famous Polish pianist, arranged a concert at Stafford House, in aid of the Chopin Memorial Fund.

The programme included Ella Russell, Ada Crossley, Joseph Hollman and myself. My accompaniments were played by Mr. Raphael Roche, who is now a well-known medical man.

Mary Moore and Olga Nethersole also appeared. Janotha played Chopin's works.

At a concert in the Winter Gardens at Bournemouth, a mistake was made in the programme which somewhat disconcerted Shaftesbury. He had written the names of his numbers and sent them in, but the printer had misread "A Song of Thanksgiving." There it was in the programme as—"A Song of Shank's Pony"!

And my "Ombra mai fu" he had rendered as—"Ombra more fun."

Handwriting may lead printers astray, but arranging things by telephone may be equally risky, as in the case of a leaflet for a funeral, where the last item appeared as—"A few remarks by Chopin."

It must be an irresistible temptation to printers when they see their chances. I envy the ones who so successfully took these:

"Last Sunday afternoon a handsome *widow* was unveiled, in memory of the late Vicar."

And,

"When General Booth's train started for Southampton a large *crow* was left on the platform, singing 'Rock of Ages.'"

Perhaps the most priceless slip was the printing of "*Im Herbst*" (In Autumn) by Franz as—"I'm Herbert"!!

I once had what I think must be a unique request made to any singer anywhere: a request from someone in Ryethat I should sing at a concert that was being arranged to provide a new Gentlemen's Cloakroom (not to mention the real word that was used) for the Parish Hall, "that was much needed."

Another request which is worth recording—"O Maudie darling, do sing *Tolstoi's* 'Goodbye.'"

I arranged a concert at the Coliseum in 1919, for the League of Arts, with Sir Frank Benson, Ellen

Handel's Water Music was performed for the first time for George the First.

When the Prince of Wales returned from India on December 1st, the League organized a choir of 1,200 voices to welcome him at Portsmouth. And in July, 1920, we had an enormous audience in Hyde Park for a free open-air performance of "Dido and Æneas," by Purcell. This was acclaimed as a big step in the direction of giving the people their own classics in the best possible way.

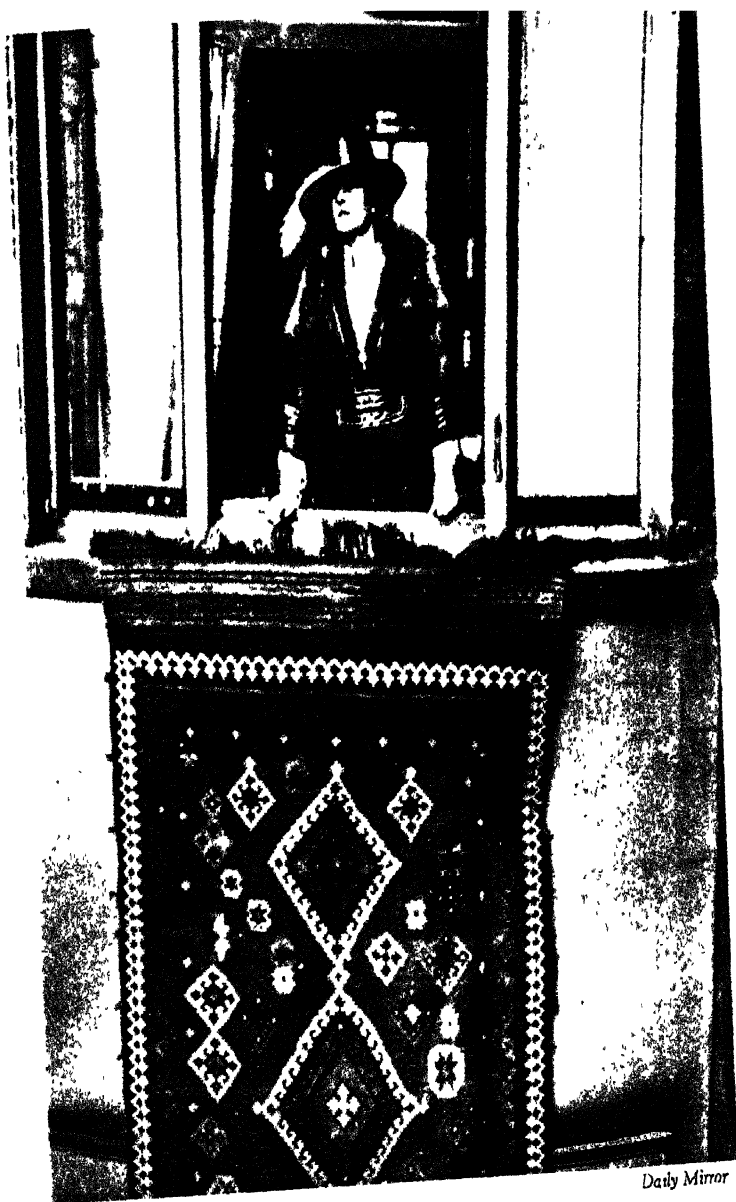
I have served on the Executive Committee of the League for many years. Our present activities consist of excellent free concerts every Saturday afternoon in the Victoria and Albert Museum, under the direction of Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, and free open-air performances in Hyde Park on Saturdays in the summer, which are very popular entertainments.

I witnessed a lovely performance of dancing children in July, 1932, when the Princess Royal, our Patron, was present and expressed her enjoyment of it.

And so the League of Arts carries on, helped by Dr. Percy Dearmer, and our tireless secretary, Miss Kemp Potter.

For a concert at the Opera House, Malta, arranged for the Hospital, with the aid of Cavalieri Lancelotti, I could find no talent to assist me. I therefore carried through the whole programme myself, singing in eight different languages, including Russian, Norwegian, Spanish, and Latin.

In 1907 I sang at a concert in Bombay Town Hall with Albani. At another in the Bombay Ladies' Club, my accompanist, Theodore Flint, otherwise "Flintski," one of the most accomplished musicians I ever knew, who accompanied me for many years, had to be



Daily Mirror

At my window, Peace Day, 1919

concealed behind a screen on the platform, as the audience were all "purdah" ladies.

On board Admiral Makaroff's Flagship in Hong-Kong, in 1894, I sang Russian songs that his Flag Lieutenant, Siloti, had taught me, followed by splendid singing by the whole ship's company.

On board H.M.S. *King George V* during the War I arranged a sing-song on deck and the whole crew sang choruses to my solos.

At Sir Bruce Porter's Hospital, in 1914 when I had finished singing I said: "Now, one of you fellows come up and sing . . ." "Oi will!" came a voice from a cheery Irishman who had just lost a leg in the Retreat from Mons. "Sing Tipperary"—from all the others, which he did, after being lifted in a chair on to the platform and ending—"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, and *moi leg's out there!*" It was a poignant moment, after which there was scarcely anyone without a tearful eye.

To a concert in the Singer Hospital at Paignton in 1916, came Jenny Churchill, who was staying with us at Admiralty House, Devonport.

Lady Randolph Churchill worked hard during the War in the Hospital in Lancaster Gate, and never spared herself. She was a staunch friend, with a lovely sense of humour, the best company, and always full of good stories.

She had a priceless one about an American senator whom she had asked to dinner with his wife. He arrived very late, saying—for all the assembled company to hear—"Please excuse me, Lady Churchill; I regret to say that my wife is unable to accompany me here to-night; she is suffering from womb worries."

Jenny had the real gift of entertaining. Her parties were cosmopolitan, original and delightful. She had lovely taste in decorating the many houses she bought and sold, and when she died, after a tragic accident, and bravely facing the loss of a leg, she was sadly missed by all her friends.

The day after it was announced that she was to marry George Cornwallis West, who was a great many years younger than herself, someone found Lady Dorothy Nevill, aged eighty, in Hyde Park in the part which is crowded with nurses and children every day.

"Good morning, Lady Dorothy, what are you doing here?"

"Well, if you want to know, my dear, I am searching in the perambulators for *my* future husband."

Among my collection of bookplates there is one of hers, short and to the point :

"STOLEN FROM LADY DOROTHY NEVILL."

The above is a concise version of the following amusing label for placing in books ; which I came across in America :

I give humble and hearty thanks for the safe return of this book which, having endured the perils of my friend's bookcase and the bookcases of my friend's friends, now returns to me in reasonably good condition.

I give humble and hearty thanks that my friend did not see fit to give this book to his infant as a plaything, nor use it as an ash tray for his burning cigar, nor as a teething ring for his mastiff.

When I lent this book I deemed it as lost ; I was resigned to the bitterness of the long parting ; I never thought to look upon its pages again.

But now that my book is come back to me, I rejoice

and am exceeding glad ! Bring hither the fatted morocco and let us rebind the volume and set it on the shelf of honor : for this my book was lent, and is returned again.

Presently, therefore, I may return some of the books that I myself have borrowed.

Jenny Churchill's sister, Leonie Leslie,¹ who was always popular in London, and the life and soul of any party, told me an amusing story of someone whom she had asked if she had met Count Metternich, the German Ambassador in London. The answer was, "No. I don't know him, but I've read his 'Life of the Bee.'"

Their eldest sister Clara, who married Moreton Frewen, still lives at their beautiful old house near Rye, Brede Place, once the home of the Knights Templar, haunted by what Clara considered "friendly" ghosts—a description not altogether shared by some of their guests.

I spent a night there, while Leasam was being built, and I was frankly nervous, in spite of going to bed with every available light burning, a method of comfort which I have always used when staying in haunted houses—Glamis Castle, Wemyss Castle, and Rufford Abbey. In the last case Violet Savile,² knowing I didn't like ghosts, gave me the room King Edward always had when staying there for Doncaster ; supposed to be one of the few unhaunted rooms in the house.

I woke up with a start in the middle of the night, hearing a terrific noise, as if someone had gathered up all the fireirons and was rattling them together, but as I had left all the electric lights on, and I could

¹ Lady Leslie, wife of Sir John Leslie, of Glasslough, County Monaghan.

² Lady Savile.

see nothing, I was not so frightened as I might have been if the room had been dark.

There was a concert in 1916 for 2,000 wounded men in the Town Hall, Plymouth, memorable for the remark made by one of them.

I copy the report of it which appeared in one of the newspapers :

“The wounded enjoy not only her glorious voice, but her choice of songs. A one-armed Plymouth warrior voiced the feelings of many when he said the other day : ‘Some of the ladies who are kind enough to sing for us, think we care only for vapid, meaningless songs and scenes out of the revues, but they’re wrong, tragically wrong. Lady Maud brings us quite other sentiments, and better music too.’

“These men feel it a personal compliment that she sings to them only songs of a high level of literary and musical merit and never descends to the merely amusing.”

It is such a tribute as this that gives one the happiness and encouragement to continue one’s work in singing.

I recall that among the songs I sang to them were—“Come, Sweetest Death,” by Bach, and “Where’er you walk,” by Handel.

I happened to be singing in the Naval Hospital in Plymouth on the day when the men who had been wounded in the Battle of Jutland arrived. Some of them came in as the concert was going on. I could see them standing in the doorway, their faces completely swathed in bandages, and only their eyes showing, owing to cordite explosion wounds. It was

a terrible and tragic sight; but their spirit was undaunted and they remained to the end, apparently enjoying it immensely.

I sang at several concerts at the King George Hospital during the War. Gladys Ripon¹ worked there with untiring zeal, looking superbly lovely in her Red Cross head-dress. Undoubtedly she found great happiness in those last years of her life in the service she rendered to the wounded men who all adored her.

The concerts were organized by Lady Tree, who knew so well how to arrange programmes that pleased the men. Her *flair* for such things is well known. She is also one of the wittiest persons of our day, with the keenest sense of humour. Her sayings are worthy of being recorded.

Once when Beerbohm Tree came home from a holiday in Paris she asked him if he had enjoyed himself. "Oh yes, I did, but Paris was thronged with hundreds of appalling Cook's tourists." "Ah," she said, "I suppose too many Cooks spoiled the brothels!"

I remember a bazaar at Hastings which had been opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. Lady Tree formed one of our concert party and recited Kipling's "If." She came up to me afterwards: "Did you hear the awful way I muddled those lines? Instead of—'If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, and walk with kings nor lose the common touch,' I said, '*If you can walk with kings and keep your virtue*, and talk with crowds,' etc. Do you think the Duchess noticed it?"

I had a lurking suspicion that she had done it on purpose, of which she was mischievously capable!

¹ The Marchioness of Ripon.

When it had been announced that Tree had been knighted, and before the Investiture had taken place, someone met her and said: "I must congratulate you, Lady Tree; I suppose you *are* Lady Tree now, aren't you?" "Well, I suppose I am—in the sight of God," she said with one of her whimsical smiles.

Sir Herbert Tree was also blest with a sense of humour, but on one occasion it seemed to vanish. When he was playing Stephen Philips' poetic drama, "Ulysses," my maid asked me if I had seen a play called "U-sillies." I was so delighted and thought it so funny that I told Tree, but he did not even smile. Maybe he thought I had invented it.

One Good Friday during the War, Lady Tree asked me to sing some solos at King George's Hospital, Waterloo Road. It was a memorable evening. There was a great place that looked like a crypt, filled with hundreds of wounded men in blue Hospital uniforms, and nurses in blue with white caps. The lights were dimmed, and it made a strangely beautiful effect. We all sang hymns, and then Dennis Eadie, that fine actor, read most beautifully and impressively the story of the Crucifixion, from one of the Gospels. It was deeply moving. His voice and beautiful diction, without any striving for effect, made one wish that the Bible could always be read by such an artist.

It was after this evening that I received the following letter from Gladys Ripon:

THE KING GEORGE HOSPITAL,
STAMFORD STREET, S.E.

DEAREST MAUDIE:

I cannot thank you enough for yesterday. This morning they have all asked me about the "very tall lady."

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

"By Jove, she can sing!" they said, and they all loved it. Even the poor stodgy ones in A2 told me they wished you could have gone on all night! It was dear of you to come, and perhaps when you come back to London you will come and see them one day. They would so like to talk to you in real life!

Yours ever affectly,
GLADYS.

After one of the many recitals I have given in the beautiful old church in Rye, where I have had the good fortune to spend many happy months each year, an enthusiastic (I hope!) reporter wrote: "Lady Maud Warrender's piercing tones filled the Church . . ."

When taking the Chair at one of Mr. Ivimey's Musicians' Club Dinners, I told them of this Press notice, and when they had stopped laughing I said: "And now in contrast to that I am going to give you a limerick written by my old friend Mrs. Alice Dew Smith:

There is an Enchantress called Maud,
Her voice!—let me hereby record
That the angels who hear it
Turn pale, for they fear it
May rival *their* singing to Gawd."

Apropos of limericks, I have composed one or two, and won some first prizes in *Time and Tide* when the first lines were given to be completed.

There was an old man who said "What,"
Did Mankind spring from Monkeys—or Not?
Said his wife, "Well, I know
That if it *was* so
I sprang farther than you, by a lot.

And again :

There was an old man who was worse.
 Monkey glands ! prescribed doctor and nurse.
 He improved—but, my dears,
 He *would* climb chandeliers !
 And his end—was a climb on a hearse.

Another time they asked for eight lines of verse as a Farewell to a Fountain Pen that had been carried for a year in a so-called “ vest pocket.”

I sent in the following :

Good-bye, my precious pen, good-bye,
 “Fountain ” your name, and I know why—
 I’ve had you with me for a year
 And treasured you—but now I fear
 That in the pocket so-called Vest,
 Where tenderly I gave you rest,
 Rivers of ink the fingers dye—
 So—Foul, I *from* the Fountain fly !

This habit of rhyming and a desire to parody started in my early youth at the age of ten. There was a parody of Byron’s “Childe Harold,” “Oh, Rome, my country, City of the Soul,” etc., written about the Headmistress of the High School, whose name was Roma Westmacott—

PARADY [*sic*] ON TWO STANZAS OF “CHILDE HAROLD ”
 (BYRON)

O Roma, my Teacher, Mistress of the School,
 The orphans of the mind shall turn to thee,
 Lone Mother of dead languages—
 Etc. (philology) !

One of my sisters, fired by this rhyming business,

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

thought she would have a try at it, but never got further than

Ireland—the Emerald Isle
Just in front of Carlisle.

I think “Just in front of Carlisle” has never been surpassed, except perhaps by that housemaid whose effusion was discovered in a chest of drawers after she had gone away :

O Moon! When I gaze on thy beautiful face,
Careering around the boundaries of space,
One sorrowful thought doth come to my mind,
That I never shall see thy glo-ri-ous behind.

I do not know if anyone has ever included in any anthology the following lines. In case they have missed publication I must give them space in this book.

When I was young and full of life,
I dearly loved the doctor's wife.
I ate an apple every day
To keep that doctor far away.

Alas! he was a jealous man
And grew suspicious of my plan;
He noticed several *pips* about,
When taking my appendix out,
A circumstance that must arouse
Suspensions in the dullest spouse.

—And though I hushed it up somehow,
I *always* eat bananas now.

A concert was given at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, in 1921, to raise funds for Shakespeare's Garden at Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Elizabethan music was arranged by Nellie Chaplin and her players, with whom I sang original settings of Shakespeare's songs.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

ELIZABETHAN MUSIC

Under the direction of NELLIE CHAPLIN.

Before the Address

STRING QUARTET A Toye

His Dreame

His Conceit

His Rest

His Humour *Giles Farnaby*

(Set by Granville Bantock)

After the Address

LADY MAUD WARRENDER

will sing

"O, Willow, Willow" *Melody from a MS.*
(from "Othello") *in British Museum (1556)*

"Take, O take those lips away" *J. Wilson (1560)*
(from "Measure for Measure")

(Accompanied by String Quartet)

to conclude with

STRING QUARTET "The Primerose"
"The Fall of the } *Martin*
Leafe" } *Peerson*

(Set by Kate Chaplin)

"All in a garden green"
From Playford's "Dancing Master"

The Players—KATE CHAPLIN KATHLEEN THOMAS
DOROTHY BERNARD PHYLLIS HASLUCK

Shakespeare's love of flowers is clearly indicated in his plays. He made a garden when he bought New Place, at Stratford-upon-Avon; and there it is now, carefully kept by the trustees, planted with all the flowers mentioned in the plays and planned as the Knott Garden, the Curious Knotted Beds and old Herbs, the Palisade and Tunnell, the yew columns and buttresses and the Wild Bank.

I saw the garden as it now stands when, as President of the Poetry Society, I was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Memorial Theatre, designed by Miss Scott, by the Grand Master, Lord Ampthill, attended by representatives of England's Freemason Lodges, in June, 1930.

The theatre was finished and opened for use in 1932.

I made several visits to the Temple Church with Lord Darling in Sir Walford Davies's time, when the choral singing and his beautiful organ accompaniment were brought to perfection.

At my request, Lord Darling very kindly took the Chair at one of our annual Dinners in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund; and thinking over his coming speech he asked me about Shakespeare's lines: "Orpheus with his lute made trees and the mountain tops that freeze," etc., one of which he was hazy about. Knowing his *penchant* for playing on words I suggested, "Why not, as you are asking for funds, say something about Orpheus with his *loot*?" This he did, very aptly, and with great success.

After the tragic death of Gervase Elwes, as the result of being knocked down by a train in America, his friends got together and founded in his memory the Fund which is now known as the Musicians' Benevolent Fund.

We felt that above all things he would have liked his name to be associated with helping musicians in times of distress, or when they are unable to carry on in their old age. The work is extraordinarily interesting. When it is possible to give them hope and lift their burdens it gives the happiness that always comes in the helping of others.

In 1931, after a Broadcast appeal by Sir Nigel Playfair, the response was wonderful. I spent several mornings in the office helping to open the sacks full of answers that were pouring in. Some contained just a few stamps from other musicians or poor lovers of music. The appeals for assistance have been overwhelming since the synchronization of Music in the cinemas and theatres, where our ears are distracted with distorted sounds, and we have to stand up and hear "God save the King" given in such a way that it is almost unrecognizable.

And so we carry on and try to give timely aid to our fellow-musicians who need it.

The glorious concert of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, which took place in May, 1932, was almost unique.

The *News Chronicle* most generously arranged it for the Fund, defraying all expenses; and the stars of music who gave their services included Austral, Elena Gerhardt, Suggia, Kreisler, John McCormack, added to which there were three orchestras and all the available conductors.

The King and Queen were present, and joined in the singing of Parry's "Jerusalem," which made a stirring finale to a glorious evening.

This year (January 12th, 1933) we have had another Gift Concert in the Albert Hall, thanks to the warm-hearted impulse of that Prince of Pianists—Paderewski.

This Recital was unique in every way. That lone man and towering genius held an audience of ten thousand spellbound for nearly three hours by his inspired and glorious playing (he is over seventy years old, I believe) and was the means of raising the enormous sum of £3,500.

Such a generous gift can never be repaid, but Paderewski must know how he is, and ever has been, adored in the heart of his British public. The Concert was arranged by the similar generosity of the *Daily Mail*, likewise defraying all expenses.

In this time of acute distress amongst unemployed musicians, one cannot be sufficiently grateful for the help given by the artists, for the sympathetic and tireless work of Frank Thistleton, Secretary of the Musicians' Fund, and for the magnificent support of our great newspapers who thus enable us to carry on the good work.

In 1926 my sister, Eva Baring, who lived in Paris, her husband, Hugo Baring, being the head of the Paris Branch of the Westminster Bank, told me that the Inter-Alliée Club were anxious to add a concert of English Music to their series of Inter-Allied Musical Evenings.

She asked me to organize it. The English Ensemble, consisting of Marjorie Hayward (violin), Rebecca Clarke (viola) and May Mukle (violoncello), very kindly said they would come; also George Baker, baritone, and Berkeley Mason (accompanist).

So we went over, took them to the Casino de Paris that night, and the next evening the concert took place in the Club. The following account appeared in *L'Excelsior*, of February 4th, 1926:

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

La soirée de musique anglaise ancienne et moderne organisée par le comité de l'Union Interalliée a été particulièrement brillante. Un diner par petites tables précédait le concert.

Parmi les invités : l'ambassadeur d'Angleterre et la Marquise de Crewe, le Ministre de Norvège et la Baronne de Wedel-Jarlsberg, le Maréchal et Madame la Maréchale Foch, le Maréchal Franchet d'Esperey, Duchesse de La Trémoille, Duchesse d'Uzès, Duc et Duchesse de Liancourt, Prince et Princesse de Ligne, Marquis et Marquise de Lillers, Comte et Ctesse de Gramont, M. et Mme Phipps, Lady Churchill, Mlle Vacaresco, Mme Philippe Roy, Princesse J. de Broglie, Marquise de Talleyrand, Lady Evelyn Baring et l'Hon. Hugo Baring, Lady Maud Warrender, Comte et Ctesse P. d'Aramon, Lady Bellingham, Lady Stuart, Général Clyde, Marquis de Laborde, M. et Mme H. H. Harjes, Marquis et Mlle de Chambrun, Mrs. Wheeler Gordon, Comte Clauzel, Comtesse de Fels, Comtesse de Viel Castel, Lady Sybil Knox, Vicomte et Vtesse Benoist d'Azy, Colonel de Marigny, Mrs. Maguire, Comtesse d'Herbemont, Mrs. Spencer, Mme de Sincay, M. Missoffe, Comte de Rosambo, Comte de Bouthillier, Mlle de Saporta, M. Gasnier du Fresne, MM. Corpechot ; Meirmeix, etc.

Au cours de la soirée qui suivit le diner, Misses May Mukle, Kathleen Long, Marjorie Hayward, Rebecca Clarke, MM. George Baker, Berkeley Mason, ont été très vivement applaudis.

UNION INTERALLIÉE CONCERT DE MUSIQUE ANGLAISE

I. MUSIQUE ANCIENNE

II. MUSIQUE MODERNE

Le 2 Février 1926. 9 heures 30

MUSIQUE ANCIENNE

1. Violoncello Sonata R. Eccles (1670)
May Mukle and Kathleen Long
2. Songs—*a.* Ye twice ten hundred Deities . . . Purcell
b. The twelve days of Christmas . . . Traditional
Arr. by F. Austin

George Baker

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

3. Violin Solos—*a.* Air Purcell (1658)
b. The Londonderry Air Old Irish
 Arr. by O'Connor Morris
c. Admiral's Galliard 1700
 Arr. by Moffat
 Marjorie Hayward
4. Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello Rebecca Clarke,
 Kathleen Long, May Mukle, Marjorie Hayward

INTERVAL

MUSIQUE MODERNE

5. Viola Solos—*a.* Sarabande Sir Hubert Parry
b. Chinese Puzzle Rebecca Clarke
c. The Sussex Mummers Christmas Carol
 Arr. by Percy Grainger
 Rebecca Clarke
6. Songs—*a.* Sea Fever John Ireland
b. When lights go rolling round the
 sky ”
c. Isobel Frank Bridge
d. Go not, happy day ”
 George Baker
7. Pianoforte Solo—Kaleidoscope Goosens
 Kathleen Long
- Au Piano: Berkeley Mason Piano, Erard

BROADCASTING

It is remarkable that Shakespeare foretold the days of Wireless in those lines of “Henry the Fourth”:

Musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
 And straight they shall be here,
 Sit and attend.

For my first broadcasting from Savoy Hill, one Sunday evening, I chose for one of my songs an old

Waterford air—"The Green Banks of the Suir" (the word *Suir* is pronounced *Shoor*). To my amazement I heard the announcer proclaiming to the world—"Lady Maud Warrender will now sing 'The Green Banks of the Sewer'"! I was thankful that broadcasting means solitary confinement, and that no kindred spirit was beside me to encourage the ready laughter that nearly choked me.

Such devastating laughter has overtaken me on many occasions. Once during a concert at Rye, while singing with the Rye Choral Society, and sitting in the front row of the platform, waiting for my next solo, the trombone player lost his way and, completely oblivious of what was happening, went on playing, while the conductor waved at him despairingly, with no effect at all.

The result was something that Schönberg, Stravinsky, or Scriabine would have envied, and the effect upon me was utterly disastrous, for having caught the eye of two musical souls, Captain Vincent and Theodore Flint, in the front row, I collapsed into hopeless, shattering, stifled laughter, shaking and crying, and without a handkerchief to dry the tears that were rolling down my cheeks. Neither the audience nor the trombone player knew what I was laughing at, and when the moment came for my solo, the voice was certainly not at its best.

I once knew a parson with a perilous sense of the ridiculous which proved his disastrous undoing upon one occasion many years ago in the Church at St. Giles's of which he was rector. During one of the week-day services, the congregation consisting only of us four sisters and one or two old people from the Almshouses, he got hopelessly mixed when meaning to say Body and Soul. *Sody* and *bowl* was what he

did say, and after a futile attempt to get it right, which resulted in *Bowl* and *sody*, he, being fully aware that we were all convulsed and shaking with laughter, became infected with it, and being too overcome to go on, had to leave the Church and there ended the service, after which we laughed all the way home.

I also heard of a case where *fou rire* was the means of saving two lives. It happened that the daughters of an Australian family who were doing Missionary work in China had been captured by the Boxers. They were finally taken out to a place of execution, where crowds waited to see the horror. The swordsman was ready to cut off their heads as they knelt with their necks bared.

Suddenly, one of the sisters was seized with uncontrollable laughter. The other caught it, and they shook in paroxysms.

The Chinese were so amazed and terrified, thinking it was "bad joss," or that their victims were possessed by devils, that every one of them fled screaming with horror. And the two girls, left alone, got away and were saved by another missionary.

My second experience of broadcasting was in a New York studio, where they had asked me to talk about the English Poetry Society, of which I was at that time President; also about the building of the new Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, and then to sing Shakespeare's songs: "Take, O take those lips away" (J. Wilson, 1550); the "Willow Song," from "Othello"; Sonnet XVIII (Dr. Aiken, 1920).

The side of the studio was of glass, entirely open to the gaze of a crowd of people looking in. I felt like a large fish in an aquarium, and thought how

terribly disconcerting it would be to anyone suffering from microphone fright, to be stared at in this way.

At an evening party we gave at the Music Club, in honour of Dame Ethel Smyth, I had the privilege of singing her lovely "Chrysilla" with the quintet accompaniment. She wrote me the following characteristic letter :

9th August, 1920.

MY DEAR MAUDIE :

I do *implore* you not to be horrified! Mind, you may yourself be conscious—as I always have been—of a dragging at the fresh up-take in "Chrysilla" . . . but . . . you may not have been! I do assure you, however, that it does drag, and that is why, with great deliberation and weighing every note in my head for months, I have altered it! I know that once you've broken your mind to it, you will feel, *as a singer*, what a huge improvement it is. The singing part was too interrupted. The singer must get along, must have her sweep straight away, and I have spoilt one or two good songs of mine by neglecting this essential. If I had not a congenital loathing to singing any opus of my own, I should have found out this long ago. Yet I noticed that if I hummed "Chrysilla" to someone who specially liked it (Maurice,¹ for instance) I always ceased having pleasure in so doing after I had got past "the petals of a rose." I now sing (or would sing) it to the end . . . an infallible test that it is better now.

Now a request, made with all diffidence. I want, at a sort of evening they are getting up in my

¹ Hon. Maurice Baring.

honour . . . and which I feel very shy to think of . . . on November 7th . . . to conduct three of these songs, the Dance, Chrysilla and Odelette (the latter perhaps the only thing of mine I have a small passion for). Are the other two too high for you? . . . If not, would you sing the bunch for me? We'd have a good go at them . . . perhaps you'd venture a night or two at my cottage? . . . I have adorable neighbours to offer you . . . the Gerald Balfours who live next door, and an adorable dog. It *would* be such fun.

Incidentally I send you a MS. of the new Chrysilla (the end is pulled together too, but no need to give that). You see there is now next to no *rallentando* anywhere—a great point.

. . . Spiritually underlining my request,

Yours ever sincerely,

ETHEL SMYTH.

Ethel Smyth has not only the pen of a composer, but is a brilliant writer. Her "Impressions that Remain" and "Streaks of Life" and other works make brilliant reading.

During the Suffrage Movement she was untiring and self-sacrificing. Her days in Holloway Gaol for the sake of the cause will always be remembered by the use she made of her tooth-brush as a bâton through the window of her cell, to conduct the singing of her fellow-Suffragists as they were taking their daily exercise round the prison yard to the tune of Ethel's Suffrage Marching Song.

During those days I sang at Holloway one afternoon, but the Pankhurst supporters were, to my regret, not included in the audience. While I was singing I noticed one woman's face that was such a contrast

to all the other prisoners that I asked the Governor how it came that she was there.

He said it was small wonder that I had noticed it, as she was serving a sentence for her husband, having taken the blame upon herself for the forging of postal orders which he had done.

The year before, at Lady Battersea's request, I went to sing in Aylesbury Gaol, where the women convicts serve their long sentences. Lady Battersea was the Ministering Angel of that prison. I believe I am right in saying that she served on the governing board for many years.

The atmosphere of a gaol is so distressing that it causes a deep depression, but the prisoners' keen enjoyment of the music helps one through the experience. The impression I got in looking at those faces was the lack of normality, especially in those of the murderesses.

After the concert was over I visited some of the prisoners in their cells. The only thing they wanted to talk about was their crime, as if they took pride in having successfully accomplished a deed that had brought them satisfaction, or at any rate notoriety.

On March 4th, 1930, I went with Florry Bridges ¹ to a Memorial Service for Nellie Melba. It was a service that one felt was somewhat inadequate to what she would have chosen herself. Unfortunately her wishes on the subject were found too late to be carried out.

She had left a suggestion that there should be a service in St. Paul's Cathedral, with full orchestra to be conducted by Sir Landon Ronald.

I could almost hear Nellie protesting, "What are you all doing here? I'm Melba; and I want some-

¹ Lady Bridges, wife of General Sir Tom Bridges.

thing better than this, you should all be in a great Cathedral ! ”

She had died in Australia after a painful illness. Her death was merciful, for her life had become tragically unhappy, because it was an agony to her to see others taking her place, especially at Covent Garden, where she had reigned supreme for so many years.

The last time I went to the opera with her was in 1929, when Albert Coates was conducting and Austral sang Brünnhilde.

While Austral's gorgeous voice was soaring over the orchestra, Melba turned to me and said : “ Oh, Maudie, how sad ! That voice is going.” I looked at her. “ Nellie dear,” I said, “ you can't say that . . . Listen . . . it's glorious . . . ” and she seemed to crumple up.

During the last years of her life she suffered acutely from the necessary cessation of opera for her, and it was a happy thing that she should have died before the voice had quite gone. The middle voice was still lovely ; that golden quality was hers unto the end.

Her Farewell at Covent Garden in 1929 was extraordinarily well done. In spite of the great strain, she sang wonderfully ; the speech at the close, of which a record was made, was most touching and moving, there were few dry eyes in the house. It was done in excellent taste . . . that little choke, which is registered on the gramophone record, is a real heart-break ; it summed up the agony of her Good-bye to “ my public.”

In 1928 Lady Frances Balfour asked me to sing to all her blind people, at a concert she had arranged for them in Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road.

It was a wonderful experience to watch their enthusiasm and cheerfulness, surmounting their terrible affliction : their love of the music and the way they sang in chorus : " Open wide the windows, and let the sunshine in ! "

Having exhausted the supply of songs which I had brought with me, and after many encores, I told them some stories. They rocked with laughter to such a degree that I was afraid to go on.

The same thing would happen at Marylebone Workhouse while I was President of the Brabazon Society, founded to give them extra comforts in return for needlework and handicraft done in their evening hours, of which we had an Exhibition every year. I arranged concerts for them now and then, and the response of the dear old people to songs and good stories was always a delight to me : they were so quick at seeing the points, and doubled up with laughter.

Just before Christmas in 1929 and 1930 I joined the Mayfair Carol Singers, organized by Lady Howard de Walden, in whose house we rehearsed. We went out masked, about thirty strong, singing carols indoors and out of doors, to raise money for the Dockland Settlement.

We carolled in the streets and squares outside our friends' houses until they begged us to come inside and sing to them. We received handsome donations in some cases and hospitality to warm and cheer us on our way. It was very amusing that in some houses we got a champagne supper and little money, and in others large sums but no champagne !

Our ensemble was really good ; our noctambulations embraced hotels, restaurants and theatres where

MUSIC ALL THE WAY

the non-singers took the hat round to the audience. I must say it struck me at the time that perhaps we were being guilty of what has often been to me very disturbing, namely, the sound of music when dining. —The Americans aptly say that it takes the rest out of Restaurant and puts the din into Dinner!

However, the result was most satisfactory, and we were able to hand over hundreds of pounds to the Fund. Moreover, it was the greatest fun, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MEMORIES OF ELLEN TERRY

MY first meeting with Ellen Terry dates from the days when her daughter, Edith Craig, was making costumes at the Lyceum Theatre. Soon afterwards, when I began to live near Rye, Ellen often came over from her farm at Small Hythe to see me at Leasam.

That farm is now the Ellen Terry Memorial which includes the fine old Tudor Barn known as The Barn Theatre. Both of these have been arranged in perfect taste by Edith Craig. This was the place where Ellen spent the last years of her life, and where, in July, 1928, she died. To preserve it as a Memorial, seemed to all who loved her the most fitting way to keep alive her memory in the heart of the England she loved, and in the hearts of all other peoples who had been enchanted by her supreme art and enslaved by her unique charm. Statues and formal memorials were suggested, but here was something far more suitable and akin to her nature, situated in a perfect corner of Kent, a beautiful example of a Tudor half-timbered house which had been the simple setting of the closing scenes of her eighty years.

It affords a lovely pilgrimage for the English-speaking world. All who have been there are conscious of the fragrant memory of her being, and are struck by the simplicity of the way in which she lived.

There is her library, including the valuable copies of the many Plays she graced, containing her notes, as well as her theatrical costumes and properties.

At one time Ellen lived in a little house in King's Road, Chelsea. She said to me: "I just *love* it, it's such a nice *blackguard* place to live in!" She knew it was haunted, and would hear at night strange noises of heavy footsteps. It was said to have been a place where, in the court behind these houses, duels had been fought, and she said: "I suppose what I hear are the bodies being carried upstairs!"

When she left King's Road there was a sale of some of her larger pieces of furniture, to which I went. The bidding was rather feeble. One lot came up—"A settee," and no offers. I had not seen it, but I tried to cheer them up and made a bid of Ten Pound. It was knocked down to me and I hurried away. Next day when I went to claim it the foreman said: "Oh yes, you've got the pick of the sale," and it proved to be a very beautiful seven foot long painted Sheraton sofa which is now in my Music-room, a thing of beauty and a precious possession.

This Music-room should be called the "Atwood" room, as it is decorated with eight lovely panel pictures by that clever artist, Clare Atwood. My wish was to have a series of pictures showing the Pageant of Flowers through the Seasons, which she has done with consummate skill.

Here also is a marble bust of Ellen Terry as Portia, for which she sat to Fontana in 1882. A lovely, living thing, which I have bequeathed to the Memorial.

For many years I had the privilege of being on the Executive Committee of the Pioneer Players, which was one of the first societies for producing plays by new and old authors; plays which might

or might not be a commercial success, or banned by the Censor.

It was organized in March, 1911, founded by Edith Craig, its Stage Director, and existed for nine seasons, producing sixty-three plays. Miss Craig was very proud of the fact that the total sum spent on her productions by the Pioneers during those years was considerably less than that frequently spent before the curtain goes up, on *one* play put before the public in a West End theatre.

She was ably assisted by Miss Christopher St. John, the energetic Honorary Secretary, and the Honorary Treasurer, Miss Irene Cooper Willis.

Among the playwrights whose works were produced were George Bernard Shaw, Laurence Housman, Paul Claudel (his plays had not hitherto been performed in England), Tchekov, Laurence Irving, W. F. Casey, E. Knoblock, Cicely Hamilton, Susan Glaspell, Gwen John, Andreiev, and the Saxon nun, Hroswitha, who wrote several remarkable plays in the tenth century. Her "Paphnutius," ably translated by Christopher St. John, in which Ellen Terry played the Abbess, stands out in my Pioneer memories as one of the most interesting and beautiful things we did. Christopher St. John also translated the plays by Isi Collin, Echegaray, Evreinov and Herman Heijermans which were produced by the Pioneers. This list of authors indicates the varied and worthwhile history of the Society, and I was truly sorry when its activities ceased in 1920.

In order to be able to hear music whenever necessary or possible at the Barn Theatre performances, I thought it would be a good thing to have there a small pianoforte that could easily be moved in and out. So I wrote a hurried note in pencil to Harrod's, as there



Ellen Terry as *Portia*

Bust by Fontana, 1882

was to be a concert in a week's time. "Please let me know if you have a small size piano, and if so what price it would be?" Two days later I received the following:

"The smallest size *Plaice* would be about six inches long, and weigh about a pound. We shall be very pleased to supply you with a small, fresh *Plaice*, and the price would be eightpence."

I sent off a telegram:

"It was a *piano* I wanted, not a *plaice*."

With admirable promptitude, that same afternoon appeared at Leasam the foreman of Harrod's pianoforte department, with a price list of pianos, and with my letter, in which I had to confess that the word piano did look like "*plaice*." I told him that their letter had made me double up with laughter. He said: "Well, my Lady, we receive very many strange orders, and we always accede to any demand that is made." Therefore the diminutive instrument that eventually arrived is known as "the little *plaice*."

The concert of 1929 was especially delightful. We all wore different coloured smocks, sat in a semicircle and sang Rounds and Catches. The hit of the evening was a rendering of "Jacky Boy," sung by Edith Craig and Miss St. John, first in smocks, and then as they had heard it done at a provincial concert, the lady in evening sequins and the man in borrowed swallow-tail coat, etc., singing the old country song in the refined way that matched their make-up—a most amusing "turn."

One of my greatest delights is to visit the Barn Theatre, especially in July, when Edith Craig produces

annually, on the anniversary of her mother's death, scenes from Shakespeare's plays. It is a beautiful and fitting tribute, and one which will I hope long continue.

It is difficult now to secure seats for this performance; its fame is spreading, and the number of those who wish to be there is increasing so rapidly that there is not room enough to get them all in. Not only from the immediate neighbourhood do they come, but all the way from London, drawn by the beauty of the setting, the adorableness of the spot and the artistic loveliness of the performance; for the charm of Small Hythe, to those who see it for the first time, must be immense, even in this country of loveliest villages.

One comes upon it either by way of Tenterden—equally adorable—down a Kentish lane, or one can approach it through a toll gate from Rye, across a lovely stretch of marshland and rich pasture where sheep and cattle graze and herons fly; there stands one of the finest half-timbered sixteenth-century farm-houses in England. It has a peculiarly homely atmosphere, a welcoming aspect, and it is as utterly "England" as was the radiance and poetic grace of Ellen herself.

We who are accustomed to these wonderful houses which abound in country villages perhaps take such places for granted, not realizing what a revelation and astonishment they are to strangers who come from overseas, especially the Atlantic. Many of the visitors come again and again, drawn by the charm of it all.

To the left of the house is a small garden planted with flowers and herbs mentioned by Shakespeare; a yew hedge guards the front bit of lawn, behind

which rises the splendid thatched roof of the old Tudor Barn. The village is small; a few more cottages, one of which in early days belonged to the priest, and is now occupied by Edy Craig and her two friends, Miss St. John and Miss Atwood. Next door is the little red-brick chapel, built in Tudor times for the repose of the souls of sailors who lost their lives on the Kentish coast, when this village was a centre of the ship-building industry, and where, it is said, the barges of the King and Queen were fashioned, before the sea receded and left Rye and Winchelsea high and dry.

But this village has the pride of owning Ellen Terry's Memorial. No passer-by can fail to stop and ask "Whose house is this?" For his guidance there is the swinging sign with ELLEN TERRY on a gold background encircled by a laurel wreath, painted by Clare Atwood. There is a bell at the wicket gate that will summon Sharp, the devoted keeper of the house and a competent guide. Through the fine old door one enters the low-ceilinged but spacious rooms containing a perfectly arranged museum. The great open fireplaces, great beams and lattice windows are typical of the period. Here are glass cases full of relics collected by Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving and Edy Craig, of famous artists, and of properties used at the Lyceum Theatre in the days of their great productions. Also the Insignia of the Order of the British Empire, with which she was decorated by King George, thereafter being known as Dame Ellen Terry.

On the walls are portraits and posters (one of these is the graceful, typically French poster of Sarah Bernhardt as Lorenzaccio), an engraving of Bastien le Page's wonderful picture of Sarah, and a lovely

melancholy photograph of Eleanora Duse, one of the only two in existence, the other being in her Memorial Museum in Italy, the plate having been destroyed so that no more should be reproduced.

Every day fresh flowers are placed by loving hands beneath the tablet on the wall to Ellen Terry's memory. The design of her book-plate, made by Gordon Craig, adorns everything wherever possible.

In the room where she died there is a great book, full of letters, criticisms, telegrams, etc., from celebrated people all over the world, relating to her famous and unforgettable Jubilee Performance at Drury Lane in 1906. There also, in a lovely casket, is the death mask, the peaceful sleeping face of her we loved so well. It bears that poetic quality and gently humorous look which captured the world.

Over the mantelpiece hangs the long sketch, made by William Nicholson for the Jubilee Programme, of E. T. in all the rôles she had played, from Mamilius at the age of ten to Lady Cecily Waynflete when she was fifty-eight. There they go, a dancing frieze across a gaily coloured curtain, those laughing, tragic, sad and tender figures. So did she dance her way across the stage with that buoyancy of perpetual youth and gaiety that was utterly hers.

In the room above, a typical country bedroom, with latticed windows overlooking the peaceful marsh, is the bed in which she died, her white woolly slippers at its foot, the tiny looking-glass she always used, the little old schoolroom desk used by Edy and Gordon Craig; and on the wall a large picture of Duse, underneath which is written in Ellen Terry's generous handwriting :

"There is none like her—NONE!"

MEMORIES OF ELLEN TERRY

There is her "Imitation of Christ" in which these lines by W. Allingham were found written by E. T. :

"No funeral gloom my dears, ~~when I am gone~~
 Corpse-gazings - tears - black raiment -
 "Think of me as ^{graveyard grimness} withdrawn into the dimness;
 Yours still - you mine - Remember all the best
 Of our past moments, & forget the rest.
 And so to where I wait, come gently on."

By William Allingham
 I sh^d wish my children, relatives
 & friends to observe this when I
 die - E.T.

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
 Corpse, gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard grim-
 ness ;

Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness ;
 Yours still—you mine. Remember all the best
 Of our past moments. Forget the rest,
 And so to where I wait, come gently on.

[This request reminds me of one made by Major Baskerville Walton, 14th Dragoon Guards, which I cut out at the time and kept :

"With regard to his funeral, the testator directed that no gloves, hat bands, scarves and cloaks or other disgusting paraphernalia of the undertaker, should be worn, and that the horses used should be brown, bay, grey or chestnut, and not the usual undertakers' slab-sided Belgian horses, behind which no gentleman would care to be seen, dead or alive."]

The last scene in the little village church of Small Hythe is unforgettable. Because of the finding of the above lines, the Service was to be a happy one. (Indeed, all funeral services should be such. Is not every death day a re-birth day?)

Everyone was in bright summer clothes. Outside the porch was a guard-of-honour of shepherds with their crooks and sheep dogs; and labourers from the fields, with their pitchforks, rakes and scythes—the most touching guard-of-honour I have ever seen.

The aisle was strewn with sweet-scented herbs from Ellen's garden. It was a real July day, such a summer day as can only be found in England. The coffin was covered with a pall of cloth of gold.

I sang, accompanied by Martin Shaw (who was delayed on the way, and only sprang on to the organ seat just in time), the glorious Easter Hymn, arranged by Frank Bridge, that Ellen so loved. And I sang it with joy in my heart—

“Alleluia. Alleluia. The dark and dreary night is gone,
Now gladdens all the blessed sun.”

Joy, that the tired and frail life that had ebbed for some weary months had found rest; with joy also that her blithe spirit could renew its activities on another plane.

Small Hythe Place will be the Mecca of all theatre lovers and a lasting pride to every member of Ellen Terry's noble profession.

Above the stage in the Barn hangs a wreath of green, with her initials and the date of her death, 1928, on a red background, framed by ancient beams and rafters. Upon this stage many interesting scenes of drama and music have taken place in these four years since she left us.

In 1930, with the help of Mr. Gordon, who had organized Sir Thomas Beecham's sweepstake for the Opera League, I made an effort to raise money for the Memorial by starting a Grand National Mutual Subscription Fund.

One subscriber drew attention to an illegal element in it, and as the police began to object, we altered the scheme to a competition in which we offered prizes for lists, in order of popularity, of Ellen Terry's rôles. The thing was going ahead, when the authorities again threatened proceedings, and the case came up before the Magistrate and the High Court. The end of it was that I was fined one shilling; and in spite of all the fuss I was able to hand over one thousand and twenty-two pound after the prizes were awarded. I was in Madeira at the time the objection was raised, so there was a good deal of cabling to be done.

At the 1932 anniversary we have seen perhaps the loveliest performance of all. I say perhaps, because it is difficult to say, when other years we have had Edith Evans, Sybil Thorndike, Violet Vanbrugh, Marcia van Dresser, Jean Sterling Mackinlay, the Russian actress, Olga Moussine-Pouchkine . . . and others too numerous to mention, all coming down from London eager to perform for her sake, and the sake of all that this Memorial stands for in the history of the theatre which they so gloriously serve.

It was a golden day without, and within the Barn there was a rich warm gloom.

Rushes were strewn on the floor before the Stage as in former days, and a clever manipulation of lights arranged by Edith Craig to flood the scenes in soft yellow kept the Barn in darkness during the play. In the *entr'actes* the great doors are opened and one

looks out over the gentle landscape into a world of poetry such as inspired the world's greatest playwright and which was so deeply loved by Ellen Terry.

There were scenes from "Twelfth Night." The artists included John Gielgud (a Terry descendant), Peggy Ashcroft, Margaretta Scott, Peggy Webster (daughter of those two fine artists Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster), Frank Vosper, Leslie French, and others.

Edith Craig of course produced it, with scenery designed and painted by Clare Atwood, and curtains and chairs that have seen Lyceum days. A flight of steps leads to the stage, which are cleverly used in certain scenes, the artists reclining there on cushions of effectively vivid colour.

The seating capacity is limited to 120, but I hope eventually to see an enlargement so that another fifty could be accommodated.

This annual performance is free, as Edy feels it should be a tribute from herself and her friends to her Mother's memory.

All is strangely perfect, unlike anything else, and typically English in the sweetest sense of the word. So was she adored by her entire audience from pit and stalls to gallery. All fell beneath that vibrant charm, that radiation of freshness and "temperate loveliness" of mood, now grave, now gay, now soft with tears. Sometimes a beloved buffoon, for no one loved clowning more than Ellen, at other times a Queen of tragedy and grief. She had heart-break and a grey mist in her voice, and that wistful something that lies in so many English eyes.

Her moods were spontaneous, ardent, mischievous. There was a delightful vagueness about her, a harmonious restlessness which is difficult to describe;

all who ever saw her can recall something uncapturable and unearthly. She was full of fun and warm sympathy. She had a gorgeous impetuosity when roused to indignation. There is a lovely story that she saw a fallen horse in the road, as she was passing, and a man maltreating it, trying to make it get up. Ellen flew out of her carriage, seeing the hopeless state of the poor beast—"Leave him alone, you brute, can't you see he's dying!" And, sitting on the road, she gently lifted the horse's head on to her knee, and held him till he died.

She was a marvellous critic, with impeccable taste and judgment. Those who would fully realize the many-sidedness of her brilliant heart and mind can find her most completely in her letters to Bernard Shaw, that exquisite correspondence between two understanding souls. An amazing unconsciousness flows through them all, her splendid enthusiasm, gay originality, her gorgeous humour; and in those letters readers will also realize the arduous life-struggle she had. How wise and kind and tolerant she was underneath her innate impatiences.

When they were about to appear I said to Elbridge Adams, the American Belles Lettres publisher: "You have got something absolutely unique, something that can never happen again."—"Why?" he said.—"Because," I replied, "firstly they wrote to each other all those years without ever having met, and secondly, no two people would in these days ever *write* at such length, they would ring each other up on the telephone and there would be no record of what had passed between them."

And here I should like to add that Mr. Shaw most generously handed over to me, as Hon. Treasurer of the Memorial Fund, the £2,000 he received from the book.

But to return to the "Twelfth Night" scenes of July, 1932. There will be many more such jewels to her memory, but few will rival this one. As the magic words, gentle cadences, the singing and laughter and the "gay buffoonery" which she, more than all others, appreciated fell on our ears in that old Barn, the whole audience seemed captured and held with a spell. Surely the immortal lines never sounded more sweetly, those unsurpassable love duets in verse were spoken with tender beauty by John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft. There was humour and nobility in Margaretta Scott's *Olivia*, and in the delicious happy gaiety of Peggy Webster's *Maria*. Everyone must have felt the spell of Ellen's presence there.

John Gielgud has the peculiar husky Terry quality of voice, the mobile lips, the movements of the hands; he has also the same adoration of the beauty of the lines. All who play on that stage feel compelled, by a special reverence and the joy of being there, to do their best for her to whom we all come to do homage, with gratitude for having known one who lifted us into realms of joy, beauty, and high romance.

At the end of this performance Laurence Alma-Tadema, who was ever a close friend and neighbour of E.T., read a paper that she had written for the occasion.

One was struck by her fine, sensitive face and voice, and her slightly foreign accent, as she read those sincere words of love and praise of the genius and loveableness of Ellen Terry. It was a fitting ending to a magic afternoon.

On a former evening (1931) Clemence Dane most eloquently spoke a similar epilogue.

As we went out into the sunset light, I seemed to

MEMORIES OF ELLEN TERRY

see a vision of Ellen pass, all smiles, before us up the garden, as Barrie saw George Meredith go laughing up the hill to meet his friends on the evening of his funeral.

Here are some of her letters to me :

THE FARM,
August 5th, 1908.

DARLING LADY M. :

A lovely Pony stares me in the face—says she's come from you ! I've never received a Pony—a whole Pony—before in my very long life, *and for the life of me I don't know how to say thank you ! !*

I could not write before. I can't write now for I do muddle things so in these days—an over-tired body frustrates my spirit. I hear you are coming over here to sing on Sunday. How lovely—Now if I could sing I'd *sing* you songs of what I mean and how I feel towards you for your perpetual kindness to me and mine.

“ *Words* were given us to conceal our thoughts.” Someone said that in print. I don't know who.

My love to you always,
Devotedly,
NELLEN.

THE FARM,
August 25th, 1908.

OH ! DEAREST LADY MAUD :

Am going to act shortly at the Coliseum for a month, and have arranged to meet all sorts of people on the evening of the 18th at the Scene Painter's Studio near Southwark, and shall be busy there off and on for nearly a week.

I can't alter the date unfortunately but I do

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

wonder if your concert could be 15th or 17th. Then I could come and help. It makes me *mad* to say "No" to you and I *must* see you, can't help myself!

I was intending a visit by Coster Cart and Bus to you one day this week but must wait upon the weather's pleasure and then try my luck at finding you in. The Coster Cart is having a new spring put in and it will be a swanky affair I assure you! I love it! I hope your trees have not been much damaged. In my little orchard it looks as if giants had been having a game of Marbles with my poor Apples! All over the place they have blown, some even rolling down the road!

With much affection,

Yours devotedly,

E. T.

215 KING'S ROAD,
CHELSEA, 1908.

SWEET LADY MAUD :

How kind of you to send me the birds. I have been ill and am recovering and pheasting on pheasants!

Thanks and thanks and—oh *don't* I wish you a happy lovely New Year, a New Year that will *go* with you! a year after your own pattern and shape. I wish you your heart's desire, and am truly yours,

ELLEN TERRY.

215 KING'S ROAD,
Christmas Day, 1911.

MY DEAR LADY MAUD :

How kind to remember me with charming words of greeting. Very many thanks. Eddy and Miss

MEMORIES OF ELLEN TERRY

St. John are with me to-day as "James" is play-acting in the Provinces, and I don't like to be alone at *Milestone* times! Edy tells me you have a Christmas tea-party on Saturday and that you have asked her to come and me too. Of course I will. Thanking you kindly.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ELLEN TERRY.

"I wish your Ladyship all heart's content."

ROYAL EXETER HOTEL,
BOURNEMOUTH, 1913.

DEAREST LADY MAUD :

You were kind and kind to think to send me the pretty card. I loved getting it from you. Thank you. I wish you the top of the wave in everything you do. Everything you wish in 1914. I do hope it is going to be a jolly year—and that you will *look always just as you do now!*

Always affectly yours,

E. T.

Morning, 1914!!!

SMALL HYTHE,
August 8th, 1913.

DEAR LADY MAUD :

I wonder whether you would sing a wee song at Rye on the 22nd for the benefit of — say *me*, please? for I have forgotten the name of the particular Charity for which I am going to act on that evening. If you would do this it would just be splendid!

Affectly yours,

ELLEN TERRY.

MY FIRST SIXTY YEARS

YEW TREE COT,
SMALL HYTHE,
April 7th, 1916.

SWEET BEAUTIFUL LADY:

Of course—if I'm not far far away—I will turn up at Winchelsea on Bank Holiday and do my d——d worst!! I have been starting each day the last two weeks for Rye, but got no further than Norman's¹ Hill, and now I'll try again to-morrow. I feel so mighty blind and cannot see to write. Must return to Town Tuesday to collect Falstaff and sich-like trash for my tour which begins 29th this month (first showing at Shakespeare Hut, Gower Street on the 20th).

Never, never shall I forget that performance² your sister, Lady Mildred took me to. The Roman scenes by the wee boys. They were to come to the Hut on the 20th and now cannot. I suppose all the more I must be there. Are you doing something for them?

I've had a blissful ten days here doing nothing (but read) *thinking nothing* except how wonderfully lovely the blessed fields look in all lights. I *love* grey days, the softness of grey-green.

My love to you, Ma'am,
ELLEN.

SMALL HYTHE,
Sept., 1917.

YOU DARLING LADY MAUD:

I have been feeling so very queerly lately and so you will forgive me I'm sure when I tell you I cannot recollect whether or no I wrote to thank

¹ Norman Forbes-Robertson.

² A performance of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" by the choir boys of All Saints', Margaret Street.

MEMORIES OF ELLEN TERRY

you for your dear thought of me and my eyes, and for telling me to get those *specs* (from you) in Bond Street. I had to leave London at once and have put off going to the spectacle shop for awhile—but did I, I wonder, write and thank you for your *angelicalness*!?

I do thank you *now*. What a woman you *are*!—and your singing—every time I hear it grows and grows in beauty. The Claudel Play!¹ and then at Winchelsea!! My Stars! You *can sing*!

Ever devotedly yours,

E. T.

“Excuse this scrawl. I’m devoured by Rheumatism.”

THE FARM,

SMALL HYTHE,

DEAREST LADY MAUD :

July 30th.

I think of going over to Winchelsea on Sunday, the day before the Concert,² for if it chances to be a hot Monday I’d likely enough to be flattened out like a pancake in driving over from this place and laid low by a blinding headache! (The heat pulverizes me.) Edy is obliged to go up to London to-morrow and so, no Winchelsea Concert for her! She read me the play she produces for Mr. ——. “My Word!!” as they say in the Classics. I pray you are well and lovely as usual and am

Always affectionately and gratefully yours,

ELLEN TERRY.

¹ Claudel’s Play “The Tidings brought to Mary” in which I sang “Salve Regina”—unaccompanied Plain Chant—in the Pioneer Players production.—M.W.

² One of the concerts arranged by Miss Beatrice Beddington in her garden at Winchelsea.

CHAPTER TWELVE

MUSIC IN ENGLAND

IT has always been a source of grief to music lovers, in spite of our unequalled, but all too brief, seasons of Grand Opera at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the excellent touring companies such as the British Opera Co., Carl Rosa, Moody Manners, and the performances at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, that we have no subsidized opera, especially in London.

The arguments against it are well known, too frequent in letters, articles, lectures, etc., to dwell upon here. They make one despair, because they stress only one side of the question, and are apparently ignorant of the true reasons that enable infinitely poorer countries than ours, and certainly no more musical, to keep opera going in their capitals and smaller towns for many months of the year, to hold Festivals in the summer, and sustain orchestras as well as a subsidized playhouse, whilst they totter on the verge of bankruptcy, pass through revolutions and wars, and have food and unemployment problems greater than we realize.

Why is this? How is it that Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Munich, Rome, and the smaller towns—Frankfort, Mainz, Wiesbaden, Mannheim, Düsseldorf, Dessau and many others with populations of less than a million can support their opera houses through Europe's most difficult years? Are they more musical? No, certainly not in appreciation.

London is the Mecca of every artist, not only because of the larger fees, but because of the enthusiasm of the audiences ; and there is no gainsaying that the summer festivals in Germany and Austria would be far less successful without the English and Americans who have flocked to them ever since their inception.

What is it then? One reason I think is that we will not recognize that all art *must be run at a loss*, as are all opera houses and symphonic orchestras. They must be, save in exceptional cases. I have never heard of financial successes in this line. Bayreuth? I wonder . . . Packed houses? Yes, the Festivals are crowded, sold out months in advance ; but the expenses are so enormous that they cannot possibly pay. If this does not deter the foreigner, why should *we* be discouraged? Meanwhile, pay or not, we shall never attain any objective, be it art or economic improvement, overcome the problems of unemployment, etc., or accomplish any task in life if we only stress the difficulties and count the factors against a scheme. Why not count the assets, the things that can and *have* made possible such ideals elsewhere.

What other countries achieve we can do just as well, if not better. If there had been no vision in the past we should have no British Museum, no Victoria and Albert Museum, no National or Tate Galleries, no Promenade Concerts, no Philharmonic Society ; yet how few know or even ask how these great institutions are kept up. Every non-commercial and non-paying venture must surmount apparently unsurmountable obstacles. It is not merely a question of private financial help or the need of Government subsidy. It is the great need of optimistic organization, plus

the conviction that Music, in concert and opera, is a national need, educational and health-giving, one that must be supplied at any cost, to be encouraged in taste and use, in order that the desire for it shall not die or remain undeveloped, and that the hunger of those who cannot afford our brief seasons and the expense of music-going abroad shall be appeased.

English people have always rushed to Bayreuth, not only the rich, but those with small incomes who have saved up to satisfy this hunger. I know of many such who have made sacrifices in order to enjoy a winter in Munich or Dresden, or a summer festival in Bayreuth or Salzburg.

The increasing number of wireless listeners are all potential opera-goers, they pack the cheap accommodation of the Promenade Concerts and Covent Garden Opera. We do not put enough trust in the taste of a people who from the soil upward have produced a wealth of the most poetic folk-music in song and dance in the world. Chamber Music and Choral singing originally came from England.

Look at our Festivals—Worcester, Leeds, Birmingham, the Three Choirs, the Handel Festivals, the Choral Festivals, Eisteddfods and Competitions in every county. They are crowded. There is the irresistible urge, the insatiable hunger. For the Bach concerts hundreds are turned away.

Moreover we have the artists—singers, conductors, splendid orchestral players, and theatrical producers. All through my long career as singer and listener I have marvelled at the increasing and growing supply of lovely voices and fine artists.

Surely we must organize for these, as well as for a thirsting public, the means to perform and to receive. Our Colleges of Music turn out thousands of well

trained, gifted musicians, our choral societies are world famed for their mellow tone and superlative quality : there are no choruses to compare with them.

Regarding opera in English, I recall a production at Golder's Green theatre in 1930, of the "Fledermaus," with an all-English cast, under Barbirolli's brilliant bâton, a packed, attentive and enthusiastic house, a performance which was far and away the best I had ever heard.

Why should we not have opera houses in our principal towns ? As to London, George Bernard Shaw's dream was Richmond Hill ; mine has always been a National Theatre in Green Park, between Piccadilly and Buckingham Palace (the gates are already there for a road to lead up to it), near to the Palace, where it should be, as in Germany and Austria, and other countries. A house that could hold 5,000 people at *popular prices*, where we could have a continuous opera season as an organized gift to the people.

Is it not absurd and calamitous that our great London should be behind Rome, for instance ? Last winter I was there and I heard a splendid performance of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." The large house was well filled at reasonable prices, the artists were excellent and the chorus magnificent. We know how Italy has revived and improved beyond words under Mussolini, but we know also that she is poor, and burdened with external and internal debt, and heavy taxation. Life is a struggle, as it is here. Nevertheless she has achieved her permanent opera in Rome and Milan. When we compare her resources and population with our own, it is heart-breaking.

That we shall achieve this some day I feel sure, but I would like to add my hope and prayer to the many voices that plead.

The record of truly magnificent performances at Covent Garden is a great one.

In the days of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who really enjoyed opera, their regular attendance was a great help and encouragement to the management and performers. Covent Garden was then a great sight, and a rendezvous of Society. Having a box was a delightful way of entertaining one's friends. The Gala nights, though made up of scraps, and therefore not great musical events, were unforgettably impressive, and worthy of the prestige of Great Britain.

It is useless to say that our public would not attend opera performances; they are as eager as anywhere else in the world.

One branch of our musicians, made up of executants taken from the less educated class, are the military bands. Kneller Hall is a splendid institution, where these men are trained and turned out as admirable executants. I went there a few years ago with Ethel Smyth, when Colonel Somerville was in command, and I was enormously impressed by the way they performed one of her works.

Now, supposing the public did not always pack the house—neither do they abroad. I have seen comparatively empty houses in foreign towns, very poor performances, with mediocre singers, moderate orchestras and conductors, bad choruses, and poor scenery and costumes. We have made such a fetish of opera "abroad" that we blind ourselves to its many shortcomings. But we must bow to them in this respect, that they do organize and keep the thing going, in spite of difficulties.

Ours must not be an experimental effort, to flare up in sudden and overlavish glory, and then die, with

a loss of large sums of money and a fresh crop of arguments of despair and pessimism. So often this has been the result of merely commercial adventure.

Other countries have proved that their Music does not depend upon a particular form of Government, nor upon Monarchies or endowments from Emperors in times of great national prosperity. They have carried on through changes and terrible experiments, as for example in Russia, Germany and Austria.

How is it done? Does it pay? No. I believe that opera and ballet in Russia is almost given to the people.

There is no opera anywhere that *pays*, and no orchestra. There is always a deficit. Four of the richest in the world,—the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston Symphony Orchestras are backed by millions of dollars and they all end their seasons with deficits. In spite of this, almost every town in America has its orchestra: Detroit, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco, etc.

And yet their system of private subscription and private backing is not altogether satisfactory, for when financial calamities happen and individual fortunes vanish, such help must cease. There should be a better system that can weather the shocks that from time to time undermine our "belligerent old world."

When Music becomes an integral part of life, an accepted fact like the Churches, Hospitals, Schools and Museums, the people will accept it, and the Government will look upon it as a duty to provide it for them.

The ordinary citizen in Mannheim, Hamburg or Dresden cannot always afford to *abonner*; but for Music lovers the opera is always there, even if the house is

not crowded every night. We judge these foreign towns from what we see during their Festivals, and we come home full of ecstasy for everything over there, and full of belittlement of our own country. Go there in their ordinary seasons and see the empty seats and the second-rate performances, poor, compared with our standards.

We cannot judge Germany by the Covent Garden season. The artists we gather together for the "Ring" are engaged from a dozen of their Opera Houses, and if you wanted to hear them, apart from Festival times, you would have to travel all over the country. We visualize continuous performances of collected Stars; whereas, in reality, you may hear one fine singer and the rest of the company just average routine artists who would never be engaged at Covent Garden.

Therefore, if we wish to have National Opera for the people, we cannot expect Star casts all the time, and we must study the scheme that makes it possible to run less ambitious and permanent productions, productions, however, which could be as fine as anywhere in the world, possessing, as we do, a quality of voice and of musical taste second to none.

The extraordinarily long runs of the "Beggar's Opera" and the "Immortal Hour," the perfection in every way, vocal, dramatic, and artistic of those performances, have shown what can be done. They were impeccable, and to our everlasting glory.

There must be cheap seats, normal salaries, a comfortable living wage, increasing with the artist's growth of value, as in the contracts abroad; and steady rehearsals. These wisely arranged contracts protect both artists and management, and there is an unchanging subsidy from the Government which, of

course, comes from taxation. *There* is the secret, and the source of their stability. We may be heavily burdened directly and indirectly by taxation—we are—but how few ask how the money goes. We know it provides us with security, education, museums, etc. We know that fantastic sums have been spent on making such wonderful roads that motorists can get up to enormous speed and go out and kill each other whenever they feel inclined. If a small portion of these taxes were taken to build and uphold our National Theatre no one would question the idea, except the few who always try to obstruct any innovation. The taxpayers would I think view with joy and pride this “beautiful necessity,” a National Theatre, as a result—not of increased taxation—but of the use of a portion of what they give.

It would bring relaxation and the same civic pride that is felt by Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester in their orchestras.

We shall never do it by trying to *raise* money. This will always result in failure, as in the past. Mr. Clynes, during his term of office, held a meeting in Downing Street at which I was present, and he also spoke at the Central Hall upon the subject, suggesting that part of the Entertainment Tax should be assigned for the purpose, so that some of the millions drawn from entertainments should be restored to the people in this way, and suffice to supply the need.

On the tax papers abroad there was a specification of what the money provided. Among the clauses there was *Kunst und Wissenschaft* (Art and Science). It was accepted as a matter of course.

We have the singers. Their number is great, many of them incomparable artists—Florence Austral, Florence Easton, Maggie Teyte, Eva Turner, Stiles Allen,

Isabel Baillie, Astra Desmond, Joan Coxon, Dorothy Silk, and a host of others, Walter Widdup, Keith Faulkner, Harold Williams, Denis Noble, Johnston Douglas, Frank Titterton, John Goss, etc.; and as for conductors, who so rich as we are to-day with Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood, Albert Coates, Sir Hamilton Harty, Eugene Goossens, Sir Landon Ronald, Malcolm Sargent, Constant Lambert, and Barbirolli?

We could receive artists from America as they do from us. We can supply splendid choruses. The rest of the companies could be made up, as abroad, of beginners.

We could organize a system of pensions for artists as our foreign neighbours do. It is a good system, made possible by the monthly payment out of their salaries to this fund, as well as a sick fund. If they leave an opera house before five years are completed, some of it is returned. But for every artist who stays ten years there is a pension. This gives a sense of security to all; principals, chorus, and ballet. They can accept more normal salaries than singers at present demand for their insecure and fluctuating careers in England and America.

With regard to American singers, we could engage their best, thereby avoiding the present loss of opportunity of hearing them. We never heard Geraldine Farrar often enough in her prime: that beautiful rich voice and unique dramatic talent; neither did we hear Mary Garden, one of the most interesting artists of her day, and British born. Her singing was brilliant and magnetic, and her acting was remarkable for genius and originality. Her *Mélisande* was lovely, her *Jongleur*, *Louise*, and a very individual *Carmen* placed her in the first rank. It is distressing, that owing to our limited

seasons and maybe to personal influence and alas! insurmountable jealousies, we suffered such losses. With subsidized opera in London and other towns this could be avoided, and we should not lose some of our own talent which vanishes to Vienna (e.g. Piccaver), to Cincinnati, Detroit or San Francisco, where it finds employment. Surely they would rather stay here, and keep the Flag flying over our own National Opera, if they could be busy and well paid.

There would be employment for thousands, orchestral players, coaches, costumiers, scene shifters, electricians, and others.

It is sometimes said that our singers cannot act. Many operatic singers cannot act. Terninas, de Reszkes, Van Dycks, Chaliapins, Saltzmann Stevens, Maggie Teytes are not produced every day. Few of them can act at the beginning of their careers. The famous and marvellous Destinn was dismissed from the Royal Opera in Dresden after a year, for lack of talent. It was only after years of hard work that Frau Cosima Wagner eventually recognized her powers and gave her the chance of singing *Senta* at Bayreuth, after which she became world famous.

I have seen pretty bad *highly paid* exhibitions of acting and singing at Covent Garden, swallowed by the public because the so-called artist bore a foreign name.

Well, one's hopes are infinite. Much has been written on this subject with vigorous enthusiasm by Ethel Smyth and the brilliant Bernard Shaw. They did so long ago, without, so far as they could see, any result. But I consider that their ardour *has* borne fruit, in the way of lifting our standards and understanding in these forty years since Shaw wrote for *The World* those trenchant criticisms and pleas for

better things. The young people of to-day are becoming more and more music-minded, helped by the gramophone records. Greater numbers are becoming amateurs, that is, lovers of music; and after all it is the "blasted amateur" who swells the audiences. One hopes that some of these will find their way into Parliament, where hitherto there have been no advocates of our musical needs.

There's the rub! Without a Ministry of Fine Arts, or music-minded legislators, how difficult to get anything done. Perhaps the small and utterly inadequate sum of £17,000 voted quite lately, thanks to the influence of Lady Snowden, is a harbinger of better things to come. Youth is freeing itself from old prejudices and bigotries. Let them insist upon having a suitable stage for their musical output.

We are at present the richest country in composers. A fine list—Gustav Holst, Vaughan Williams, Ethel Smyth, John Ireland, Arthur Bliss, Arnold Bax, Delius, Edward Elgar, Constant Lambert, Herbert Hughes, William Walton, Cyril Scott, Armstrong Gibbs, Rutland Boughton, Walford Davies, Martin Shaw, Roger Quilter, and Peter Warlock; and one feels that beautiful operatic works might have sprung from the fertile imaginings of Elgar, Bax, Holst and others, if we had had the National Temple to inspire them and the means to produce them.

Let us cease once and for all dubbing the British public as unmusical. It is as unjust as it is foolish. What about those patient, ardent throngs who crowd into Queen's Hall all through the hot summer nights, in such heat waves as we had in 1932, to listen to the splendid programmes of the Promenade Concerts, the singers and pianists and violinists nearly all English. They bravely stand for hours to gratify their thirst

for Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, and the British composers, under the untiring and enthusiastic bâton of Sir Henry Wood, who has done such superb work for England all these years.

These audiences are unique. Their roars of applause make themselves heard all the world over, thanks to the British Broadcasting Corporation, to which we owe the continuation and excellence of these concerts.

All we need is wise and economic organization, without which no beauty for the people is possible.

If I have over-elaborated this subject, my excuse must be that it lies close to my heart, and that in this book I have an opportunity of inscribing my vision, my plea for sensible and practicable policy, and my grateful tribute to the everlasting glory of British musical genius.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ITALIAN DAYS

IN 1929 I spent a very interesting winter in Florence, in a charming apartment in the Via Regina Elena, where I found a Music room and three of the proverbially angelic Italian servants. Florence is ever lovely ; with each return visit one's delight is renewed in the beauty and riches of her pictures, churches and architecture.

Besides the orchestral concerts under Gue, a pupil of Toscanini, the orchestra having been recently inaugurated owing to the energetic help of Mrs. Tuttle, we had a great deal of music in my rooms, as well as in the large studio where Violet Oakley and Edith Emerson were living, in the house supposed to have been occupied by Saint Catherine of Siena, and where Miss Oakley was painting her huge triptych of "Moses," for a church in Philadelphia. She was also painting a portrait of Queen Sophie, ex-Queen of Greece, a sister of the Kaiser, whom I used to meet very often at Maresfield, when the Münsters lived there before the War.

She was showing portraits of the leading men and women of all nations, which she had painted in Geneva during the Peace Conference.

Madame Maraini, who has a villa on one of the hills, from which she has a lovely view of the roofs and domes of Florence, arranged a meeting at the British Institute for the Ellen Terry Memorial Fund.

She is better known as Yoi Buckley, and is now the wife of Signor Maraini, the famous Italian sculptor who has made some of the finest War Memorials in Italy, and whose magnificent bronze doors at San Paolo fuori le Mura in Rome are considered the finest of their kind since Ghiberti.

At this meeting I sang a group of Shakespeare's songs, accompanied by Margaret Vincent, who was staying with me in Florence and who is a neighbour of mine at Rye, and I talked about the Memorial to the English colony. Mr. Reginald Temple was amongst them, that fine artist whose "Vernis Martin" boxes are so famous. He has made several for Queen Mary.

My friend Gertrude Norman, another of my guests that winter, in her characteristically clever and enthusiastic way, contributed a paper, which charmed everyone, in which she recalled her days at the Lyceum with Ellen Terry and Henry Irving, where she appeared in her early years in "King Arthur" and "Richard the Third."

She gave us a vivid picture of those great days of English drama, perhaps the greatest, as regards romantic and poetic productions. She had known the radiancy of Ellen, and has retained not only a lasting memory of those happy years, but an undying love and reverence for the two great personalities who had been so kind and gracious to the little actress in her days of probation. She ended her reading with those appropriate lines :

"I cannot add one tendril to your days,
But I may stand amongst the household throng,
Upholding for sweet honour of the land,
Your crown of days."

So is our beloved Ellen Terry honoured in all countries, and whenever we have the opportunity we endeavour to keep alive the flame of her genius and lovable memory, by telling everyone of the beautiful pilgrimage they can make to her living monument at Small Hythe.

Five months in Alassio in 1932 gave me one of the most delightful winters I can recall. The place is adorable; peculiarly unspoilt. Its sea-front remains untouched, where the fishermen land their boats; four miles of sandy beach and old Italian houses; a few hotels overlooking the sea, backed by a narrow street, very clean and cheerful, with delightful shops.

There are two excellent lending libraries, an English Church, and up the hill many villas with gardens, orange and lemon groves and rose trees. There is a certain atmosphere of peace about Alassio. It is typically Italian; one meets mendicant friars, cheerful, smiling peasants with their donkeys; there are convents and beautiful old churches; little villages dotted about the hills, and the clang of church bells. The villa I took for the winter from Dr. Boon has a lovely view of the little town and Cathedral, and the blue bay beyond.

We were lucky enough to find in San Remo a superb accompanist—Vera Clementz, a Russian. The story of her life as a pianist before the War, during the War and the Revolution, her departure—having lost everything, even her precious music—and the gallant re-building of her life as a teacher and pianist at San Remo, would make a revealing history which some day I hope she will write. She was a great joy to us, not only in her sympathetic accompaniments, but also in her solo playing, for she belongs to the magic world

of true music lovers, and no matter where she goes or what she endures, this possession can never leave her.

She first played for Marcia van Dresser at the British Music Club Concerts, one of a series organized every winter by Mr. Napier Miles, the composer, and others. Lady Shee played the violin, accompanied by her husband, Sir George Shee, who is well known for his work for the Lifeboat Fund. Lady Shee was in Sir Henry Wood's orchestra for some years, before she married. The hall was packed. Realizing that in Alassio we had struck a music-loving colony, I was inspired to arrange two concerts; one for the poor Italians, whose need was very great, owing to there being so few English tourists—after the crisis that overtook us in August—and the fall of the pound sterling, due to the extravagance of the Government.

This concert I gave in the Cinema Theatre which was lent by the warm-hearted managers; the Podestà (Mayor) whom I approached through Count Galeani, who is the guide and friend of all who come to Alassio, was delighted to come and support me. And he plastered the town with this poster (*see next page*).

The English colony occupied the boxes; the prices for admission were practically nothing, and in the interval Italian and English girls took round hats for a collection. I was able to hand over several thousand lire.

The Podestà made a most eulogistic speech about England and the English; and then I made one, first in Italian and then in English, to appeal for my collection. The burst of applause when I said, "*Mi piace tanto Alassio!*" was lovely. All my friends from the shops were there; the carozze drivers—one especially, "Joseph," who had been driving Muriel Foster (the famous singer) for some weeks. I had

sung the Easter Hymn, and the next morning he dashed up to me in the Piazza, shouting, "Bravo! bravo! Signora. Alleluia!"

I shall never forget the touching sight of a figure at the end of the Hall, who sat enraptured all through the music. An old beggar he was, who lived, I discovered, under a villa, the arches of which had been boarded in for him. It is strange how little the Italians seem to feel the cold, and it *can* be cold in Liguria! They lie in the sun, beg for food, and appear to lead a cheerful existence. This old man goes to the cinemas and concerts whenever he can scrape enough *soldi* together.

CITTÀ DI ALASSIO

Il giorno 30 corr. alle ore 21 al
CINEMA TEATRO COLOMBO

gratuitamente messo a disposizione dai proprietari avrà
luogo un grandioso CONCERTO per iniziativa della

GENTIL LADY MAUD WARRENDER

per assistenza ai POVERI DI ALASSIO

Non solo tutti i cittadini devono accorrere al gentile invito per compiere opera altamente benefica compresa fra le alte finalità del Regime, ma per testimoniare anche tutto il loro vivo interessamento e gratitudine alla benemerita nostra ospite.

ARTISTI

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---|---|----------------|
| 1. Marcia Van Dresser | . | . | Mezzo Soprano |
| 2. Una Bates | . | . | Soprano |
| 3. Lady Maud Warrender | . | . | Contralto |
| 4. Lady Shee | . | . | Violinista |
| 5. Sir George Shee | . | . | Accompagnatore |
| 6. Siederà al piano la Sig.na | . | . | Vera Clementz |

My recital in the English Church was equally successful. By a happy coincidence our well-known *Times* music critic, Henry Colles, was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Napier Miles. He is an adept at the organ. He nobly joined our forces and played some solos, besides accompanying Lady Shee, Marcia van Dresser, Mr. Wadleigh and myself.

Marcia, whose long and successful career as an opera singer in Germany before the War, and later in America in opera and concerts, is well known, has lived in England since her first recital on June 11th, 1920, and has always been ready to give of her finished art and lovely voice to help the cause of Charity. Her repertory of German Lieder is unequalled.

This concert in the church I specially liked. Singing with organ in churches has always appealed to me, and in my long career I have collected a wealth of suitable music, not only the classics from oratorios, Bach, Mozart, and modern masterpieces by Elgar, Holst, etc. ; I love to adapt fitting words to melodies that ask to be sung in church, such as "Bois Epais" (Lully) and Handel's Largo.

On this occasion I sang "He shall feed" (*Messiah*), Parry's "Jerusalem," and Mozart's "Ave Verum." Parry's magnificent tune, if taken not too slowly, is one of the most uplifting and inspiriting of compositions, with the addition of William Blake's gorgeous words.

The next morning I was hailed by an enthusiastic listener.

"Oh, Lady Maud, I must thank you for your singing of 'He shall feed His flock,' and 'Gently lead those that are with young.' You see, so many of us are Grannies, with daughters and sons-in-law, and so

many of us are busy, knitting little things for those that are with young!"

To be able to render these things is one's way of rejoicing and praising God for all the loveliness and joy of life. It is the form of worship that makes the singer glad, as nothing else can.

The other day, one September Sunday in 1932, I sang in a wonderful old twelfth-century church in the heart of Romney Marsh, New Church its name, near St. Mary's-on-the-Marsh and Ivychurch—all well worth seeing.

It was a unique experience. A shepherd played his fiddle to lead the choir and congregation, consisting mostly of the shepherds and farmers of this small parish. Outside, the sheep were grazing, and the sunset through the west window flooded the Sanctuary, lighting the Cross on the Altar, so that it seemed to be aflame with its own inward light.

Such is the atmosphere in which I love to sing. A calm delight seems to sustain me, as if the wings of Music were carrying me onward and upward in this joyful duty in which I have always delighted. If my hearers all the world over, have felt even a small part of the joy it has been to me to take my part in what is perhaps God's greatest gift to mankind—Music—then I am well repaid for the happy labour of love during the forty years of my musical life.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

IN "THE FLOWER GARDEN OF THE ATLANTIC"

DURING the winter of 1930 I spent eleven weeks in Madeira, so poetically named "The Flower Garden of the Atlantic."

Having intended to remain there a month or so, we found the spell of the island so great that we lingered on. It started with an enchanting sea trip in the *Asturias*, calling at Vigo and at Lisbon, where we spent several hours, seeing the lovely Cathedral and climbing up a perilous hill to visit my friends the Lindleys, Sir Francis being at the Legation at that time.

Travellers who have passed through these sunny seas and ports know the beauty of their harbours, and have seen how, in a few moments, the decks are hung with embroideries and gaily coloured shawls, by the vendors who climb up the sides of the ship to sell their fascinating wares.

The approach to Madeira is one of extraordinary beauty. As one nears the towering island and harbour, with Funchal and its red roofs nestling beneath the mountain, one experiences a thrill of wonder at the sheer loveliness of the spot.

One is met by a motor-launch and friendly Portuguese porters and taken to the steps of Reid's Palace Hotel-landing, past the ancient fort of Loo; and then one climbs through a garden where every kind of

flower blazes in a splendour of colour and vegetation, and where the island canaries warble all day long.

Madeira has all the tropical beauty of Florida and the Bahamas, with the added glory of majestic scenery. She is the perfect island. A paradise of great mountains and cliffs that tower above that sea so brilliant and so blue; of a wealth of flowers, and endless excursions up country, where giant peaks rise from woods of fine trees, and flower-laden valleys rich with masses of great arum lilies, pink and white camellias, violets, and avenues of mimosa and fuchsia.

Truly a Mecca for garden lovers, who should read that charming book on "The Flowers and Gardens of Madeira," by Florence Du Cane, with Ella Du Cane's illustrations. Also Thomas Stanford's "Leaves from a Madeira Garden," or "Things seen in Madeira," by Miss Hutcheon, F.R.G.S. Having read these they will long to set sail immediately for this "purple Island of Pliny's," to revel in the radiant colour of purple, scarlet and magenta bougainvillæa that rampages over every wall; wistaria in showers; the blue jackaranda trees and the Pride of Madeira; flaming bignonia and streptosolan—an intoxicating orgy of loveliness.

The history of Madeira is full of romance and legend. The names of her little towns—Machico, Santa Cruz, Funchal—the capital since the fifteenth century, from *Funchio*, the fennel which grew there in abundance; Formosa, or beautiful shore; Camara de Lobes, or wolves' lair; the Island of Porto Santo, where Christopher Columbus lived, all these recall her story. Machico is named after Robert à Machin, an Englishman who is supposed to have re-discovered the island in the reign of Edward the Third, when he fled with Anne, the lovely daughter of the Earl of

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Dorset. They were wrecked on the coast, lived in the island and, after great sufferings, died and were buried at the spot now called Machico, where a church was built to commemorate their story.

We went there to luncheon with Mrs. Garton, in her wonderful old Fort high up on the rocks. Afterwards she took us in one of Madeira's fine fishing boats, gaily coloured and capacious, to see the fossil beds. Mrs. Garton is one of the leading spirits of the place, and through her enthusiasm for everything Madeiran she has gathered a lovely little band from the working men of the villages, who play on guitars and native instruments the old Portuguese folk-tunes peculiar to the island.

One evening I invited all the people whose acquaintance I had made, to come to Reid's Hotel, to hear these musicians play and sing to us on the veranda overlooking the moonlit bay and garden, after which, during supper, I sang a few songs, accompanied by the hotel band.

Lord and Lady Ullswater, who have spent many winters in Madeira and had taken a lovely villa, and Alice Keppel¹ who was staying with them, were among my guests.

Madeira has several times been under British protection, many English families having established themselves there since the eighteenth century. They practically controlled the wine and sugar trade, built themselves comfortable houses, which they furnished with fine old silver and Chippendale furniture, made their gardens, and established colonies up in the mountains for cool retreats in the summer.

The names of Cossart and Gordon, Blandy, Hinton and Power are bound up in the history and develop-

¹ Hon. Mrs. George Keppel.

ment of Madeira. One of the most attractive houses is owned by Mrs. Cossart, who, although she is over eighty, is still an intrepid climber,—no trail or mountain pass is unknown to her—a deep-sea fisher, an enthusiastic gardener and a delightful hostess.

In the Cossart wine depôts I have tasted the nectar of Madeira, "Crown Bual," made when Napoleon was still alive, and found it truly delectable.

The Holy Week and Easter services in the blue and gold Cathedral are colourful memories, especially the Chapel of the Altar of Repose, which on Holy Thursday was decked from floor to roof, some ninety foot, with masses of white arum lilies, surrounding a huge Cross of purple and white wistaria, with hangings of crimson brocatelle on the walls. It was the finest wealth of flowers I have ever seen, added to which there were hundreds of candles flaming among them. The congregation too was like a flower show; the peasant women wearing orange, purple, yellow and blue scarves on their heads, and completing this vision of amazing beauty.

I recall a delightful picnic to the great cliff that can be seen from Funchal, on the farthest point of which stands one of the most impressive statues in the world, a colossal figure of the Christ, facing seawards with arms outstretched, mighty and protecting. It can be seen for miles from the sea, and is indescribably inspiring.

Also an excursion to the beautiful Church of the Monte, two thousand feet above Funchal. There are sixty-eight broad steps leading to this church, which was built in 1470 and dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption. A lovely figure of the Madonna stands between the towers, looking down on the little town.

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The market blazes with flowers and fruit, flaming fish, green parrots and canaries. And everywhere the blessed sun, creating a beautiful, happy atmosphere—that sun that rises magnificently over the mysterious islands, the Desertas.

One longs to revisit this fair spot, where the days are dazzling, and the nights of stars and festoons of harbour lights bring fragrance and peace.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

ENCHANTMENTS OF LIFE

FASHIONS in games come and go. Croquet, Lacrosse, Ping-Pong, etc., all have their day. Archery, which at one time was the recognized sport, when Archery meetings took place everywhere, lapsed from favour after Victorian days, as already I have recorded. It is coming back gradually. There are now about thirty Archery Clubs in the United Kingdom.

The Royal Toxophilite Society meets every week in London from April to October.

The art of Archery possesses endless excellences, not only as an amusement, for it expands the chest and strengthens the arms, and the open-airness of it invigorates the whole system. It is indeed a delightful sport, immensely bracing, apt to vary in its results from day to day. It affords plenty of exercise, it trains the body in balance and poise, and the eye to quickness, while the left arm must be steady as a rock. The fact that one can shoot from the age of eight to eighty makes it worth while.

There is also the delight of the practice-round in one's garden, with the thrill of counting the score at each "end," especially when there are arrows that have found the "gold."

The Grand National Meeting which takes place every summer lasts three days. The Championship, which is contested with keen competition, is most enjoyable.

I like the Archers' slogan :

Stout arm, strong bow, and steady eye ;
Union, true heart, and courtesie.

As I was born in the latter half of December, when the sun rises in the House of Sagittarius, it was natural, I suppose, that I should take to the bow and arrow and enjoy it as I do.

While I was staying with my sister, Violet Mar and Kellie at Alloa, that most hospitable of houses in Scotland, I played a Bow-and-Arrow-versus-Golf-Ball match at Gleneagles, against Colonel Cyril Foley and the Professional. In this case, where the arrow finished on the green I put down a ball and used my putter. It was an exciting and interesting match. The greens were new to me, as it was my first round on that superb "King's" course. Against Cyril Foley I was successful by 5 and 4, but the "Pro" defeated me by 3 and 1.

At the first hole, they made their first tee shot, and I shot my first arrow about half-way to the hole, where there was a foursome on the green. Cyril said, "Go on. Shoot. Your second won't get there." "It may not," I said, "but it might, and I'm not going to risk killing one of those people with an arrow." So after waiting until they had left the green, I let fly, landing a lovely shot close to the hole, which shows that you mustn't take any risks in Archery Golf.

It is a delightful sport, with a 50 lb. bow and a light arrow for driving, and a 30 lb. bow for approach shots.

The caddie at Gleneagles, who carried my tackle, was immensely interested in the match ; likewise the other players on the links, who had never seen a contest of this kind.

The delight of watching the playing of games must certainly be included among the enchantments of life. Polo, swimming, *pelota* (the swiftest ball game in the world) in Spain and Cuba, golf, cricket, lawn tennis, etc. Many happy hours have been spent in looking on while the finest exponents of these sports have fought their battles. I was with Cyril Foley at the Oval in 1894 when we witnessed "one of the most thrilling cricket finishes of modern times"—the tie between Surrey and Lancashire. Lancashire took the innings and the fortunes of the game veered first to one side and then the other, but when the last man came in the scores were equal. There was an anxious consultation between the two batsmen, and it was evidently decided that the striker should hit at the ball, and that, unless he was bowled, a run should be attempted, as the wicket-keeper was standing far back to Lockwood.

"The bowler came tearing down the pitch in his most terrifying manner, the batsman lunged at the ball and apparently missed it. There was a great shout of 'How's that?' from the wicket-keeper—and the game was over!" Cyril Foley's excitement was intense.

Having been a member of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club at Wimbledon for about thirty years, I have had the annual thrill of watching the Championships, and seeing the enormous growth of interest in the game which led to the building of the new Wimbledon to accommodate the thousands who now clamour for seats. As a test of endurance there is nothing to equal lawn tennis as it is now played, and I look forward eagerly each year to those exciting days in June.

During these sixty years the sum of inventions

for one's comfort and amusement has been truly wonderful.

Electric light, motor-cars and motor-omnibuses, gramophones, flying machines, mowing machines, wireless, frigidaire, telephones, radiators, moving pictures, hand cameras, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, electric fans, irons, kettles and washing machines, cream separators, fountain pens, typewriters, pianolas, fire extinguishers, X-rays, radium, antiseptics, television, artificial silk, the permanent wave (God bless them !), the hot-water bottle (ditto), the Zip fastener, the expanding suitcase, lifts, geysers, cold storage, pneumatic tyres, rubber-covered golf balls, petrol lighters, safety razors, clinical thermometers, freezing machines, the linotype, safety curtains and asbestos for theatres, rocket life-lines, the starting-gate on race-courses, the totalisator, celluloid, and the tarred roads—which eliminate the appalling dust made by motor-cars.

I remember the first little gramophone, about nine inches square, that was put on the market. I promptly bought one ; it gave a scratchy performance, but it was a marvel and amazed everyone.

The first electric motor coupés made by Singer were a delight. They were noiseless and smooth running, and the only horseless machines that were allowed inside Hyde Park in those days ; their range being only about fifteen miles without recharging the batteries made their use a limited one.

Then came the first wireless ; the astounding wonder of hearing the reproduction of distant sounds that could be enjoyed in the comfort of one's own house. The cost of the early ones was tremendous. In these days wireless instruments are within reach of everyone's pocket, and what a solace they are to those who live away from musical centres ; to the blind who, thanks

to the Fund for providing them free of cost to blind people, all have their sets ; and to the hospital patients who can use their earphones whenever they feel inclined.

And what an education to the people who love music and wish to improve their taste.

Mrs. Claud Beddington told me of a chauffeur who was extolling the merits of Radio and said : " Why, baiby 'ad 'is bath the other night to the ' Wall Cure.' " (Walküre !)

I know of an artisan who was asked what he had most enjoyed in the week's programmes, and he said : " That Ravel evening was what we all liked best." Such stories as these go to prove how great is the love of music among the masses, who are daily becoming more and more familiar with the great music of all time.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

RAPTURES RECALLED

AMONG these "Raptures" are the following : A wonderful performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," that great work which contains the best, the mystical Elgar, and which expresses the noblest feelings the human being at its noblest can experience.

On this occasion there was the unapproachable singing of Gervase Elwes. His *Gerontius*, which he created and which will remain his own for ever, and also Muriel Foster's *Angel of the Redemption*—her inspired rendering of the sublime phrase, "And I will come and wake thee on the morrow", when her gift from heaven lifted it to that spiritual realm where Elgar had found it,—will remain in my musical treasure house, to be ever gratefully remembered.

Another *Gerontius* in 1916 when Charles Mott, who was killed soon after in the War, gave a striking rendering of that marvellous cry of the Angel of the Agony ; and Clara Butt, who had arranged six consecutive performances of the work at Queen's Hall, surpassed anything she had ever done, revealing in herself the great nobility and the artistry called forth by this inspired work.

And a third memorable *Gerontius*, a unique performance with orchestra, in Westminster Cathedral,

before it was consecrated ; after which, according to Vatican laws it could never again be heard within its walls. (One is thankful that our Cathedral music is not limited in this way to that which belongs to the Offices.)

Herr Wüllner, the wonderful German Lieder singer, was *Gerontius*, and as usual gave a fine interpretation. Nor can anyone who was there forget the intensely dramatic occasion when Wüllner sang Schubert's "Erl König" accompanied by a tremendous thunderstorm. The pitch darkness that covered Queen's Hall, and the mighty crashes of thunder overhead made an unrehearsed and unrepeatable ensemble which Wüllner realized and made the most of.

The beautiful singing of Palestrina's Mass by the Choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, conducted by Sir George Martin.

I experienced a bitter disappointment after going to Paris for two nights on purpose to hear Palestrina's Mass in one of the churches where they specialized in his music. It was so poor compared to the singing in St. Paul's that I went out, realizing that I had made a fruitless journey.

Hearing the Fiske Jubilee Singers' rendering of their beautiful arrangement of the Lord's Prayer in my Music room at Leasam.

They were in England in 1928, and came to Rye to give me a concert in aid of the Hospital. In those days they were a group of five led by Mr. and Mrs. Myers, and had the unique quality of the darkie voice, the inspiration of their childlike faith added to thorough musicianship and sense of harmony. The first troupe that came from the Fiske University, Nashville, Tennessee, were encouraged and welcomed

by my Grandfather in 1872, when they sang to him at Willis's rooms. They also sang for Queen Victoria at Argyll Lodge.

In their record, "The Story of the Jubilee Singers," published in 1876, the event is thus described :

"At the Duke of Argyll's request they sang first, 'Steal away to Jesus,' then chanted the Lord's Prayer, and 'Go down, Moses.' The Queen listened with manifest pleasure, and as they withdrew, communicated through the Duke her thanks for the gratification they had given her. There was no stage parade or theatrical pomp in the scene; but the spectacle of England's Queen coming from her palace to listen to the songs which these humble students learned in their slave cabins was worthy a place in history."

The crowning point of their visit in 1928 was their delight in having the honour of appearing before their Majesties the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, which had been their hearts' desire.

When Mr. Riter, who had been a good friend to them, died in London, there was a Memorial Service for him at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the way those singers softly breathed 'Steal away to Jesus' from the gallery of that church was like a celestial benediction. It was unforgettably moving and beautiful.

Pavlova's "Le Cygne"—a dream of poetic enchantment which brings to mind Richard Tauber's singing, in which there is such support, lightness and rhythm, that one can almost say—he sings like a dancer. Pavlova possessed this quality to a supernal degree: she did not seem to spring from the earth,

it was as if she found difficulty in coming down to it.

John Gielgud's *Hamlet*, which for me eclipsed any other previously seen.

The radiant dancing of Isadora Duncan and her school of lovely children in Glück's "Orfeo."

Ivogün singing in "Rigoletto," when she made "Caro Nome" sound quite new.

Maggie Teyte's *Mélisande* and *Madame Butterfly*.

Melba climbing the heights of song in the last act of "Faust," and her perfect trill at the close of the first act of "Rigoletto."

The first hearing of Sacha Heifetz in 1925. He took one along a path of silver to a fairyland of loveliness, without any effort. No swaying, no pose. A tone so perfect and transcendent . . . phenomenal.

And once more a transporting to the wonderland where fairies live, when Yehudi Menuhin filled the Albert Hall in 1928 at the age of twelve, and played, I felt, as no other fiddler has done.

Haidée Wright as *Queen Elizabeth* in Clemence Dane's lovely play—"Will Shakespeare." Her dignity and inspired rendering of her speech to Shakespeare :

. . . "Send out your words, as I
send out my men
To earn a world for England."

Diana Manners' ¹ *Madonna* in "The Miracle," 1932. The most divine (the right word in this instance) performance of its kind I have ever seen on any stage, anywhere. So lovely in movement, in quality, in tenderness and perfect taste as to remain an indelible impression.

Hearing Daisy Bucktrout play John Ireland's "Island Spell" on a summer evening, accompanied by a full-throated thrush singing outside, and seeming to enjoy his perfect obbligato.

Sybil Thorndike in Shaw's "Saint Joan": that wonderful moment in the Cathedral when she seemed transfigured.

A summer afternoon at Battle Abbey when the English Singers, led by Flora Mann, gave their lovely Madrigals. And once again when they "came through the air" to my London garden, a wireless effect that seemed to be music unearthly, music from the spheres.

Marjorie Phelps' ² playing of Bach's "Jesu, Joy of man's desiring," and hearing it far away on the organ of Westminster Abbey, just before Mary Lyttelton's ³ wedding in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

The ever grateful remembrance of delicious, and at times delirious, laughter evoked by reading: "Wee Macgreegor" (J. J. Bell); "The Young Visitors" (Daisy Ashford); "Gentlemen prefer Blondes" (Anita Loos); "1066 and all That" (Sellars and

¹ Lady Diana Cooper, daughter of 8th Duke of Rutland.

² Mrs. T. T. Phelps.

³ Daughter of Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

Yeatman); "And Now all This" (Sellars and Yeatman); "Paying Guests" (E. F. Benson), and the priceless humour of Stephen Leacock.

Also one's delight in the Stars of Comedy: Dan Leno, Edmund Payne, Pelissier and his "Follies," Charles Hawtrey, Violet Loraine, Maisie Gay, Beatrice Lillie, Bobby Howes, and Cicely Courtneidge. Charlie Chaplin in the "Gold Rush," Huntley Wright and Nelson Keys. These recalled raptures and enchantments remind me of Sir Walter Raleigh's lovely line "laughter from a cloud" (1923), for no scheme of life can be perfect without the joy of laughter—as indispensable to us as spiritual inspiration.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

IT seems to me that in this book of memories of my travels in the farthest and most enchanting places of this world, there should be an account of a ten days' pilgrimage made in the summer of 1932 from east to west of the Southern counties of England—in which brief time was unfolded as much of beauty, historical interest, peace and quiet wonder as I have ever experienced.

It was late in August that we started in my Sunbeam car, on a golden morning. As we left Leasam and looked down over the fields and marshes, seeing Rye on her island hill in a soft rose-purple bloom that so often enfolds her, and beyond, the shimmering sea, blue and friendly, I thought—surely this is the loveliest view I know, unique in England or elsewhere.

We sped away, a congenial party of four good companions, equipped with light luggage and picnic accessories, ready for any adventure, through Sussex and Hampshire to our first halt for a night in the New Forest. In all those ten days we were only in hotels at night, as we always lunched out of doors in some lovely wood, shady lane or on moorland, having struck a spell of perfect weather, excepting a few grey hours that came at the right moment. The roads were delightfully clear; only an occasional charabanc, caravan or farm cart. The country seemed noiseless

and unchanged, as lovable as ever; and it all awakened the sense of gratitude and delight that I feel in this beloved English landscape. One notices and deplors the somewhat ugly outskirts of seaside towns, straggling rows of new bungalows without form, filling stations, the new and ugly roads (all planned in haphazard ways through lack of taste or organization to protect this precious heritage), devastating the beauties of former years, but there still remains so much that is untouched.

The drive beyond Brighton through Arundel seemed even more lovely because of these sore places we had been through, and we lunched that day under forest trees where birds were singing. That evening we reached Lyndhurst through the history-haunted New Forest glades, miles of green woods, open heathered spaces dotted with Forest ponies grazing, and everywhere the carpet of bracken and brown leaves.

Within the woodlands, flowery gladed,
By the oak trees mossy moot
The shining grass blades, timber shaded
Now do quiver under foot.
And birds do whistle overhead
And water's bubbling in its bed.
And there for me, the apple-tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that lately were a-springing
Now do fade within the copse.
And painted birds do hush their singing
Up upon the timber tops.
And brown leaved fruit's a turning red
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

So sang the Dorset poet Barnes, those words which I love to sing as arranged by Vaughan Williams—a perfect picture of wood and orchard in Hampshire and Dorset. I was glad to see scarcely any litter left about in the clearings. Maybe the wireless pleas, begging picnickers to avoid this carelessness, have borne fruit, pleas that this open country, belonging to all, shall not be disfigured. We are essentially an orderly people; this was more and more impressed upon my mind as we went along, by the obvious pride in the loveliness of the gardens, farms and cottages everywhere. The Hotel where we slept was originally an old country house with a fascinating history, built two hundred years ago for a French refugee. It has a quiet garden with wide lawns and specimen trees of great beauty. Here, as everywhere *en route*, we found excellent service and, with one exception, good beds and good food.

The original purpose of this tour was to pass through my old home, St. Giles's, where I wanted to take a photograph of the Pleasaunce, mentioned in a former chapter, where my Philosopher ancestor wrote so much of his great work; and also one of the bust of my Grandfather. So from Lyndhurst we sped through Dorset lanes, downlands and the rich agricultural country of my youth to the old house, and with the help of a cloudless day I succeeded in capturing good results of both my objects, which are reproduced in the Shaftesburyana portion of this book.

The night was spent at Bournemouth where, as children, we knew the thrills of seaside life which I seem to recapture whenever I go there. Exeter Cathedral next day, a Sunday, was reached at the hour of Evensong. "Surely this is the most beautiful of

all"—is what one says, standing entranced before each one of these Cathedrals rising in supreme grandeur from close and cloister, folded in deep quiet and guarded, it would seem, by a spiritual halo. And in the morning, after a delightful stroll round the fascinating shops near the Hotel in the Close—away . . . over the broad bosom of Devon, that rich red soil of vast fields giving place to the glory of Dartmoor with stretches of gorse and patches of heather. And always the friendliness of the little towns and villages so carefully kept.

These Southern Counties are indeed the Garden of England. The grouping of thatch-roof and coloured wash,—yellow, white and rose, is as lovely as anything in Italy. It is unspoilt by the sadness of disorder and windowless desolation, gardens without flowers and apparent poverty that one finds in some Italian villages. Here there is comfort and the love of flowers, and a universal orderliness which is maintained in spite of hard times and heavy taxation. As I listen to that lover of England, S. P. B. Mais in his SOS Broadcast talks, I rejoice at his descriptions of the determination of the unemployed in the tragic mining districts to create, not only work, but loveliness, even out of disused coal-heaps.

Wherever there is an Englishman the first thing he does is to make a garden, or a golf course. The Tommies in France and British prisoners in Germany all wished to make their plots of colour amid the horrors of war. . . . I can never forget the light in the faces of the wounded arriving from France and Flanders, at the sight of the flowers I would take up from my Leasam garden to Charing Cross during the War, to fill their greedy hands.

To return to our pilgrimage, and the approach to

Tintagel, through the slate country, bleak and forbidding; an afternoon of grey mist and the first rainy hours we had met. It seemed a fitting atmosphere to lead us to the grandeur of Cornwall's rugged moors and cliffs. There was the tiny village in a dip, protected from the fierce sou'westerly gales; a little world of grey stone buildings, some of them dating from the tenth century, and a street of tiny shops where we lingered fascinated.

And then . . . the miracle happened. I have seen many unforgettable sunsets in the Tropics, in snow mountain country, on Mediterranean coasts, in Madeira and Florida, but never have I seen such a sun setting as that evening from the cliffs of Tintagel. The greyness had lifted; the angry clouds became edged with silver and exultant, and between them were lakes of blue, rose and gold, which seemed to give entrance to another world of flaming glory merging into a sea of opal and blue. Visions of Malory's history of King Arthur were there, as all stood still and watched and wondered at that heavenly pageant.

The Hotel was delightful, with a grand view of the ruins of Arthur's Castle and the glorious cliffs. One of its charms was the permission given to all who wished to bring their dogs. Five of them were cruising about the hall that evening—an Irish terrier, a bull-dog, a Sealyham, a black Aberdeen, and a wire-haired fox terrier, so friendly to all and to each other, sitting in adoration before their owners and apparently well aware that their presence was welcome.

Westward Ho! next day, via Clovelly, that perfect little spot, with its steeply descending cobbled way leading to the Bay below, lined with inns and cottages so attractive that one longed to stay in them all.

The people cheerful and friendly, splendid types of Devon, one of them especially noticeable, an old woman white-haired and erect, with a telescope in her hand, standing outside her tiny cottage, as she watched the new lifeboat coming into harbour. I had foolishly forgotten to put on rubber-soled shoes, and after suffering acutely from the cobbles, I could go no farther; the little donkeys did not look up to my weight, so after lunching in one of the picturesque inns half-way down, the kind daughter of the owner lent me a pair of sandals and I was able to finish the steep descent in comfort. The loveliness of this little place attracts sightseers from all parts of the world, which cannot be wondered at; it is unique.

In the Hotel at Westward Ho! there were more new friends to be made: a fox terrier, and an adorable little Sealyham, who seemed so anxious to please that she would nestle close to one's chair and sit up smiling; kind and gentle she was, with soft brown eyes, and adored by her master. The memory of these darling dogs is so bound up with Tintagel and Westward Ho! that it must be recorded.

Leaving Westward Ho! we made for Bristol, via Bideford, Glastonbury and Wells—two more jewels in England's storehouse of beauty. Wells Cathedral should be approached through the archway on the left; seen from there she rises in fine dignity like a mirage from the green lawn. Here, as in all our Cathedrals, I longed to see the monuments restored. I mean the sad nose-less figures of the beautiful tombs. To the uninitiated, these people must surely seem to have died of some terrible facial trouble or severe frost bite. Why not restore their poor noses in the way that many of the Greek and Roman discoveries have been helped in the Museums, as, for instance,

my favourite bust of Atys in the British Museum? It could so easily be done in order to remove the painful blemishes wrought by Cromwell's Round-heads, which are an eyesore to all.

We passed through the lovely village of Castle Hill, hard by Lord Fortescue's house, and there we halted, attracted by signs of Devonshire cream-makers. From cottage to cottage we went; the women so pleased to show us how they made that clotted delight, as well as their home-made bread straight from the ovens at the back of the wood fires. Having picnicked in Cheddar Gorge we hurried on to King's Weston to stay the night with Mr. and Mrs. Napier Miles. The house stands high in the woodlands beyond Bristol, looking over the Channel. It was built by Sir John Vanbrugh; an interesting old house with fine terraces and high-walled gardens, girdled with beautiful trees. Napier Miles, that great music lover, helper of musical talent, and composer, owns the place, and he and Mrs. Miles gave us a warm welcome. Dr. and Mrs. Colles were also there; he is the eminent musical critic of *The Times*, of whom I have written in my *Alassio* chapter.

After a reluctant farewell we left for Bath, where we lingered for two days in that enchanting meeting-place of Roman austerity and the elegance of Beau Brummell and the Regency. How well those four hundred years of Roman occupation were spent in making for themselves the best of everything, can be seen in the wonderful structure surrounding the hot springs that have healed each succeeding generation since those far-off days. It is the finest extant specimen of a Roman bath.

From Bath through Salisbury, Romsey and Winchester we made our way back to Sussex. Salisbury

Cathedral, with its lovely spire, is a landmark especially dear to me, bound up with the whole of my life as a beacon of happy journeys to St. Giles's. And Winchester has now the added glory of Sir H. Baker's great work, the 1914-18 War Memorial; a Cloister of poignant beauty, and a Via Sacra which must be traversed bareheaded by all the scholars as they go to their work and worship. There are emblazoned the names and badges of the Regiments and a record of all the Wykehamists who gave their lives in the Great War. In the centre, surmounting the Cross, is a small angelic figure, like some priestly knight, while in the entrance one finds engraved Bunyan's immortal lines which form the Epilogue of his "Pilgrim's Progress":

"My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it.

My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder." . . .

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

They might have continued it thus:

"But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the City."

The following beautiful inscription on a band of stone, high up above the names of the Fallen, surrounds this sanctuary:

"Thanks be to God for the service of these five hundred Wykehamists, who were found faithful

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unto death amid the manifold chances of the Great War.

In the day of battle they forgot not God, who created them to do His will, nor their Country, the stronghold of freedom, nor their School, the mother of godliness and of discipline. Strong in this threefold faith they went forth from home and kindred to the battlefields of the world, and treading the path of duty and sacrifice laid down their lives for mankind. Thou therefore, for whom they died, seek not thine own, but serve as they served, and in peace or in war bear thyself ever as Christ's soldier, gentle in all things, valiant in action, steadfast in adversity."

Our journey ended at the Abbey, Storrington, where we stayed with Colonel and Mrs. Ravenscroft, who have made of the fine old house a haven of peace and loveliness. They have also put up an enchanting little bathing cottage by the sea, an exact miniature copy of an American Colonial house. On our way home we had tea at Rottingdean with Katherine Goodson and her husband in their charming bungalow, where she rests during the summer months from her many concerts and tours. What a beautiful artist she is, and how proud we should be to possess so magnificent a pianist. I never fail to add to my musical joy by going to hear her whenever she plays.

And so onaway home, feeling strongly what I call my "Sussex appeal," through the familiar woods and marshes, to Rye, and up the hill to Leasam, the rooks wheeling overhead in welcoming mass formation, my heart filled with thankfulness for having been able to make this flight through a land of incomparable beauty—the Garden of England.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

LEASAM

I HAVE been blessed for many years with a divine haven to which I always return with increasing joy. The house was acquired in 1903 and was cleverly altered and extended by Sir Reginald Blomfield, who also framed it with lawns and terraces.

I have loved the travelling, the "pleasures and palaces," and all the loveliness of the world ; but the spirit of this place on a Sussex hill has always enthralled me ; my rose gardens, green lawns, the shade of English trees and an ever-changing view over fields and marsh to the sea. Rooks calling . . . the double bass of the bird orchestra. A great hornbeam in the foreground ; black and white pigeons cooing near the house ; thrushes, blackbirds and robins. . . . All these seem to sound more heavenly here than anywhere else.

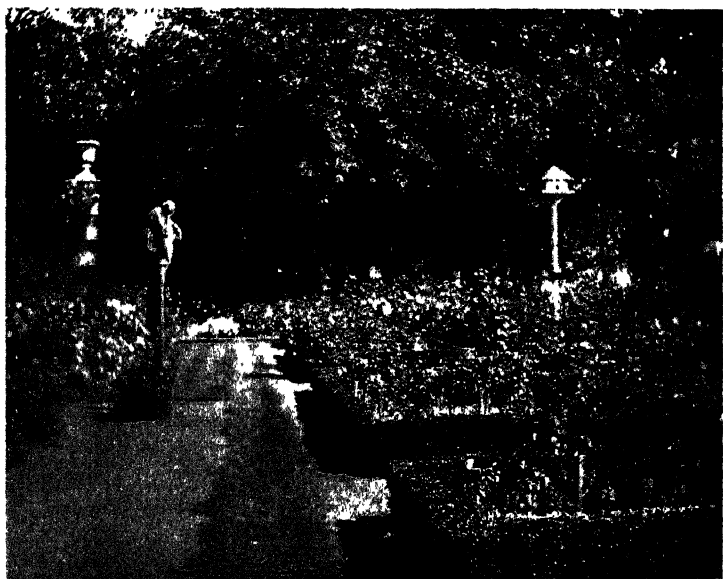
In my Music room, above the fireplace, Macdonald Gill emblazoned for me these words of Tennyson :

Let there be Music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

I like to think that my friends who have shared with me the Christmas, Easter and Summer days have felt the same peace and happiness that fills me here. I look back to many joyous days when they have come along that lovely way from London to join



Leasam House



The Garden

me, and to explore the charms of Rye—that unique jewel of a town—standing on a hill, crowned with the tower of her lovely Church.

I would like to recall a few of their names, besides those already mentioned in this book. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Rudyard Kiplings, Arthur Balfour, the Alfred Lytteltons, Sir Edward Goschen, the Freddy Hamilton Russells (Margaret H. R., once Golf Champion, and always a fine golfer), Sir John and Lady Lister Kaye, Shane Leslie, Edward Elgar, the Johnston Forbes-Robertsons, Nellie Melba, Ellen Terry, Olga Moussine-Pouchkine, the veteran Russian actress, Martha Baird, the Californian pianist, Eleanor Wylie, the American author and poet, Sara Teasdale, also an American poet, the debonair writer, Olive Wadsley, and Cornelia Sorabji.

At Leasam too lie buried my beloved dogs that, in turn, have added joy to life. How empty our days would be without them—those beings whose loyalty never fails, whose devotion is absolutely uncritical, and who prove to us by their touching patience, their joyous gratitude for any kindness, that they are indeed saints.

Miss Winifred Letts has summed it up in those poignant lines from “Tim, the Irish Terrier”:

He'd stay with me to my latest breath,
He'd go with me to the gates of Death,
He'd wait for a thousand years maybe
Scratchin' the door, and whining for me
If meself were inside in Purgatoree!

And I laugh when I hear them make it plain
- That dogs and men won't meet again.
With all their talk who'd listen to him,
With the light in the shinin' eyes of him—
Would God be wastin' a dawg like Tim!

The time has come to sum up the enrichments of life. The joy of knowing good companionship and constant, loyal friendship ; of being interested in, and keen about everything ; of enjoying the present and remembering the past ; of rejoicing in a love of Beauty ; the joy of helping the less fortunate on their way ; the joy of making things—carpentering, knitting and tapestry-work ; of knowing the love of dogs, of feasting on the song of birds ; the love of games ; that delicious joy of hitting a ball—tennis, golf or billiard ball ; of shooting an arrow into the gold ; crossword puzzles ; the joy of “listening in” ; the news of the day ; books and reading aloud ; a gentle gamble now and then ; the wearing of well-made clothes ; the fun of a good story and cleverly made toys, the joy of travelling, picnics, sea-bathing ; the peace of a garden, the pageant of the flowers through the year ; the theatre, tragedy or comedy ; the unending solace of Music—the good tune, classic or otherwise, and the added joy of singing the lovely words of poets to the music that clothes them, above all, the poetry of the loveliest language of song—English.

And, let it be said that there are compensations in growing older ; there is the ever-increasing power of appreciation of the things that matter, that comes year by year, together with the *joie-de-vivre* which should never die, if there is the bubble in you that makes everything worth while.

“To hold high the Flag of youth, gaiety and health to the last, is far better than to change it for an umbrella, just because a certain number of years have been registered against you.”

And so in this spirit, I conclude, with philosophic gratitude, these pages of my first sixty years.

LEASAM, 1933.

APPENDIX I

HEALTH

“Vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other thing whatever, and the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields in moment to no other whatever.”

HERBERT SPENCER.

A LITTLE while ago I received a letter from a journalist. “We are anxious to publish a series of articles on—How to keep fit. So few people seem to achieve it, and you so obviously do. Will you contribute to the series?”

I did not do this; but it seems a good opportunity, in this book, to include a few hints on the subject, and I am recording one or two prescriptions of remedies that I have found invaluable, and which I am never without.

Following in the steps of Walpurga, Lady Paget, I am a great believer in Count Mattei’s Electro-homeopathic Globules, so easy to carry, and so efficacious in curing ill-health.

“For every disease or ailment with which Man is visited, Nature has — somewhere in the herbal kingdom — an antidote or a remedy.”

This compelling theory inspired Count Mattei of Bologna, the distinguished Italian Senator, to give up a political career at the height of his fame in order to be free to serve humanity in the discovery of a new system of Medicine within the reach of the ordinary man or woman.

The results of his experiments created a great stir throughout Europe. So magical were some of the cases reported that news of them reached the ears of Pope Pius the Tenth,

APPENDIX I

who invited Count Mattei to treat the patients at the Santa Theresa Hospital in Rome, besides which he had his own sanatorium in Bologna.

Thanks to the enthusiasm and devoted work of Lady Paget, W. T. Stead, the Duchess of Argyll, and Lord Roberts, the remedies were made known in England, their personal influence being the means of breaking down the barriers of prejudice, which at first tried to prevent the Mattei medicines from taking their place among the healing methods of the world.

The formulæ of Count Mattei were bequeathed to his son, Count Marie, who is now President of Electro-Homeopathy, and who personally supervises its preparation at the Palazzo Mattei in Bologna.

The powerful action of these safe, simple and sure herbals is invaluable in every kind of ailment.

Personally I am never without an assortment of these little bottles. In influenza or feverish chills the "S.G." and Febrifugo globules work wonders. They should be kept for use in every household, and can be obtained in England. As they are non-poisonous they can produce no injurious after-effects; moreover they have a remarkable restorative effect upon the nervous system, and, in epidemics, or in contact with infection, they give almost certain immunity from disease.

In short, "make the Mattei way your way to health."

A useful remedy for sunburn and all skin inflammations, rashes, etc., is the following :

Oxide of Zinc	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Calamine Powder	2 drams
Borax	15 grains
Rectified Spirits of Wine	1 oz.
Glycerine	half-dram
Rosewater	8 oz.

To be dabbed on when required.

An eye lotion which keeps the eyes in a comfortable state,

HEALTH

especially if used every evening, is the following. I have recommended it to a great many people, with success.

Borax	30 grains
Carbolic Acid	2 grains
Distilled Water	3 oz.

To be used in an eye-bath.

The secret of avoiding chills in cold weather is the wearing of thin woollen stockings, made specially for wearing under silk ones. There is no doubt that many people catch cold from insufficient leg warmth, without being aware of this danger.

There is also a recipe for barley water which should be drunk by all who want to keep fit. If it is made in this way all the starch is eliminated and it makes a delicious and beneficial drink, especially in cases of cystitis, or troubles of that sort.

Half a teacupful of barley.

Put it in a saucepan and cover with cold water.

Let it boil for five minutes only, then throw away the water in which it has been cooked.

Put it in a strainer and wash thoroughly under the tap.

Put the barley in a quart jug, and add the thin rind of a lemon.

Fill the jug with boiling water, add sugar to taste, and—most important—let it stand for six hours, and then strain.

For the hands after washing, and before drying, here is an excellent recipe.

A two-ounce bottle of glycerine, a tablespoonful of rosewater, the juice of a lemon, and a third of their quantity of eau-de-Cologne.

Put the lemon juice and glycerine into a small saucepan, and bring to the boil, then add the rosewater and eau-de-Cologne.

This prevents the dry feeling after washing, especially when the water is hard.

I am quite convinced that if only people would give

up the fatal habit of eating salt, their health would improve, and that there would be far fewer cases of agonizing rheumatism.

Another suggestion for the benefit of the eyes of those who enjoy reading in bed, is to have a small cushion always handy upon which to place the bed-book. It means comfortable reading and prevents eye-strain.

With regard to Diet, which occupies the minds of so many in these days, with a view to reducing weight and remaining slim, this simple rhyme sums it up neatly :

If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner,
And take to light claret instead of pale ale ;
Look down with an utter contempt upon butter,
And never touch bread till it's toasted—or stale.

HENRY SAMBROOKE LEIGH.

And of course drinking with meals is very fattening. Plenty of liquid should be taken, but *not* while eating.

I always assert that Music and Laughter are the world's finest tonics. Somebody once remarked that singers generally seemed to enjoy good health, and the answer to that remark was, " Well, there must be *some* limit to what the germs will stand ! " Maybe that is the secret of it !

But the man who made this remark was not far from the truth. It is the deep breathing which is essential to the singer, and is inimical to germs by opening the blocked sinuses which are the breeding-ground for the foreign invaders in the shape of bacilli and streptococci.

Everyone should read Mr. Arthur Lovell's inspiring book, " *Ars Vivendi*,"¹ and learn the art of breathing as applied to the art of living. He points out the dangers of the common neglect of " breathing upwards," or even of really breathing at all. . . .

" To look at nine out of every ten persons to be met with during the course of the day, one would think that their greatest solicitude is to take every possible precaution against giving the lungs free play. . . .

¹ Simpkin, Marshall.

The more one breathes—not only physically but mentally and spiritually—the more rich, abundant, splendid the life ; the less one breathes, the less becomes the life, till it reaches the stagnation of death.”

I would recommend this book to all.

The year before Ellen Terry died she asked me to take her place at the opening of a bazaar in aid of the Blind Children Fund, in which she took a great interest.

I could not help seizing the opportunity of saying what I have always felt—namely, that the real cure for this national tragedy, is the *prevention* of blindness in children by coping with what is in most cases the cause of it—Venereal Disease in the parents.

We shall never have a truly healthy race, nor deal with the problem of unemployment, until the diseased and the mentally deficient are sterilized, and until Birth Control is universally taught and encouraged.

It is quite unnecessary that any child should be born blind, if its parents are healthy.

With regard to structural troubles, I owe my soundness of limb to the genius of Mr. Rabey, who has the gift of knowing when bones go wrong, and of readjusting them.

A short while ago one of my insteps did not work properly and became very painful. An X-ray photograph having been taken, the verdict was that, as in all probability my ancestors had suffered from gout, the foot disorder was caused by my being heiress to this ill. Salicylates were prescribed—but I left the bottles complete with corks, and showed the foot to Mr. Rabey, who then and there replaced the dislocation. He said he had treated a great many similar displacements, caused by bedclothes being pulled too tight over the feet, especially in hospitals, where they sacrifice comfort to neatness.

When people are more than common tall, this dislocation is very likely to happen, unless there is plenty of room for the extremities at the foot of the bed, and so-called fallen arches are often merely a bone that needs readjustment.

APPENDIX I

Not only myself, but my household and many of my friends and relations have been given permanent relief by this wonderful man. My housemaid "Eliza," a friend of twenty-three years' standing, was so impressed and grateful after successful treatment for herself and others that she expressed it thus: "He *is* clever and kind. He ought to have the *coat of arms*, my lady."

Rabey certainly takes the sigh out of sciatica, and if I were a millionaire I would erect a building, and endow it, where would-be doctors could learn from him the simple methods of discovering the cause of so many troubles that—after falls and accidents—start from the spine, which is truly the backbone of health. I know of several cases that had been pronounced as incurable arthritis of spine and hip, causing terrible pain and lameness, being completely cured by his treatment.

It stands to reason that if anything is out of place in the dorsal or lumbar there is pressure on the nerves, and great pain; or the circulation is affected, in the same way as if the chassis of a motor-car goes wrong, the petrol cannot supply the engine.

Fortunately doctors are beginning to appreciate the value of manipulative treatment, as, too, they are now realizing the beneficial results of Plombière irrigation, which is another secret of health.

I have seen so many people relieved of so-called incurable pain that I rejoice to be able to include in this book a tribute to the genius of Rabey.

After a very severe illness which overtook me in Scotland—blood-poisoning of some sort,—having returned to London, where I had a relapse, the doctors insisted on making an expensive "culture" of whatever streptococcus had attacked me. But not liking this sort of inoculation I poured the stuff away, saying, "Let me get down to Rye and breathe God's good sea air. That will heal me, and stifle the enemy strep"—which it did.

It was during this illness that I carried out a promise I had always made to myself, that if ever I was seriously

ill I would immediately have a cylinder of oxygen brought in.

In America the doctors prescribe oxygen in early stages of sickness, especially for children, thereby speeding recovery, instead of waiting till the patient is dying.

Of course my neighbours, seeing the arrival of the cylinders, thought that my end was near!

This dislike of serums made me write the following at the request of the Anti-Vaccination League:

INJECTIONS THAT INJURE

(Reprinted from *John Bull*, March 14th, 1925)

The recent case of a baby having died after vaccination, upon which the doctor had operated in spite of all the mother could do or say in protest, brings to the front the whole question of the vaccination laws in this country. Unfortunately, little is said of the growing agitation against them. The newspapers are mostly silent. The people who are the greatest sufferers are helpless. But women, especially those who are or who may become mothers, should take care to inform themselves as to what vaccination really is.

Vaccination is a relic of the days when people knew little or nothing of the proper method of keeping themselves, their houses, their towns and cities clean. It began when sanitation and hygiene, if practised at all, was completely a go-as-you-please affair. Moreover, it was introduced by medical men who had not yet discovered the use of anti-septics as we know them, and when the science of medicine was entirely different from that of the present day.

Vaccination professes to make people immune from certain loathsome diseases by injecting into their blood a virus which will give them a "slight" attack of the thing it is intended to prevent. This appears about as sane as the attempt of the ancients to cure dog-bite by giving the sufferer a hair of the dog that bit him. We know that in

the interests of the public, vicious animals should be destroyed. In like manner infectious diseases must be stamped out by destroying the conditions that produce them. Vaccination does not stamp out disease. Too often, instead of bringing about a mild attack of the illness it is designed to prevent, it inoculates its victims with the most cruel and leprous of complaints. The cases of children maimed, tortured, and killed by vaccination is a harrowing record. So much so is this recognized, that within the ranks of the medical profession itself numbers of the most skilled and scientific are enlisted on the side of the anti-vaccinators, in spite of their being paid 5s. or 7s. 6d. per arm.

Further, the law itself has now recognized the doubt of the virtue of vaccination to the extent that it concedes a "conscience" clause. But exemption can only be obtained if the father signs a statement in the presence of a magistrate or commissioner for oaths. And even then, he is not free from prosecution unless he delivers his certificate of exemption to the vaccination officer before the infant is four months old. This is a very great hardship to poor mothers. It not only penalizes poor people, who often are unable to get away from work within the specific hours, but it is a grave insult to the married mother. The unmarried mother, as the law now stands, has entire and sole control of her child; but the married mother is not deemed to have that right.

Again, prejudiced magistrates often refuse to sign exemption papers. The fathers have not the opportunity to leave their work and go in search of more sympathetic hearing. Meanwhile terrible injury ensues.

Babies are dying of syphilis, of sores, and convulsions, things of which they showed no sign until after vaccination, but no mention of vaccination appears on their death certificates. Grown people become cripples, their limbs wither, and they exhibit all the signs of leprous decay after inoculation; but if they die, some high-sounding medical term is used to explain the reason of their untimely demise.

The bitterest pill of all for the innocent to swallow is the fact that, owing to the signs of diseases induced by vaccination being so like those of venereal disease, either they themselves or their forebears are left under the cruel and wrongful shadow of alleged dishonour.

If mothers understood that vaccine is procured from an agonized, suppurating calf, they would not have such stuff injected into the pure arm of little babies. Literature on the subject is easily available. Medical science by now has undergone an entire revolution. Knowledge of laws that govern health has made enormous strides. Vaccination is an unworthy survivor of an ignorant past. The laws relating to it are being revised. The day that tolls their knell will ring in a day of hope for generations of children still unborn.

APPENDIX II

MRS. GASKELL'S STORY OF THE WAR LIBRARY 1914-1918

(See Chapter Six)

. . . Boxes and boxes of new books made our hearts tingle with gratitude and joy. Rare editions constantly turned up and were put away for sale, to swell the funds we sorely needed, such as India paper editions of Kipling, First Editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, etc. etc. Long and wearying as the days were, there were endless excitements and interests. All the time the unpackers were working, the packers were sending off carefully selected boxes of books to small permanent libraries in the Military and Naval Hospitals, from lists furnished to us by the Admiralty and War Office. We sent appeals to the American and Canadian newspapers, and from these countries the publishers, and private sources, sent the most noble gifts. Then South Africa, Australia, Madeira, Canary Islands, and New Zealand all sent us large consignments of literature. Our own publishers were more than generous—one sent 500 copies of six of the best novels in the English language, bound in washable dark blue and red covers, beautifully printed. Little khaki Gospels, with the Red Cross printed on them—not thicker than a five-shilling piece—most valuable, were given us in thousands by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Gradually we felt our way to a practical organization, then expanded and improved. In November, 1914, the Admiralty asked us to supply "a book a man" to the sailors in the North Sea Fleet, which we did, also to the guards round the coast of the British Isles ; all had boxes of books ;

the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and the West Coast of Ireland were not forgotten. About November the "Camps Library" was started by Sir Edward Ward and Mrs. Anstruther, for the strong and healthy soldiers in camps and trenches. Dr. Hagberg Wright, Mrs. Anstruther, Sir Edward Ward and I met and discussed the division of our labours, as the field of work was increasing so largely. It was agreed the "War Library" should retain all the sick and wounded in Army and Navy, and the "Camps Library" would supply the healthy and strong.

Meanwhile, hospitals in France doubled—the sick in Lemnos, Malta, Gallipoli, Egypt, grew in numbers to an alarming extent; books were *asked* for, *cabled* for, *demande*d, *implored*. Our hearts were indeed heavy laden. Help was, however, at hand. Mr. Samuel,¹ then Postmaster-General, on a visit to the front, saw the need of literature for the men. He arranged a scheme by which anyone in the United Kingdom could put a book or a magazine, unwrapped and unaddressed, over the counter of any Post Office. They were sent to the London centre, and there sorted and distributed. By a decision of the Army Council the Sick and Wounded of the entire Navy and Army received only 10 per cent. of the supply of literature sent through the Post Office. This provided hardly a fifth of what was distributed by the Red Cross War Library, and hardly a tenth of what was asked for. We decided to ask the Red Cross and Order of St. John to affiliate us with them. This they most kindly consented to do, becoming responsible for us financially, and we in return promising to supply the literature they and their Hospitals required. The benefit in transport and other ways was immense, and we were most proud to be a branch of the Red Cross and Order of St. John Society. This is the outer history of the War Library for the sick and wounded, but each turn of the tide of War brought problems and perplexities to the provider of literature. When Gallipoli was filling every bed with sick, cables would come,—"Send 25,000 books at once, light and good print"—

¹ Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel.

when perhaps the day before, Malta had cabled for 10,000 "light good print books." There seemed no end to the demands. The typhoid and dysentery cases were too weak to hold books at all, and needed pictures. Mr. Rudyard Kipling had realized this need, and asked us to make brown-paper scrapbooks of a few pages, not too crowded with pictures, the recipe being as follows: "Size about 14 × 11 inches, four sheets, i.e. eight leaves. *Outside* a nice coloured picture. Fill both sides of the paper—contents—attractive pictures, plain and coloured, *very* short stories, little jokes and anecdotes, short poems. Anything amusing or pretty. Remember the books are for grown men."

The public were really splendid in supplying us with these, which proved invaluable for Hospital Ships and bad cases abroad. The Hospital Ships were replenished each voyage with fresh scrapbooks. Many expressed doubt about the value of these, but experience taught us how valuable they were. A fine young soldier, just recovering from typhoid, came to our Library on his return from Egypt. I asked him to look round and tell me what he would best have liked during his convalescence. I inquired later, "Well! have you seen anything?" "Indeed, yes! I was too weak to read, but I would have given a lot for one of the picture books," was his reply. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is generally right. We found it hard to satisfy everyone, the new Army especially. "Why do you send us such rot to read, Mrs. Gaskell?" asked my friend, just back from Mesopotamia. "Don't please send us stiff books, we want the Bull Dog Breed Series, and Nick Carter's Detective Stories—any good murder cases or excitements," wrote a man from Salonica. So our weekly packages to 405 Hospitals, Hospital Trains, Water Ambulances, Rest Camps, Convalescent Camps, Casualty Clearing Ambulances in France, contained literature for every taste, from the "Smart Set" or a penny novelette, to Montaigne's "Essays" and Wordsworth's "Prelude." And this brings us to the change in the selection of literature that the New Army brought. Not only the New Army, but the overseas

contingent, with a curiously different appetite for books to our own fighting forces. The Colonials showed an insatiable desire for books of reference—a most excellent sign. We arranged centres in about forty districts of England, around which many hospitals congregated. Their visitors reported if any special patient wished for any special book, and in this way we could often help most satisfactorily. Long fracture cases went on with their study for professions or trades which the war interrupted. No request was refused, even to three from Colonial Hospitals, who asked for the Encyclopedia Britannica in 40 volumes! In this way we have been asked for the latest handbook on Oil Engines, International Law, Electricity, Artillery, History, Philosophy, Theosophy, Chicken Farming, Gardening, Boxing, Ferrets, Woodcarving, History of Musicians, etc. etc. The man who got the book he needed was the man who really benefited by our Library, physically and mentally.

We started a "Games Department." Unable to resist the piteous appeals from all parts for cards, dominoes, jig-saw puzzles, etc. etc., anything that could be packed flat.

The following short contemporary summary written in 1917 was issued of our routine, and the different departments of work:

"The books are unpacked, stamped with the War Library stamp and sorted into various categories, 7*d.* novels, 6*d.* paper novels, 6*s.* novels, Poetry, Classical, Religious and Miscellaneous, and placed on different tables.

"The unpackers enter into a book the names and addresses of donors, with remarks, and these are thanked on a special card. The Wants are entered each day in a Day Book, with date, address, and amount to be sent; a label written, consignment sheet made out, and advice card attached, also Notice Card for Hospital to be hung up for reference.

"These are all fastened together with a clip and placed in a box for the Selectors.

"The Selectors choose the books, papers, etc., enclose notice cards, fill in and address advice card and place the selection with label, etc., in a box for the packers.

APPENDIX II

"When the parcel is packed, the label, etc., is slipped through the cord and parcel handed over to addressers. When the parcels are addressed the labels are attached, the address entered in the Railway Book, and the advice card and consignment sheet placed in a drawer till the Railway Company calls. When the parcels leave the library the advice cards are dated and posted, the consignment sheets filed, an Index card typed (if there is not already one for the Hospital), the amount sent and date entered on it and the book with original entry checked.

"When the name of a new Hospital is brought to our notice we send an inquiry card, asking if they want books; at the same time an index card is made and date of inquiry entered on it. If a Hospital has not asked for books for six months we also send out an inquiry card.

"We supply East Africa, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Salonika and Malta monthly with thousands of books and magazines each. Bombay also has consignments, and large depots in Boulogne, Rouen and Havre are kept stocked.

"The cross-Channel Hospital Ship Service has constant supplies, and fresh literature is sent every voyage to the Transport Hospital Ships in case of infection, and besides these no Hospital at Home or abroad asks without receiving the full number of books needed.

"It may interest our readers to know that we send *weekly* 50,000 to 60,000 books and magazines. There are 52 voluntary workers on our books. We purchase on an average 100,000 books, magazines, novelettes, etc., *monthly*, and depend for the remainder on the generosity of the public. Special book collections are now being held in towns and districts in the South and East of England, besides the Red Cross County Depots being willing to receive gifts of literature for the War Library throughout Great Britain. By these means we hope to keep abreast of the ever-widening sphere of our work.

"We have lately organized a War Library at Genoa for the distribution of books and magazines for the Sick and Wounded of our Army in Italy. This also requires a large additional increase of literature. 1,125,840 books and magazines were packed and sent to the sick and wounded during the last six months of 1917."

THE WAR LIBRARY, 1914-1918

The good work of supplying the Hospitals still continues (1933), thanks to May Gaskell's kind and thoughtful energy. It is carried on at 48 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater, where those who realize what it means to those who are ill to have the joy of reading, can send their contributions of books.

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